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Even when he first became a friend of Dr. Johnson, Hussey's career had already been extremely remarkable. He was born in 1741, and the penal laws were still enforced in their full severity during his boyhood. His family took

grave risks in smuggling him out of Ireland to be educated at the Irish College in Salamanca. His progress as a student had been brilliant; but he threw up his studies to become a monk at La Trappe, and the world would have heard no more of him, if the Pope himself had not learned of his great abilities, and ordered him to leave the silent monastery and resume work as a priest in Spain. The King of Spain also had marked him out, and he was introduced to the diplomatic service as a young priest. Before long he was sent to London as chaplain to the Spanish Ambassador; and at the Embassy in Soho Square—which provided one of the few chapels where Catholic worship was tolerated in London before the Relief Act of 1791 made it legal to build Catholic churches—he had undertaken apostolic work among the Catholic poor, from Ireland and from continental countries, who swarmed in the slums around it.

But it was not his ascetic or apostolic activities that brought Dr. Hussey into touch with Johnson and Burke and the other men of genius who congregated in the Literary Club. His reputation as a scholar and wit stood high in the diplomatic world of London. Charles Butler, the secretary of the English Catholic Committee, describes how he had travelled to Vienna, apparently as a tutor or in some such capacity, with Sir John Webb's son. At the Austrian capital they waited upon the Emperor Joseph, who was at that time negotiating with the Porte and who kept on saying mysteriously to everyone: "*J'attends un courier de Constantinople.*" England at the same time was negotiating peace with America; and after the arrival of peace proposals, Parliament had adjourned for a fortnight. Joseph, meeting this distinguished diplomat from London, demanded sarcastically how such an adjournment could be reconciled with the English professions of an urgent desire for peace. Hussey knew the jargon of the diplomatic world, and answered with an audaciously pointed repartee: "*Mais*

cela est clair," he told the Emperor; "*c'est que nous attendons un courier de Constantinople.*" "The expression got into the mouths of everyone," says Charles Butler, "and for three days Doctor Hussey was the first man in Vienna."

The anecdote suggests the important position which Hussey had already attained among the diplomatists. Accident had suddenly given him an extraordinary influence in London a few years before. When Spain joined with France against England during the American war, the Ambassador had to leave London suddenly. Various outstanding matters had to be settled after his departure, and he left his Irish chaplain in charge at the Embassy. By this time Hussey had already won the confidence of the English as well as the Spanish Court; and George III seized the opportunity of using Hussey to keep open the channels of diplomatic communication. Before long Hussey sailed for Madrid on a personal mission from the English Court. Gerald Cumberland was in Spain as the official political agent of the English Government, and he has left on record his fierce personal antipathy towards this Irish priest—who still longed for the seclusion of a Trappist's cell—whom he accused of being ready to foment a revolution in Ireland by any means in order to overthrow the Protestant establishment.

It is a high tribute to Dr. Hussey's extraordinary power of winning the confidence of all parties, that even such insidious misrepresentations did not shake the faith of George III in his integrity. For his first mission he received the personal thanks of the King, and before long he was sent out on a second mission to Spain. When the war ended, he resumed his work at the Embassy in London with a greatly enhanced reputation and prestige; and some years later he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. Charles Butler, who had exceptional knowledge of him personally, describes him as "a man of great genius, of enlightened piety, with manners at once

imposing and elegant, and of enchanting conversation. He did not come into contact with many whom he did not subdue; the highest rank often sunk before him." Butler had been closely associated with him in the proceedings of the Catholic Committee which prepared the Catholic Relief Bill of 1791. Their association was in many ways remarkable; for the English Catholic landowners who formed the Committee were obsessed with the desire to demonstrate that their loyalty to the Crown was above all suspicion, and that the English Catholics had no foreign entanglements whatever. They were so determined to convince the world of their personal hatred for all that was implied in the word "Popery" that they drafted a "Protestation" of their views on the respective authorities of Church and State, in answer to the common accusations of disloyalty against the Catholics. They went so far, in their repudiation of the claims of allegiance due to the Holy See, that the four English bishops found it necessary to denounce the "Protestation" as being contrary to orthodoxy, and afterwards to denounce with no less emphasis the form of oath prescribed for Catholics in the Relief Bill, which the Catholic Committee had recommended.

Hussey's sympathies lay much more with the poor, despised and persecuted Irish peasantry and the rising merchant class in Ireland, than with the rich and socially respected English landowners who sought to gain his influence with the Pope on their behalf. While the English Committee were consulting, on the friendliest terms of social equality, with Pitt and other Ministers, the Catholic Committee in Ireland, under the leadership of the Dublin linen draper, John Keogh, were subjected to daily persecution and victimisation. The Protestant ascendancy treated their most moderate and deferential petitions for justice as inflammatory documents, and denounced them personally as the "rabble of the town." The Irish Catholics realised the need to enlist influential

Protestant spokesmen, if they were to win a hearing for their grievances; and with a lively sense of what they owed to the previous efforts of Edmund Burke on their behalf, they now decided boldly to invite Burke's son to become their political agent. They recognised that Dr. Hussey was an ideal intermediary to approach Burke with their request, and Hussey gladly consented to do what he was asked.

Accordingly, in August 1790, Hussey wrote personally to Edmund Burke, enclosing from his kinsman Mr. Thomas Hussey the formal invitation from the General Committee of the Irish Catholics that Burke's son Richard should become their recognised political agent. Dr. Hussey explained in his letter how he had called at Richard Burke's office in Lincoln's Inn, but "was informed that he is in the country." He, therefore, submitted to Edmund Burke himself the definite invitation from the Catholic Committee and also a letter from Lord Galtrim, saying "that the Committee of the Irish Catholics do not presume to restrict your son to the plan which they lay down; but hope that he will not only alter but reject the whole, as he may think necessary, and form another to his own ideas." They apply to him as a professional gentleman, Dr. Hussey explains tactfully, and "as such have remitted to me fifty guineas as a small consideration for his trouble; and I enclose it in a draft upon my banker, and of which I request his acceptance in their name."

Hussey's good offices had the desired effect, and Richard Burke proceeded quickly to Ireland. With devoted affection his father wrote to him, while he was in Dublin, a long series of encouraging letters full of the accumulated experience and knowledge of his own political life. The appointment was soon found to be an abject failure. Richard Burke's tactlessness and conceit antagonised everybody, and exasperated the Catholic Committee so severely that within less than a year they firmly paid him an honorarium of 2,000 guineas and sent him

home. Edmund Burke felt the humiliation keenly, for he idolised his only son. But he bore no ill will either to Keogh or to Dr. Hussey ; and in a letter a few years later, after Richard Burke's death had left him desolate and heart-broken, he selected a memento of his dead son for presentation to Hussey as a specially intimate friend. "I have always loved your public spirit," he wrote, "your regard to your country, your attachment to its government, your singular disinterestedness, and that very rare union you have made of the enlightened statesman with the ecclesiastic. I once spoke my sentiment very freely upon that subject to Mr. Pitt."

The French Revolution had let loose forces which Hussey and Burke equally regarded as being not only detestable, but likely to wreck all stable government. At the same time, it created new reasons for removing the grievances of the Catholics, both in order to allay the discontent which must otherwise breed Jacobinism, and to ensure the loyalty of the Irish Catholics who were now an indispensable factor in maintaining the strength of the English armies. Burke, as the protagonist in denouncing the French revolution and as the veteran champion of Catholic rights, now gained the ear of Pitt as well as of the country ; and he urged the value of Dr. Hussey's services as a conciliator in Ireland, if Pitt would carry out a policy of generous concessions. Two problems especially required attention. The most urgent was to encourage recruiting for the army in Ireland and to remove existing grievances among the soldiers. The second was Burke's old plan of providing for the education and training of the Catholic clergy in Ireland, so that they would no longer be so closely connected with the countries at war with England. The atheism of revolutionary France had created an unprecedented opportunity for winning the sympathy of the Irish Catholics by a generous policy of assisting them. Catholic Ireland was appalled at the anti-religious campaign in progress in

France. On the other hand, the cordial welcome and unstinted aid which had been given in Protestant England to the thousands of French priests who flocked into the country as refugees, must dispose the Irish Catholics to believe that the era of persecution was at an end.

On both these questions Hussey shared Burke's views entirely, and they were soon in frequent consultation. Through Burke, Hussey was able to make strong representations concerning the ceaseless complaints which reached him from his friends in Ireland about the savage penalties inflicted upon Catholic soldiers for going to Mass or for refusing to attend Protestant services. Pitt saw the seriousness of the question and accepted Burke's suggestions with gratitude; and, towards the end of 1794, when he had arranged to send Lord Fitzwilliam over to Ireland as a definitely pro-Catholic Viceroy, with a mission to pacify and encourage the country, he appointed Dr. Hussey to go to Ireland and superintend the provision of army chaplains, and generally to deal with the grievances of the Catholic soldiers. George III himself signed the commission given to Hussey, renewing their former personal associations during the war with Spain; and Hussey brought with him to Ireland clear instructions to disregard all protests from Dublin Castle. Fitzwilliam's appointment soon afterwards transformed the atmosphere in the few brief months during which he was allowed to remain. The experiment seemed certain to succeed, until Pitt quite suddenly changed his mind, after a conversation with the leaders of the corrupt ascendancy which Fitzwilliam had challenged in Dublin Castle. He then embarked upon a deliberately unscrupulous policy of withholding concessions and inflaming discontent in order to destroy the Irish Parliament altogether. He recalled Fitzwilliam, instructed his successor to give no countenance to any proposal for conciliating the Catholics, and left a free hand to the Protestant

ascendancy to have their revenge for the reforms which Fitzwilliam had attempted.

On January 29, 1795, Hussey wrote to Edmund Burke from Dublin a letter which showed the sort of problem with which he was specially called upon to deal. He had had a long conversation with Lord Fitzwilliam, who had talked over the question of "the soldier of Carrick-on-Suir."

> I had in my pocket [writes Hussey] the narrative of the whole affair, signed by the soldier himself, containing a variety of refined cruelties; but still Earl Fitzwilliam thinks that gentleness is the best mode of remedying the matter. The soldier is still in the barracks, and put every Sunday upon barrack duty, lest he should steal to mass. Such acts of oppression are very common in many regiments here, even among the militia. I took the liberty to advise the Lord-Lieutenant to issue a proclamation to prevent the like in future. In the meantime the complaints circulate among the Catholics in every part of the kingdom; though the paragraph you sent to me is the only one that has yet appeared in print, owing to the respect and attachment of the whole body of Catholics for the Lord-Lieutenant. But this tide of popularity which flows in upon him (and long may it continue!) may have an ebb, and every ebb is in proportion to its flood.

He proceeds to say that seventeen Catholic archbishops and bishops have now assembled in Dublin at his request, to discuss the proposals for establishing a Catholic seminary. Meanwhile, Grattan's petition for complete Catholic emancipation has been laid before the Irish Parliament, and is to be considered within a few days. As for an invasion from the French, he reassures Burke absolutely by an emphatic assertion that "it cannot be dreaded. There are not five Catholics in the kingdom, worth ten pounds, that would not spill their blood to resist it. This is my firm opinion, collected from much information."

Burke replied to this letter on February 4th, expressing special gratification at the recollection "of the partiality you have shown to me, and to him who was dearer to

me than I am to yourself." On February 19 Hussey replied with a fuller report upon the state of Irish affairs. Grattan's petition for complete Catholic emancipation had been backed up by half a million signatures. Fitzwilliam—acting on his own discretion, in the absence of any reply from London to his own urgent representations of the necessity for immediate concession—had given leave for the introduction of a new Catholic Relief Bill. The whole country was waiting in suspense until the English Cabinet had sent in its sanction to what was proposed.

> The confidence which the nation have in the present government is unlimited [Hussey wrote], but disappointment would render it hostile in proportion. I cannot suppose that there is a thought in the British Cabinet of frustrating the expectations of the people, or of curtailing the Bill; and should such a calamity happen, I have reason to believe (and you who know me are persuaded that in matters of this magnitude I never advance an opinion lightly) that the present leading men in this parliament would sooner cut with the whole British Cabinet than with the body of the nation, to whom they are publicly and solemnly pledged. The delay on the part of the Cabinet I attribute more to their idea of having, what they think to be, matters of greater magnitude than this to transact. I beseech you to impress upon them that the question of this Emancipation Bill involves another very awful one—whether they mean to retain Ireland, or to abdicate it to a French Government, or to a revolutionary system of its own invention. This parliament has voted forty thousand men for the defence of the island; it is going to establish a cavalry for its interior peace; but be assured that all these men are only paper, absolutely nothing but paper, without the Emancipation Bill.

A week later the wholly unforeseen news of Fitzwilliam's recall had suddenly burst upon Ireland; and Hussey writes to Burke in terms of utter dismay. "The disastrous news of Earl Fitzwilliam's recall is come," he wrote, "and Ireland is now on the brink of a civil war. . . . An awful gloom hangs on every brow; and every man that has anything to lose, or who loves peace and quiet, must now exert himself for the salvation of the country

and to keep the turbulent in order. Oh, how I wish for your advice and direction!" Grattan and his friends had been imploring him to stay on in Ireland, even though he could see no hope anywhere. A letter from Burke crossed his, containing an almost prophetic warning as to the possibility of future controversy over Government interference in the appointment of bishops. "This is a great crisis for good or evil," Burke wrote. "Above all, do not listen to any other mode of appointing your bishops than the present, whatever it is—no other elections than those you have—no Castle choices." But before this letter could reach Dublin, Hussey had written again, saying that his letters have to go under cover to a friend, since this "is the only mode of writing at this awful time of general distrust and dishonesty. The post office in this town is not a safe channel for any virtuous communications." A meeting of the Catholics had been held, from which he still hoped that the movement would not pass entirely from the control of its responsible leaders, even after the open challenge of Fitzwilliam's recall. A few days later he writes again, at the formal request of the Catholic leaders, announcing that Grattan has been urged to go to London at once to attempt to secure the reversal of Fitzwilliam's recall.

> The people begin to view the interference of the British cabinet in a hostile light; they will soon consider this parliament as a court of register to obey the dictates of a British minister. They will wish for a separation from Great Britain; and the contemptible light in which they will view their own parliament will induce them to lay it in the dust and to erect a convention on the French scale in its place. All these mischiefs appear to me unavoidable, if the British Cabinet pursues its present measures. How, in the name of God, can the spirit of this nation bear that the most popular and most virtuous viceroy that ever came to this country should be removed?

Burke, in a letter of March 5, showed how clearly he appreciated the situation. "All the letters I have seen from Ireland speak but one language, which is the same

with yours, about the alarm caused by the very first event of this kind that has occurred in the history of their kingdom; and which, merely by being new, makes it very difficult to calculate the consequences. In Ireland you are in great affliction.—Not so here. The opposition and the whole body of the Jacobins are in transports about it. Many of the little fry of court politicians seem also to exult; the first with reason, the last through folly." Two months later Burke wrote again at great length from Beaconsfield, exhorting Hussey to use all his influence to oppose not only Jacobinism, but the propaganda of the United Irishmen Society in favour of a complete "separation of the two kingdoms." "God forbid that anything like it should ever happen!" he wrote. "They would both be ruined by it; but Ireland would suffer most and first. . . ."

Burke's and Hussey's views were in general almost identical. Hussey had felt so hopeless of the outlook after Fitzwilliam's recall that he wished to leave Ireland at once. But Pitt urged him to remain, to assist in carrying through the plans for establishing an Irish seminary, which soon materialised in the foundation of Maynooth College. Hussey yielded to the pressure of his Irish friends and to the solicitations of the English Government; and during the year the scheme was put into operation, with Hussey himself as the first President of the College. The Irish bishops had consented to have the College entrusted to a board of trustees, who would be chosen principally from their own number. The College was to be open to students of every kind, but in practice it became exclusively a seminary from the beginning. The Government gave a grant of £8,000 for acquisition of the site and for new buildings. Fierce opposition in Parliament was aroused by this startling scheme for subsidising a Popish seminary; but Pitt's strong hand, assisted by the skilful diplomacy and the disinterested persuasiveness of Dr. Hussey, prevailed. Difficulties

continued, however, for some time, as efforts were made to placate the fury of the strong Protestants by various sorts of safeguards. Burke wrote in dismay to Hussey in July when he heard of these developments:—

I hear, and am extremely alarmed at hearing, that the chancellor and the chiefs of the benches are amongst your trustees. If this be the case, so as to give them the power of intermeddling, I must fairly say that I consider, not only all the benefit of the institution to be wholly lost, but that a more mischievous project never was set on foot. I should much sooner make your college according to the first act of parliament, as a subordinate department of our Protestant Minority—absurd as I always thought that plan to be—than make you the instrument or instruments of the jobbing system. I am sure that the constant meddling of the bishops and the clergy with the Castle, and of the Castle with them, will infallibly set them ill with their own body. All the weight which hitherto the clergy have had in keeping the people quiet will be wholly lost, if once this should happen.

The new college, under its brilliant and experienced President, quickly established its hold upon the popular imagination. Hussey was now made Bishop of Waterford, but he still held the presidency of the new seminary. At the end of November he was able to write to his friend from Maynooth :—

I found it [Maynooth] advancing, in every respect, even beyond my expectations. But alas ! I was soon assailed by letters from various parts of the kingdom complaining of the violence made use of in compelling the Catholic military who had enlisted with the explicit promise, or at least the expectation that nothing would be required of them contrary to their religious tenets . . . Only consider, my dear sir, the abject wretchedness of a country, when a man is blamed for expressing his indignation at the view of the worst of all oppressions . . . I felt myself between the two evils, of oppression or Jacobinism. You know my principles too well to be ignorant of the choice which I would make. I exhorted the soldiers to patience, and promised that steps would be taken to remove the grievance. I then drew up a sketch of a pastoral letter, in strong terms ; but before I would publish it, I sent it in to Mr. Pelham by his secretary, for Mr. Pelham was summoned by the College Green bargain-makers, and I could not see him . . .

How little does his Majesty suspect that those upon whom he heaps honours and most power here are his greatest enemies; and the very men who are Jacobinizing this country?

It was this letter which produced the most remarkable of Burke's long replies on the state of Ireland. The reply was dictated from his couch at Beaconsfield, and it stated pathetically that "I cannot conceal from you, much less can I conceal from myself, that in all probability I am not long for this world. Indeed, things are in such a situation, independently of the domestic wound, that I never could have less reason for regret in quitting the world than at this moment." He notes once more, "what has long been but too obvious, that it seems the unfortunate policy of the hour to put to the far largest portion of the King's subjects in Ireland the desperate alternative, between a thankless acquiescence under grievous oppression or a refuge in Jacobinism, with all its horrors and all its crimes. You prefer the former dismal part of the choice." His own fear is that even such acquiescence may not avert the Jacobinism "which arises from penury and irritation, from scorned loyalty and rejected allegiance." He states again his melancholy conviction that "the little wise men of the west, with every hazard of this evil, are resolved to persevere in the manly and well-timed resolution of a war against Popery." "They begin this last series of their offensive operations by laying traps for the consciences of poor foot-soldiers. They call these wretches to their church (empty of a volunteer congregation), not by the bell, but by the whip. This ecclesiastical military discipline is happily taken up, in order to form an army of well-scourged Papists into a firm phalanx for the support of the Protestant religion. I wish them joy of this their valuable discovery in theology, politics, and the art military." At last, he declares, he has discovered in "this war against Popery" the clue to all the policy of the Government. "Thus we balance the account: defeat and dishonour abroad; oppression at

home. We sneak to the regicides, but we boldly triumph on our poor fellow-citizens. But all is for the Protestant cause."

In a curious passage—for Burke can have had no means of knowing how frantically Wolfe Tone was even then negotiating in Paris for the despatch of a military expedition to Ireland under Hoche's leadership—he writes ironically: "I ought to suppose that the arrival of General Hoche is eagerly expected in Ireland; for he, too, is a most zealous Protestant, and he has given proof of it by the studied cruelties and insults by which he put to death the old Bishop of Dol, whom (but for the mortal fear I am in lest the suspicion of Popery should attach upon me) I should call a glorious martyr, and should class him amongst the most venerable prelates that have appeared in this century." But he cannot even now feel that there is any direct interference, in the interests of Protestantism, in Irish affairs by the English Government:—

> Its chief guilt is in its total neglect, its utter oblivion, its shameful indifference, and its entire ignorance of Ireland and of everything that relates to it, and not in any oppressive disposition towards that unknown region. No such disposition exists. English Government has farmed out Ireland, without the reservation of a peppercorn rent in power or influence, public or individual, to the little narrow faction that domineers there. . . . It is little less than a breach of order even to mention Ireland in the House of Commons of Great Britain. If the people of Ireland were to be flayed alive by the predominant faction, it would be the most critical of all attempts so much as to discuss the subject in any public assembly before this side of the water. If such a faction should hereafter happen, by its folly or its iniquity or both, to promote disturbances in Ireland, the force paid by this kingdom (supposing our own insufficient) would infallibly be employed to redress them. . . By a strange inversion of the order of things, not only the largest part of the natives of Ireland are thus annihilated, but the Parliament of Great Britain itself is rendered no better than an instrument in the hands of an Irish faction.

He makes an interesting revelation of his own efforts

to have Hussey's diplomatic abilities employed by the Government before his mission to Ireland :—

> I regretted indeed that the ministry had declined to make any sort of use of the reiterated informations you had given them of the designs of their enemies, and had taken no notice of the noble and disinterested offers which, through me, were made for employing you to save Italy and Spain to the British Alliance. But this being past, and Italy and Spain lost, I was in hopes that they were resolved to put themselves in the right at home by calling upon you ; that they would leave, on their part, no cause or protest for Jacobinism except in the seditious disposition of individuals ; but I now see that instead of profiting by your advice and services, they will not so much as take the least notice of your written representations, or permit you to have access to them.

" Systematic ill-treatment of Catholics," he declares, will be the policy of the " junto " in Ireland so long as it brings them advantage. Momentary quiet will be represented as a proof that coercion succeeds. Disorder will be made the pretext for inflicting further disciplinary measures. " So long, therefore, as disorders in the country become pretexts for adding to the power and emolument of a *junto,* means will be found to keep one part of it, or other, in a perpetual state of confusion and disorder. This is the old traditionary policy of that sort of men." In such circumstances, what advice could he give to his friend ? Hussey had done all in his power to counsel moderation and patience, and to hold out hopes of coming concessions on the assumption that the Government would do their duty. " In consequence of this piece of service to the Government, you have been excluded from all communication with the Castle ; and perhaps you may thank yourself that you are not in Newgate." Meanwhile, Burke can only counsel him to tell the Catholics simply and candidly how he stands if they approach him again.

Burke died at Beaconsfield in the following July. The inevitable explosion was already coming rapidly to a

head, but he did not live to see the Irish rebellion of 1798. One of the last letters he received at Beaconsfield was from Dr. Hussey, writing from Waterford, in April :—

My ever dear Friend,

. . . Our friend Dr. Moylan had an audience two months ago of the Lord Lieutenant, to show him a letter from his vicar-general, the parish priest of Kinsale, complaining that two privates of the Sligo militia, for refusing to assist at Protestant worship, were tried the next day by a court martial and sentenced to . . . lashes, and I am told that one of them is since dead of his wounds. His Excellency treated the affair with much coldness, and the reception was such that Dr. Moylan, whom you know to be one of the meekest and most humble of mankind, came away quite disgusted. The instances are so frequent in his diocese of this impolitic tyranny that, when I convened the clergy of holding communion, it was one of the articles of my pastoral charge to them, to use all their *spiritual* power to resist it. The whole of my pastoral letter, which is a short one, and intended only as a preface to a longer one, will be printed in a week, and a copy of it shall be sent for you, under Mr. King's cover. I know that its contents will not be acceptable to some ; but I am come hither, not to flatter my enemies, but to do my duty. I have not, nor will I ever resign the presidency of Maynooth. As I receive neither salary nor emolument from it, I feel no dishonour, and I see the necessity of holding it, at least until the plan be finally settled. As to the commission which you desire me not to give up, I still hold it without ever having inquired whether any or what salary is annexed to it. Enough for me that it contains His Majesty's signature, to which I am attached, not only as every subject ought to be, but also from personal considerations, for the honourable mention which he has graciously condescended to make of me at different times.

The pastoral to which Hussey's letter alludes was his own first address as Bishop of Waterford to the clergy of his diocese. His first act had been to renounce all claim to his personal income as a bishop, for the benefit of his poor. His pastoral produced a furore in Dublin Castle ; for Hussey was well known to have the ear of George III as well as of the Pope. This ex-Trappist, who had so much influence in half the Courts of Europe, was a much

more formidable antagonist as a bishop; and his incorruptibility appalled the Protestant ascendancy in Dublin. He had spoken plainly about the most pressing wrongs of the Catholics, whom he had estimated as being nine-tenths of the whole population of Ireland and ninety-nine per cent. of his own diocese. He had denounced the ill-treatment of Catholic soldiers who refused to attend Protestant services, and had urged upon them the necessity for persisting in such refusal. The tone of his exhortations was intensely religious, and he exhorted the clergy to be more strict than hitherto in attending to the spiritual duties of their people. He denounced Catholics who sent their children to the Charter schools, and repudiated above all any weakness in consenting to attend Protestant services. His language was so energetic and independent that Dr. Duigenan and the other Protestant leaders demanded his removal from Maynooth. His letter to Burke shows his determination to resist all such attempts to displace him—even though his residence in Waterford before long caused such inconvenience that he had to resign.

The outcry against him naturally increased his already great prestige and influence in Ireland, and he became a recognised leader among the hierarchy. In the following year the Pope sent for him to Rome and received him with special favours, compelling him to remain there for several years. On his return to Ireland, the Act of Union had already been carried. He himself had been called in, on his journey home, to take part in Paris in the negotiations which resulted in the Concordat between Napoleon and Pius VII. He came back to a defeated and bitterly disillusioned country. The Irish bishops, having been intimidated and appalled by the outrageous reprisals that followed upon the rebellion of 1798, had received with ready sympathy the delusive proposals, put to them by Castlereagh as Irish Secretary and Cornwallis as Viceroy, that they should receive Catholic emancipation as a more

or less immediate sequel to the Act of Union. The condition was that they should assist Pitt's plan to abolish the Irish Parliament, which had been the stronghold of the Protestant ascendancy. They had enabled Pitt and Castlereagh to carry the Act of Union without any popular outcry, and with no more serious difficulty than that of bribing the majority of the landowners who formed the Irish Parliament and who resented the prospect of losing their political privileges. But the other half of the bargain was never carried out, and Pitt had resigned to make way for a definitely No Popery government, as soon as the Irish Parliament was extinguished by the Act of Union. Disillusion and despair had settled upon Ireland by the time that Dr. Hussey returned to it from Rome.

But his own convictions had always deplored the concentration of public opinion upon political issues. Had he lived, his courage and abilities and his experience in statesmanship might well have made him as important and as decisive a figure in the struggle for Catholic emancipation as Bishop Doyle became twenty-five years later. But he was suddenly claimed by death, within a few years of his return from Rome, when he had a seizure while bathing at Tramore, in July, 1803. So he followed his old friend and ally Edmund Burke within less than eight years. But the work which he had begun as President of Maynooth had already developed beyond the expectations of any of its sponsors. And before he died, the Government which in his boyhood had prevented any Irish Catholic from even going to a school, was now paying annual subsidies to a great Catholic seminary which had been founded with Government money, largely through his own skilful diplomacy and because his personal influence commanded absolute confidence among all parties.

DENIS GWYNN.

THE ANGLICAN CRISIS

BY JOSEPH KEATING, S.J.

Editor of the *Month*

THE above title might well be kept in type as a heading to any discussion about the Church of England, covering events of the last sixty or seventy years, for there is no principle of stability in that religious corporation. It is in a perpetual state of crisis, owing to the leaven of Private Judgment implanted in it by its founders, and their emphatic repudiation of any visible, God-guaranteed, teaching and ruling authority. The present *impasse* concerning the Book of Common Prayer has only emphasised its chronic and incurable disorder. Its irreconcilable factions have met in conflict on the floor of Parliament, but their civil head has twice refused to sanction the hard-fought compromise whereby they had hoped to disguise for a time their radical opposition. They are now faced with the dilemma of asserting an independence of state-control, which they have never hitherto exercised, or of implicitly acknowledging their essential subordination to the civil power. For the moment, by " provisional " arrangements, by summoning synods for consultation, by referring decision to an *ad hoc* Committee to be set up later, the Anglican authorities have put off the necessity of taking a final step ; but, sooner or later, the English Church will be forced to throw off Parliamentary control or openly to own herself to be what Catholics have always known her, by origin and essence, to be, the creature and servant of the State.

Leaving present developments aside for the moment, let us glance at the grounds of this conviction. The matter is, historically, very plain, although, as manipulated by generations of non-Catholic historians, intent on justifying the Anglican position and wholly at sea regarding the

true nature of Christ's Church, it has been enveloped in not a little obscurity. It is assumed, for instance, that Anglicanism dates from the reign of the Eighth Henry, and much is made of the supposed recognition by Rome of its Catholic character. Lately, a learned ecclesiastical lawyer, Chancellor P. V. Smith, actually quoted, as establishing the independent jurisdiction of the Anglican Bishops in matters spiritual, the Statute in Restraint of Appeals, passed in 1533, *i.e.*, *before* Henry's absolute assumption of civil supremacy. In this question of reversing immemorial custom even a Tudor had to proceed gradually. The Statute of 1533,[1] devised to regulate not the Anglican Church as we now have it, but Henry's new schism, allowed that "the spirituality" should have the interpretation of "any cause of the law divine or spiritual bearing": for the tyrant's immediate object was merely to free the Church from the jurisdiction of Rome and make it, for the moment, autonomous. Why did not Chancellor Smith mention that the very next year the Act of Supremacy took away from the schismatic

[1] Of this statute Professor W. S. Holdsworth, Vinerian Professor of Law at Oxford, significantly writes (*History of English Law*, Vol. I., p. 504, 1922 edit.):—

"The preamble to this statute of Appeals (24 Hen. VIII., c. 12) is remarkable because it manufactures history upon an unprecedented scale; but chiefly because it has operated from that day to this as a powerful instrument to be manufactured by others upon similar lines. . . . In order to create the illusion that the new Anglican Church was indeed the same institution as the mediæval Church, it was necessary to prove the historic continuity of these two very different institutions, and obviously this could only be done by an historical argument." This "historical argument," the writer continues, having merely a statutory title, needed documentary corroboration; hence "lawyers, theologians and ecclesiastical historians soon began from their different points of view to amplify and illustrate this historical argument in order to prove that it rested upon a solid basis of historical truth. Two great professions [the lawyers and the ecclesiastics] thus have had and still have a direct professional interest in maintaining this thesis . . . therefore, its truth is still believed and maintained by a long array of imposing names. It was not until a historian arose who, besides being the greatest historian of this century [the reference is to the late F. W. Maitland, Professor of English Law at Cambridge, author of *Canon Law in England*], was a consummate lawyer . . . that the historic worthlessness of Henry's theory was finally demonstrated." (*Infra*, note).

With what perverse and prejudiced industry this thesis is still supported by contemporary Anglican historians has been well shown by Mr. Joseph Clayton in his *Continuity of the Church of England* (Sheed and Ward, 1928).

Church that limited independence? In the plainest terms the renewed faculties then given to the weak-kneed prelates who bent to Henry's will, asserted the transference of spiritual jurisdiction to the Crown. "Seeing," they ran, "that all authority of jurisdiction, and indeed jurisdiction of all kinds, *both that which is called ecclesiastical and that which is secular*, is originally derived from the royal power, as from the Supreme Head and foundation and source of magistracy within our kingdom . . ." Although, of course, all this anti-Roman legislation was, explicitly or constructively, annulled, when England, under Mary, became fully reconciled to the Holy See, Elizabeth asserted the same absolute jurisdiction over the Church which she established in 1559. The change then made from "Supreme Head" to "Supreme Governor," and the Queen's disclaimer of "any power of ministry of divine offices in the Church"—a claim which Henry himself did not, of course, assert—made no change in the extent of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction claimed and exercised by Elizabeth and readily allowed by the first Anglican Bishops. The upshot of the whole legislative action of Parliament in regard to the State Church has been, as Lord Campbell remarked in his Gorham Judgment (1850), to assign to the Crown the entire jurisdiction which, before the Reformation, had been exercised by the Pope.

But not, be it observed, over the same body. Many modern Anglicans, honest and learned men though they be, persist in ignoring the fact that, as history shows very plainly, Elizabeth and her councillors, in the ecclesiastical Acts which inaugurated her reign, deliberately set themselves to replace the Catholic Church in England by another and a different one—different in authority, doctrine and forms of worship. It matters not that, in so doing, they doubtless thought they were re-establishing connection with the "Primitive Church"; what they actually did was to set up in this country an ecclesiastical

body, radically distinct from the Catholic Church, which was founded here by St. Augustine and persisted unaltered till the days of the Eighth Henry. Nor does it matter whether the new clergy retained or acquired the power of orders, repudiated though it is by the XXV Article; the point is that the body they served had never organically participated in the spiritual, Apostolic jurisdiction, which is the Church's principle of unity and cohesion and makes her a complete and distinct society, just as the civil authority makes the State a single, undivided entity. This absence of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, this claim to a national and, therefore, an un-Catholic autonomy, debars Anglicanism from being, in any canonical sense, a portion of the one Church of Christ. It was fashioned by the State, and, immediately, the spiritual authority, claimed by the civil power in the Act of Supremacy, was brought into vigorous and effective exercise by the Act of Uniformity, under the results of which the Establishment groans to this day.

At no time in its career has this creature of the State been able to free itself from State control. Its present bondage has been made very clear by the recent Prayer-Book fiasco and its results. But the usurpation, by the civil power, of authority in the spiritual sphere was resented from the first, not only by the adherents of the old faith, who were outlawed for resisting it, but also by many heretics, who, freed from the yoke of Rome, saw no sense in submitting to another and less warranted one. Even in Elizabeth's reign, the Puritans contended for the separation of Church from State, and, aided by the Calvinistic element in Anglicanism, finally had their way —at least for the brief period of the Commonwealth. But the Restoration drove these extremists out of the Church and re-enacted, by the Prayer-Book revision of 1662, the supremacy of the civil power, which has lasted unimpaired to this day. In vain, then, do modern Anglicans assert the "spiritual independence" of their Church. That

claim has no basis, unless they can prove that their Church is part of the Catholic Church, identical with the old "Ecclesia Anglicana," and a faithful daughter of Rome. The need being so great, the attempt has actually been made. Ashamed of the flagrantly Erastian character of the Establishment, Anglican historians have not been ashamed to gloss over the radical differences in doctrine, worship and discipline that mark it off from Catholicism. However, now there has come this Prayer-Book question to force upon their reluctant minds the unpleasant truth that, not only in government but also in teaching, it is the civil power that in their Church has the final and decisive word. Archbishop Laud, in 1640, tried to claim legislative power for Convocation, but was speedily called to order by Parliament and forced to withdraw his rash claim, the Commons unanimously declaring that "the Clergy in Convocation assembled has no power to make any canons or constitutions whatsoever in matters of doctrine, discipline or otherwise, to bind the clergy and laity of the land without the common consent in Parliament" (16 Dec., 1640). And this fact was openly acknowledged by no less authoritative a body than the "Royal Commission of Ecclesiastical Discipline," appointed in 1904, "to enquire into disorders in the Church and make recommendations," which declared in its unanimous Report (signed by its President, the Archbishop of Canterbury) regarding the point of ecclesiastical discipline :—

> There cannot, in our opinion, be any doubt that the Acts of Uniformity bind the Bishops as well as other clergymen ; and that the law does not recognize any right in a Bishop to override the provisions as to services, rites, and ceremonies contained in those Acts. . . . At the present stage it is enough to say that, though Bishops have from time to time used a certain liberty of action with a view to relax the stringency of the Acts of Uniformity, it does not appear to us that there is any legal ground for assuming that, apart from statutory provision, the Bishop of a diocese has an inherent right to dispense the clergy from observing the provisions of those Acts. Such an assumption would, in our opinion,

be inconsistent with the constitutional relations of Church and State in England.

The lately retired Primate, who thus repudiates the "inherent *jus liturgicum*" claimed by some Anglicans for their Episcopate, has never, to do him justice, tried to conceal the complete subordination of his Church to the civil power. We need only recall his frank acknowledgment, during the Prayer-Book debate, of the right of Parliament, even as at present constituted, to decide the matter :—

> We hear words, which I think windy and even foolish, to the effect that this [Measure] *is not really a matter for Parliament*, that the Church has spoken its own voice decidedly, and that the duty of Parliament is to endorse what the Church has said. *I dissent altogether from that view. I dissociate myself from that statement.* We are acting under what is known as the Enabling Act. That Act, as a Bill, was introduced by me at this Table some eight years ago, and I took care in introducing it . . . to point out that though Parliament was, and I think most rightly, substituting a workable for an unworkable system of Church legislation, *Parliament was not depriving itself in the end of any fundamental right.* I adhere to that to-day. Every Member of this House has in my view *his absolute right to vote freely* upon a matter of this kind. (Italics ours).

Even after the first rejection of the revised Book, the joint declaration of the two Primates, whilst expressing mild resentment at the result and hinting that the worm might ultimately turn, owned its perfect legality :—

> It was within the right of the House of Commons to reject the Measure. On the other hand, mere acquiescence in its decision would be in our judgment inconsistent with the responsibilities of the Church as a spiritual society. . . . The Bishops fully recognize that there are circumstances in which it would be their duty to take action, *in accordance with the Church's inherent spiritual authority.* We realise this duty, and are ready, if need be, to fulfil it.

The obvious inconsistency of this attitude—for, if Parliament has a real right to decide, the Church has a

corresponding duty to obey—is characteristic of Anglicanism. But when the "circumstances" arose, on the re-revised Prayer-Book being rejected again by Parliament, acting within its acknowledged rights, the Bishops have wisely refrained from any repetition of Laud's attempt at independence. The question of the Church's "spiritual independence" is left in abeyance—a most prudent step, for Anglicanism, unsupported by the State, and having no inner principle of cohesion, would fall speedily into disruption. Instead, the Bishops, forced to *some* action, have gone so far as equivalently to declare: "Since Parliament has refused to legalise the universal and inevitable departures from the canon of 1662, it cannot complain if we tolerate further departures, taking as our guide the limits suggested by the rejected canon of 1928." That is an intelligible and defensible attitude. It may rightly be concluded that, Parliament having already connived at a certain measure of illegality and refused to remove it, may be presumed indifferent to a further extension of it. For the moment the civil power has nothing to say. Whether it will be invoked again will depend upon the issue of the domestic struggle now going on within the Church. The various diocesan conferences have been consulted, to see if the Bishops can count on the support of their clergy in their proposed "temporary" and "provisional" dispensations from the rules of 1662. The result has only made more clear the clash of doctrine within the Church, but as the consent of the laity has to be secured for any innovation—a very significant provision, as we shall point out—and as there will be no widespread or concerted action, it is probable that the legal irregularities will not attract much notice. Meanwhile, the whole question of what should be the action of the Church under the affront offered to its National Assembly by Parliament is to be referred to a committee of prelates and ecclesiastical lawyers not yet appointed.

What they have to determine can be stated in a few

words. They have to discover the grounds of spiritual authority in a Church whose ecclesiastical head is a layman.

Speaking broadly, two things were effected by the Elizabethan Settlement—a definite repudiation of the spiritual jurisdiction, both for teaching and ruling, of the Holy See, in favour of the Crown; and a manifold alteration in traditional Catholic doctrine; changes embodied in Prayer-Book and Articles. Preaching at Cambridge on January 29th of this year, the Bishop of Durham frankly confessed that the English Reformation introduced "two novelties: the supreme authority of Scripture in the Church and the supreme ecclesiastical authority of the King in the State." His Lordship by this admission gives away the whole case for Anglicanism,[1] for what he describes is simply the revolt of the human intellect and will against their God-appointed guide and ruler. Of the two "novelties" the latter is more completely hostile to the Catholic idea; Scripture *is* an authority in the Church, though not the supreme, for how could a dumb written document be superior to the authority which composed and guaranteed it? But that the civil power should have *any* purely spiritual jurisdiction is plainly contrary to the very notion of a God-established Church. Its assertion in the case of Anglicanism has resulted, and must always result, in chaos and anarchy. Even though all that the civil power could hope to effect was uniformity of practice, not of belief, that hope was illusive from the

[1] Earlier in his career, Dr. Hensley-Henson (Church Congress, 1908, reported in the *Manchester Guardian*, Oct. 9th) marked the distinction between the old and the new Churches even more clearly:—"It would hardly be an unfair statement [he said] of the case as between Anglicans and Roman Catholics of the present day to say that, in this controversy about continuity, the honours are divided. The legal and constitutional continuity belongs to the Church of England. The continuity of doctrine, worship and discipline belongs to the Church of Rome. Thus the continuity of the reformed Church with the unreformed lies in those parts of its system which are least religious." Whether any "honours" belong to the alien body which usurped the constitutional rights of the old Church, the candid reader will judge.

first; and the new Prayer-Book, so far from being a manual of *common* prayer, had finally to make provision for diversities of faith—to the scandal, be it noted, of that pious man, Lord Carson, who, in the debates, endorsed the satiric suggestion: "As well have an alternative Bradshaw!" Cranmer and his accomplices, in setting the Crown at the head of their new Church, hoped to secure the permanence of their Protestant heresies; the result is that these latter are crumbling away, yielding on the one side to indifference and unbelief, and on the other side being gradually supplanted by a return to the old faith. The experiment of a King-ruled Church was a failure from the first.

The reason is plainly to be seen in the Bishop of Durham's first-named "novelty," which in effect established the principle of private judgment in religious matters. As you cannot have a ruling Church if the civil power holds the reins, so you cannot have a teaching Church if the individual reason is to be the final judge of the meaning and truth of revelation. But that is precisely what has occurred in Anglicanism by its making the Bible the sole standard of belief, and repudiating any living and infallible interpreter of it. Accordingly, its written formularies have never received a final and authentic interpretation. In 1923 a Commission on Doctrinal Unity, representing all sections in the Church, was appointed by the two Primates, with this reference:—

> To consider the nature and grounds of Christian Doctrine, with a view to demonstrating the extent of existing agreement within the Church of England, and with a view to investigating how far it is possible to remove or diminish existing differences.

That Commission has met regularly, and every autumn it has issued a short and vaguely-optimistic Report to the effect that it is doing as well as can be expected; but even assuming that it succeeds in its limited task and discovers a common modicum of belief amongst

Anglicans, what will it all signify? It will be only the opinion of a certain number of scholars, which no one is bound to accept and which many will be sure to repudiate. For in Anglicanism, as its Prelates would be the first to admit, there is no *Ecclesia Docens*; Councils may err, Churches may err, Bishops may err; there is no infallibility anywhere, except perhaps somewhere (but none can say for certain where) in the pages of the inspired Book! Thence the individual, alone or with the aid of men as fallible as himself, must laboriously extract that supernatural truth which is necessary for his salvation. And for his greater encouragement he has an Anglican bishop to assure him that he may learn what parts of the Scriptures are authentic only from "historical science." [1]

In their desperate efforts to free their Church from the charge of naked rationalism, and to vindicate their boasted liberty of thought, whilst still clinging to the Christian principle of authority, various Anglican writers have resorted to various expedients. Not, indeed, the Modernists, who have faced the full consequences of the Protestant position and maintain, with startling results to Christian orthodoxy, the supreme right of the critical intelligence to decide on the contents and meaning of revelation. Of these a word later. The Evangelicals are still for the most part content with the Scriptures as the rule of faith and conduct, although their "intellectuals," under Modernist influence, are gradually abandoning the plenary inspiration of the Bible. It is amongst the High Church folk, who retain some appreciation of the necessarily authoritative character of revealed religion, that we find advanced the most ingenious, not to say sophistical, theories of Church government. Their problem—to assert doctrinal authority whilst admitting fallibility—is of course an insoluble one, but the exigencies

[1] So Bishop Gore, speaking of the facts of revelation: "The judge of such facts is historical science: it is a new judge sitting in a new court." (*Church Times*, Mar. 12, 1926, p. 309).

of their position force them to seek a solution. Of the fallibility there can be no possible doubt. The pastors themselves insist on it; they utter only opinions, and contradictory opinions at that; the flock take it for granted; they accept or reject those opinions just as they choose. Yet without authority to teach, how is one to know what particular beliefs constitute Anglican doctrine? A *Church Times* writer[1], in an article called "Authority in the Church," makes a gallant attempt to square this circle. After pointing out, with admirable clearness, the function of authority in conveying certain knowledge of Revelation and stating that Christ must have bestowed upon His Church His own authority, the writer tries to show how this prerogative can persist in a divided Church which has often erred in the past. "That which has final authority is that which represents the mind of the entire Church across the world and down the centuries," he writes with sonorous emphasis. But to the hungry sheep who wants something plainer and anxiously asks: "Where am I to find this authoritative doctrine"? —the inadequate answer is: "The mind of the Church, as a whole, is, in many respects, quite plain; it is displayed in its immemorial practice and devotions." Such is the ultimate Rule of Faith presented by this word-spinner as guidance for the multitude! Far more honest is the attitude of those who frankly give up the hopeless task, like the Rev. R. H. L. Sheppard, who suggests that the next Pan-Anglican Conference should resolve: "That the Anglican Communion does not believe that a Christian Church has a right to insist upon intellectual tests for would-be disciples." Here we have the Protestant principle of private judgment expressed in its starkest form: the revolt of the intellect against any imposition of revealed truth by authority. It is the root principle of Anglicanism and necessarily destructive of its pretensions to be part of the Church of Christ.

[1] Feb. 24, 1928.

To disguise this lack of authoritative teaching power, another theory has been invented, the theory of Comprehensiveness. It is the last defence of a body whose doctrinal incompetence has been so completely and ruthlessly exposed. "*We* cannot teach? Why, we teach everything!" The most sinister sign of the decay of real religion in the Anglican Church is the ready adoption of this disingenuous plea by all parties except the extreme Protestants. Even High Churchmen, who in many respects have a real grasp of Catholic doctrine, have gone back on their faith by adhesion to a principle which constructively blasphemes the Holy Spirit of Truth. Gone back they have, for what trace of Catholicity is there in the conception of a Church that, because it cannot distinguish truth from error, complacently teaches both! Again let us quote the *Church Times*, the most "advanced" of Anglican journals. Writing in defence of comprehensiveness on March 9th, it says: "The Articles, in their final form, were largely constructed with the intention to refrain from defining . . . and by defining to exclude . . . . For the moment we must accept the fact of the comprehensiveness of the Church of England, even though we may believe that Catholicism and Protestantism are *mutually contradictory* and *mutually destructive*." And when we add to Anglican comprehensiveness Modernism, which contradicts and is destructive of both, what is this but to assert that the Holy Spirit, assumed to be abiding in the Church and directing her, is indifferent to the truth of what she teaches? Moreover, lest this horrible yet logical deduction should open their eyes to the true character of Elizabeth's Establishment, other apologists despair of the possibility of reaching revealed truth at all, either because of its "vastness" and "many-sidedness" or because of the weakness of the human mind. Bishop Gore writes to *The Times* (Sept. 19, 1928), in terms which destroy once for all his claim to understand what Catholicity means: "I quite understand and rejoice in

the comprehensiveness which would leave within our boundaries 'parties' which would reasonably be called Catholic, Protestant and Modernist. But, I must add, there are limits." How the Anglican Church, the teaching of which does not bind in conscience, can assign limits to belief the bishop does not explain, but the mere suggestion was enough to cause alarm. The Rev. A. E. J. Rawlinson, Tutor of Christ's Church, wrote immediately to say (*Times*, Sept. 21st): "Bishop Gore's letter . . . is disquieting, inasmuch as it has in view the ideal of a definition, in terms of exclusiveness, of the 'limit of comprehension' within the Church of England. To some of us . . . such a policy would appear simply disastrous." And his reason is that to limit comprehension in any way would be to endanger the conception of Anglicanism as a "Bridge-Church."

This bizarre theory, itself the outcome of the heretical notion of a divided Church, gives such welcome support to comprehensiveness that we hear much of it at the present crisis. It is felt that a Church whose formularies can be interpreted according to its members' desires and which can, therefore, offer points of contact with many varying creeds, is just the rallying point which Christianity needs to reunite its scattered forces. Catholic, Orthodox, Rationalist, Protestant might be received within its fold and, by so meeting, learn presumably to discard what now separates them, or at least to tolerate each other as so many "schools of thought." On this account, according to the Oxford Tutor, it would be fatal for Anglicanism to start defining. "It must not and cannot allow itself to enjoy the luxury of 'a mind of its own,' in the sectarian or confessional sense. . . . Its whole mission involves that it must eschew (in however mitigated form) the Roman ideal of 'definition'—which in practice inevitably means the exclusion in principle of some of those whom our Lord Jesus Christ would not exclude." We find little trace, in this ideal

"Bridge-Church," of the institution sketched by our Lord in the Gospels; that Church which we are bidden to hear on pain of being regarded as heathen and publicans; that Church which in its Councils, early and late, defined without ceasing and cut off without flinching the faithless and disobedient. What likeness to the Church of the Gospels—a kingdom, a city, a sheepfold, a household, a vineyard, and so on—has this "League of Religions" (the term is actually used by some Anglicans) which constructively denies the fact of divine revelation and even the objectivity of truth? And that an Oxford Tutor should plead that the Body to which Christ entrusted the task of communicating His revelation to all mankind should refrain from formulating that revelation in intelligible statements, says little for the credit of his University as a seat of learning. The Roman Emperors, who from motives of policy admitted to the Pantheon all the deities of the peoples they conquered, showed just as keen a sense of what true religion is.

The Prayer-Book crisis has also made clear another consequence of the want of teaching authority in Anglicanism, viz., its practical lapse into congregationalism. In the matter of determining doctrine the flock has equal rights with the pastors; in fact, if we are to believe the Bishop of Norwich, superior rights. Speaking of the Church's doctrine, that prelate said (*The Times*, Nov. 23, 1923): "The ultimate decision belongs to the public opinion of all devout Englishmen. *Securus judicat orbis Anglicanus!*" This may sound rather extreme, but it is not more so than the declaration of the Archbishop of Canterbury himself, who once told his astonished diocesan Conference that—

> Every baptized Englishman, in one sense every Englishman whether baptized or not, has a relation to the National Church and a right, if he choose to claim it, to the ministry, public and private, of its officers, and a share through Parliament in con-

trolling its legislation and administration, its judicial system and certain elements of its public life.[1]

Yet, as the Prayer-Book discussion in Parliament showed, the Archbishop said no more than the fact. All through that debate the rights of the laity, whether Anglican or not, to a voice in the teaching and administration of the Church were freely confessed. The National Assembly, as is well known, includes a House of Laity, and Lord Parmoor, an ecclesiastical lawyer, claimed of the Act establishing it that it is "the Magna Charta of the Church layman. It has given him a recognised position for the first time. It has given him authority for the first time." And in a letter to *The Times* (Jan. 6, 1928) the same writer claimed that "the authority of the English Church is not subjected to the decision of Bishops in controversies of faith, except so far as they have derived authority from the temporal power." In one of Father Ronald Knox's most brilliant satires, he describes the problem before the average Anglican incumbent as trying to discover "what Jones will stand." That, according to the Archbishop of Canterbury in the Lords, was precisely the preoccupation of the Bishops: "We literally could not have done more to secure the opinion of the Church on the subject . . . It was especially in deference to the wish of the laity that we did not put out two books. . . . these, after all, are the people with whom the responsibility rests, the people on whom the trust is laid." In the same spirit of accommodation a clergyman writes to *The Times* (June 1st, 1925): "Any Anglican incumbent who is unwilling if required to give

[1] *Church Times*, Oct. 3, 1926. This un-Catholic notion of autonomous National Churches, so explicitly denounced by St. Paul, is made a point of perfection by Anglicans. In a recent brochure on "The Genius of the Church of England," by the Archbishop-designate of York, we find the following characteristic outburst:—"The Church of England, like other Churches, has often failed to be completely Christian; . . . . but it has never failed to be utterly, completely, provokingly, adorably English." (p. 7). "Deplorably English" would be an apter phrase, seeing that there is question here of the transmission of God's Truth, which has nothing to do with nationality.

his Catholic parishioners the most ornate celebrations permissible in the morning, and his Protestant parishioners a simple Communion in the evening, is too small for his post." We should rather say "too honest," since the services imply contradictory beliefs. Yet this writer would have the Bishop of St. Edmundsbury on his side, for his Lordship told his diocesan conference (*The Times*, May 23, 1925) that "whatever form of service was adopted in any Church must be in accord with the general mind of the congregation concerned." And in their recent *démarche* the Bishops stipulate that any departure from the canon of 1662 must have the consent of the local Church Council.

Private Judgment, Comprehensiveness, Congregationalism—surely the union of these liberal principles should produce a spirit of sweet reasonableness and universal toleration in the Body which boasts of them. Not here the rigid dogmatism, the autocratic rule, the blind obscurantism, the thunders and anathemas of Rome, but a system wherein each may say (and think) the thing he will. Even its prelates shift their views with the years, so that sometimes one may vainly confront them with their own previous utterances. And as for the flock, hear Lord Hanworth (brother, by the way, of the recalcitrant Bishop of Norwich), addressing the assembled hierarchy in the Lords. "Very few Englishmen," quoth his Lordship, "will take their religion from their officers." Yet this free-and-easy institution is to-day, as ever, the battle-ground of rival factions and the scene of incessant heresy-hunting. The rationalists are harried by the supernaturalists; Protestant persecutes, at least with the sword of the tongue, the so-called Catholic. The episcopal bench itself reflects these dissensions. It would really seem that there is no one so intolerant as your free-thinker. Cromwell, who had much experience, once deplored this curious trait, crying out: "Every sectary saith, 'O give me liberty!' But give it him, and to the best of his power he will yield it to no one else." Mr.

Major, using his private judgment, rejects nearly all the Catholic creed ; Lord Halifax, using *his* private judgment, accepts nearly all the same creed. Yet the one would drive the other from the capacious fold of Anglicanism !

A closer study of the Prayer-Book crisis gives the key to this enigma. It would seem that Anglicanism would be at peace if only one section would not persist in using its private judgment to try to get back the one central doctrine that was rejected at the Reformation, viz., the Sacrifice of the Mass, with all it connotes—the whole Eucharistic cultus. All that the Prayer-Book did to sanction the views of the rationalist—and it did very much—roused no opposition in the Protestant Alliance, but the mere suspicion that the Revised Books looked in the direction of Catholicism was enough to condemn them. The original " hard saying " proved still too hard for those who presume to set limits to the power, love, and wisdom of God.

It might be supposed that the complete exposure of the real inner essence of the Established Church, which the Prayer-Book crisis is making so cruelly manifest, would disabuse those at least of its members who realise what the Church of Christ ought to be, of any further belief in this very inadequate counterfeit. But it is the outsider who sees most of the game, and we cannot judge, still less condemn, those whose vision is obscured by a thousand ingrained prejudices and hampered by a life's traditional loyalties. Good faith and good will and good works abound in Anglicanism, and are doubtless rewarded by an abundance of God's graces. Moreover, ignorance of the nature and working of Catholicism is widespread, and is fostered by Protestant literature of every description, from the malicious abuse of the fanatical gutter-press to the no less mendacious writings of the average historian.[1] And, of course, the powerful

[1]The Westminster Catholic Federation has recently endeavoured, with no little success, to have the text books of history used in the English Elementary schools purged of their anti-Catholicism.

vested interests—intellectual, moral, and financial—of the Establishment itself are constantly at work to decry and deny the claims of its formidable rival, the Old Church of England, which it once tried to do to death. with the aid of the State, but which confronts it to-day in the full vigour of its Second Spring. The apparition of Banquo was not more terrifying to Macbeth than is to Anglicanism the resurrection of the Catholic Church of this land, for her very existence is a challenge to all its pretensions. It is a matter of life and death for the Establishment to show that it is one with pre-Reformation Catholicism, since otherwise it has no title to the possessions it holds or to its place in English eyes. So also it must prove, to justify its own position, that Christ's Church is not necessarily one, nor founded on Peter, the Rock, nor an infallible Teacher, nor a Ruler with power over conscience, for all these are beliefs of the Old Church. Truly, " mountainous error is too highly heaped for truth to overpeer " in the case of the average Anglican, who can only learn with difficulty the real history of his own Church and knows nothing of the case for Catholicism.

Accordingly, it is to be feared that Anglican disorders may rather cause men to give up institutional religion altogether than join that Communion wherein there is order and discipline and guidance and support for finite minds and feeble wills. Still, since in Milton's phrase " the scanning of error " is helpful for the " confirmation of truth," the hopeless doctrinal confusion of the English Establishment should in God's providence lead many earnest souls into the City of Peace. The lesson and the opportunity will continue to be given, whatever the result of the present crisis ; for, in truth, there is no peace possible so long as Anglicanism attempts to rule without authority and to teach without certainty. The patient will never recover ; the crisis is chronic ; a House divided —and, even so, founded on sand—how shall it escape the coming destruction ?

JOSEPH KEATING.

THE FIRST CATHOLIC MISSIONARY TO AUSTRALIA

Father Jeremiah O'Flynn, 1817—1818

BY D. NOEL HEHIR, S.J.

The Dawn of Catholicism in Australia. By Rev. Eris O'Brien. Two volumes. (Sydney: Angus & Robertson. London: Australian Book Co. 1928. 42s. net.).

THE International Eucharistic Congress, held at Sydney, in September, this year, provided a fitting occasion for the publication of Father O'Brien's book. The eyes of Australia, and indeed of the whole world, were then focussed on the capital of New South Wales. The Catholic Church in Australia was celebrating its 'coming of age.' It was making its first great public manifestation of faith, displaying palpably, in a non-Catholic city, its unity of belief and practice, its Catholicity, and its unity of obedience under Christ's Vicar on earth. The crowds[1] present at the various events of the Congress—130,000 men on one night, 150,000 women at the women's Mass—the number of Communions received, and the enthusiasm and reverence shown, proved that the people fully appreciated and used their opportunity. The whole population of the city, from the heights around Sydney Harbour, watched the boat-procession of the Blessed Sacrament move across the waters. Over 500,000 people formed the silent throng in Hyde Park and before the Cathedral to receive the Cardinal Legate's last Benediction. The admiration and respect of the non-Catholic population, the generous publicity given by non-Catholic daily papers, the frank tributes paid to the Church's

[1] These numbers must be considered in relation to the small Catholic population of Australia, *i.e.*, about 1,200,000 Catholics. Readers who have a penchant for statistics may be interested to know that, according to a very conservative calculation, over £3,000,000 is estimated to have been spent during the Congress.

influence and power by public officials, Governors, Premiers, and ministers of Protestant sects (never before in the history of Australia has there been such outspoken, public testimony)—all these show that the Congress was of epoch-making importance for the Church in Australia. The sermon of Archbishop Hanna (San Francisco), on Australia's mission in the Pacific, hinted that the gathering had a larger significance for the Catholic Church in the Far East.[1] The Pope's encouragement and interest, as well as the representative assemblage of 40,000 visitors from all parts of the world, showed that it had also a world-significance for the whole Church. But, just as the completed Cathedral of St. Mary's is best appreciated when placed in juxtaposition to Wm. Davis's humble cottage, where the Blessed Sacrament was left by Father O'Flynn over a century ago, so all other aspects of September's celebrations are best understood and appreciated when projected on the historical back-ground provided by Father O'Brien's book.

In a sermon preached at Enniscorthy in 1863, Dr. Ullathorne, then Bishop of Birmingham, is reported to have said: "In the annals of the Church there is not a more striking illustration of the parable of the mustard-seed than the Church in Australia." Cardinal Cerretti, at the solemn opening of St. Mary's Cathedral this year, echoed these words: "The almost miraculous growth and organization of Australian Catholicism cannot be grasped except in the light of historical retrospect. How small, how utterly insignificant was the grain of mustard-seed which has so developed! How poor, how abject and without resources were the brave pioneers!" This idea was undoubtedly one of the reasons which led the Congress Committee to request Fr. O'Brien to write his book. Unfortunately the same idea seems to have given

[1] This aspect of the Congress was treated in an able article in *America*, October 6, 1928. One may hesitate to concur with all the American writer's enthusiastic prognostications.

the author a bias, ever so slight, at least in the first volume of the work. The dramatic contrast between the weak beginning and the striking later development of the Church in Australia may justify the claims made in the Preface and Introductory Chapter: "In place of the weak Father O'Flynn, as the great early missionary to Australia, I have decided to put Another, greater and wiser, Our Lord Jesus Christ in the Blessed Eucharist . . . As clumsy prophet and rash muddler, he [Fr. O'Flynn] was the only type of man who could have succeeded in the mission. An adroit and politic expert would have failed." But, for the composition and relation of scientific history, this same dramatic contrast, or at least a thesis based on it, may have some disadvantages. Fr. O'Brien is, perhaps, too eager to belittle his mustard-seed.

Quite rightly, in a history of the Church in Australia during the years 1816-1821, our author has placed Father Jeremiah O'Flynn, the first volunteer missioner to the convict settlement, in the centre of the picture, and made him, if not the hero, at least the chief actor in the story. Cardinal Moran,[1] in his treatment of this "pious priest of the Cistercian Order," had adhered closely to what he calls the "continual tradition in Australia." He had quoted numerous testimonies to the "piety, zeal and courage" shown in an arduous mission and under most trying circumstances. So, too, Dr. Ullathorne and Dr. Grattan-Flood had left very flattering portraits.[2] None of these writers had undertaken half the labour of research that Fr. O'Brien has accomplished. None of them had half the right that he has to judge the activities and events of the period. All the testimonies which they had quoted have been cited by our author, and many more. But Fr. O'Brien has enunciated a thesis:—

A priest of no more than average abilities, if so much; a pathetic figure, impelled by the best of motives, wandering

[1] Cardinal Moran: *History of the Catholic Church in Australia*, pp. 56-8, etc.

[2] Ullathorne: *Catholic Mission to Australia*, pp. 8-9. Grattan-Flood, *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, December, 1915.

ineffectively throughout the Old and New Worlds—call him prophet, call him meddler—his meddling was of the clumsiest and crudest kind. Nevertheless, as clumsy prophet or rash meddler, he was the only type of man who could have succeeded in his mission. An adroit and politic expert would have failed.

In order to justify the statement that it was just this wrong-headed incapacity and bungling which were necessary to lead a successful revolution against Britain's constitutional self-complacency and bigotry, and to gain for Australian Catholics religious liberty nearly nine years before the Emancipation Act, Fr. O'Brien has focussed his own and his readers' attention upon the intellectual weaknesses of this ill-educated missionary. He seems not to have made sufficient effort in his early chapters to make us appreciate, as he himself seems to appreciate, the sterling qualities of will and heart in this "weak, uncomprehending agent of an extraordinary plan"; "this man who, innocent of greatness and having no definite objective in view, yet achieved greatness by failure." It has consequently been difficult for Fr. O'Brien, and it is difficult for his readers, to avoid yielding to a prejudice. Later on, graver charges are made against Father O'Flynn: of withdrawing, without any excuse, from obedience to his Abbot; of continuing, when under suspension and with doubtful jurisdiction, to administer a parish; of fomenting discord and almost schism in that parish, in order to maintain his position; of deliberately joining Gandolphy,[1] a suspended priest, in opposition to his ecclesiatical superiors; of trying to deceive Macquarie by false representations as to his credentials; of

[1] Rev. Peter Gandolphy, a wealthy priest and prominent preacher of the London District, in strong sympathy with Dr. Milner against his own Bishop, in 1812 published a book on Catholic liturgy, intended to win over sympathetic Protestants. In 1813 Dr. Poynter refused to sanction a further edition and, when Dr. Milner declared the book "orthodox and valuable," forbade its sale. Gandolphy appealed to Rome. Cardinal Litta, after the book had been cursorily examined by O'Finan and Damiani, gave it a Roman *imprimatur*. Dr. Poynter appealed against this ruling, and when Gandolphy refused to submit, in 1816, suspended him. Cardinal Litta immediately wrote a severe rebuke to the Vicar-Apostolic.

participating later in an implicit schism in San Domingo, and in an open one with Hogan in Philadelphia. Fr. O'Brien has proved that most of these charges are unfounded. But the reader, at the end of the twenty-second chapter of Vol. II, is conscious of an uncomfortable dread (perhaps shared by Fr. O'Brien himself) that the last two were true. Yet the evidence does not justify this fear. As to our missionary's qualities of heart and will, throughout his whole life and unto the undoubtedly noble ending of it, we do not think that the discussion is closed : something may yet be said for Dr. Grattan-Flood's " richer store of charity and greater capacity for sympathetic description."

Our animadversions on this small weakness in so admirable a book may seem disproportionately strong. They are, nevertheless, we think, in strict accord with the author's own excellent principles of historiography. They will ensure the greater respect of every discerning judge for our unqualified praise when we say : with the exception of Fr. O'Brien's earlier book, *The Life and Letters of Archpriest Therry*, no historical work written in Australia in the present century merits and must win so much genuine admiration, and, from Australian Catholics, so much gratitude.

Born near Tralee, Co. Kerry, on December 25, 1788, Jeremiah O'Flynn received some education at the " good classical school " of the Franciscans in Killarney. At the age of twenty-two he decided to become a monk, and entered at Lulworth Abbey, in Dorsetshire, England, the community of 24 French Trappist exiles, whom Thomas Weld's generosity had established there. Whatever may be said for Dr. Grattan-Flood's statement that " Brother Francis, as O'Flynn was now called, was soon distinguished for his piety and learning," the even tenor of his Cistercian life and training was not destined to continue longer than three years.

In 1813 the Abbot of La Trappe, Dom Augustine

L'Estrange, having escaped sentence of death and travelled in disguise from one end of France to the other, arrived at Lulworth and called for volunteers to found a Trappist monastery in Canada. O'Flynn offered himself and was accepted by the Abbot. He was hurriedly ordained by Dr. Poynter, Vicar-Apostolic of the London District, sub-deacon on March 26th, deacon on 27th, and priest on the 29th. In the light of later events and of Dr. Poynter's later judgments, it is interesting to note that the ordaining prelate signed the customary declaration that the ordained was "*idoneum et capacem repertum.*" The obviously defective character of O'Flynn's education and religious formation goes far to explain many of the facts and failings of his later life, his ignorance of English (Irish was probably the language spoken at the Killarney seminary), his spelling of "Urope," "Collony," etc., his opinions on questions of jurisdiction in the West Indies, and his lack of both religious gravity and secular *savoir-faire.*

From the moment when he left the portals of Lulworth, the tragedy of Father O'Flynn's career may be said to have begun. Henceforward his every movement seems to have led him into strife. Almost everywhere he interfered in the conflict with unfortunate results for himself. In almost every case he took a part (very often on the side of the oppressed Irish) which led to failure. His failure, however, was in some cases the means to an ultimate success for the Catholic cause. Almost always Fr. O'Flynn had moved on to the next episode of his varied career before the full effects of his blundering or powerlessness had become apparent.

According to Bishop Ward, "Dom Augustine changed his plan about Canada, and went to the West Indies."[1] Fr. O'Brien quotes evidence to show that the Abbot had no intention of settling in these islands, or of leaving any of his subjects there. All are agreed that he landed

[1] *Cf.* Ward's *Eve of Catholic Emancipation*, Vol. II, pp. 168-9.

or attempted to land at the Island of Martinique. He would have found ecclesiastical affairs there (the same may be said of all the West Indies at this time) in a very unsatisfactory condition. The long European war had hindered communications with Rome. At a time when the islands were so frequently changing hands, the system adopted, of making ecclesiastical jurisdiction depend on political control, was bound to cause trouble. Islands possessed by the English were under the jurisdiction of Dr. Poynter, the French islands under a French bishop (apparently the Bishop of Toulouse), and the Danish islands, by a rescript of 1804, had been handed over to Dr. Carroll, Archbishop of Baltimore. A long conflict between French Dominicans and Irish Franciscans had increased the confusion. In 1809 the island of Martinique had fallen into English hands, and had consequently come under the jurisdiction of Dr. Poynter. Dom Augustine therefore found the struggle at a lull. But his party seem to have roused the antagonism of the English Governor, Sir Chas. Wall, by refusing to pray for the English king.[1] They were either not allowed to land or promptly expelled. As a matter of fact, twelve months later, the island fell once more into French hands, and French jurisdiction and Dominicans replaced English jurisdiction and Irish Franciscans.

On the voyage out Jeremiah O'Flynn had been excommunicated for quarrelling with his Abbot (he may have been unaware of the censure: he certainly denied it later in Rome). He either deserted or was left behind by the Abbot, when the rest of the party left Martinique. He seems to have been accompanied by another monk, perhaps the Father Power who is later mentioned in Mgr. Kendall's letters. They were recommended by the parish priest of another island, S. Lucia, to a Mgr. Kendall,

[1] It is interesting to note that for similar acts of patriotic enthusiasm the Lulworth Trappist community became very unpopular with the people of Dorsetshire, were reported to the Vicar-Apostolic, Dr. Collingridge, and ultimately, in 1816, were ordered back to France.

so derogatory to Poynter's authority, were reversed by the Pope. Fathers Hayes, O'Finan and Damiani, who had been responsible for it, and who had also directed or carried out O'Flynn's examinations, were reprimanded or expelled from Rome. Further reports from Baltimore made the Propaganda officials very uneasy about their new Prefect-Apostolic of New Holland. But Father O'Flynn was already at sea, sailing for Sydney.

Our missionary's negotiations in London, where he appeared in January, 1817, after a short visit to Ireland, brought him into contact with both the Government and the ecclesiastical authorities. In both departments he found an unfavourable situation, and by his methods rendered his quest hopeless. He had been persuaded by Father England (P.P. of Bandon, and later Bishop of Charleston), that, in view of reponses made by Lord Bathurst to Sir Henry Parnell, there were hopes of official sanction for a Catholic mission to Sydney. Yet he failed to use Fr. England's letter of introduction to Parnell. The style of his own petition to Lord Bathurst aroused all that potentate's suspicions and prejudices. When, furthermore, Dr. Poynter—to quote his own words—in order not " to lay open all that I knew concerning him," and " to be on the side of silence," " did not know enough to remove the impression made on Lord Bathurst's mind, or to make myself responsible for him," permission to sail for Sydney was flatly refused.

Space will not permit us to enter into the well-documented, accurate and sober criticism which our author makes of the various attitudes (Bathurst's, Poynter's, the Irish Bishops', and Propaganda's) towards the Catholics in Sydney. There are several indications that bigotry was not the strongest motive of the British Government's conduct. The promises made to Sir H. Parnell, the expulsion of Dom Augustine's party from Martinique, the fact that Bathurst had only demanded that a fitting person be appointed as Missioner for Sydney, with

" certificate of character, etc.," suggest that political fear of an agitated Ireland was at the bottom of the refusal. Perhaps if we imagined a Russian Orthodox priest applying to Signor Mussolini for permission to minister to Russian settlers—if there be such—in an Italian dominion, we might illustrate Bathurst's mind at the moment. Even in 1819 he still considered Sydney to be a " Receptacle for Offenders." In the same year Goulburn, on behalf of his former leader, answered Bennet's attack in the House of Commons by throwing all responsibility on the Catholic ecclesiastical authorities : " the answer from whom was that the person in question was a most improper person to be entrusted with the cure of souls."

For dealings with Dr. Poynter, Vicar-Apostolic of the London District, Father O'Flynn could hardly have arrived at a more inopportune moment or under more unfavourable auspices. He came under the sponsorship of Cardinal Litta, Father Hayes and Father O'Finan, who were all Poynter's most vigorous (and, at the moment, victorious) opponents at Rome. He found the Vicar-Apostolic smarting under Litta's recent unjustifiable reprimand for Gandolphy's suspension, and trying by timid petitions, between the pacifist tendencies of English lay Catholics and the violent indignation of Milner and the Irish Bishops, to win some mild form of Catholic emancipation. The Vicar's mitre had become a crown of thorns. So occupied was he with the agitation in England, that he had done nothing for the 6,000 Sydney Catholics entrusted to his care ; and, even after repeated requests from Rome and from Sydney, could but slowly be led to move in their favour. He had received the blackest reports from Abbot L'Estrange and Archbishop Neale, and, apart altogether from his fears lest the uneducated missionary might destroy " our credit with the Government at home and abroad," he really seems to have believed the new Prefect-Apostolic of New Holland utterly

unworthy of the office. To make matters worse, O'Flynn seems studiously to have slighted the Vicar of London, and to have allied himself quite openly with the suspended Gandolphy, to whom, incongruously enough, he will later leave delegated faculties to send out other missionaries to Sydney. Under these circumstances, one can hardly give adequate praise to the generous silence which Poynter preserved on what he really believed was the character of O'Flynn. His treatment of the latter is perhaps easier to understand and justify than his neglect of the colonial Catholics.

In the West Indies Father O'Flynn had been an ill-trained monk out of place; in Rome he was a pawn in the Veto conflict; in London, as an awkward petitioner, he was a source of embarrassment to both Poynter and Bathurst. At his landing in Sydney, in November, 1817, he became the storm-centre of the colony. "I am determined to proceed," he had written from Gravesend, "let the event be ever so fatal to me." He had no government credentials to offer to the warder-governor of the prison-settlement. His hopes that either his last appeal to Fr. England or the influence of Dr. Poynter might yet obtain them were not at the time unreasonable. He had been well received by Governor Sorell in Van Diemen's Land. Thirteen years before, full government facilities to minister freely to the Catholics had been given to the convict-priest, Father Dixon.[1] But, in reality, all the circumstances of the moment were combined against his success.

Governor Macquarie's unselfish, enlightened, but autocratic and precipitate policy of placing emancipists on

[1] A quite adequate account of Fr. Dixon and his two companion convict-priests, Fr. Harold, of Kilcullen and Saggart, and Fr. Peter O'Neil, Parish Priest of Ballynacoda (Co. Cork), is given in the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, under Irish (in Australia). All three received faculties from Rome in 1804, Fr. Dixon, who had received Government permission to administer the Sacraments, being named Prefect-Apostolic. Fr. E. O'Brien is preparing a third work, *The Eve of Catholicism in Australia*, in which he will trace the history of these three priests.

terms of equality with free settlers, had at length caused a definite cleavage in the community. The settlement had developed a certain civic consciousness, and violent disputes had broken out as to its constitutional status. The Governor's measures had been vigorously opposed by a strong party of "exclusivists," headed by Ellis, the Bents, and the Rev. Samuel Marsden, chief chaplain. Many of his acts had been declared by English judges to be *ultra vires*, or were being actually discussed in London. Several of his rulings had been reversed. Only a few weeks before our missionary's arrival he had received a severe reprimand from the Colonial Office, and was even then busy writing his reply. Though convinced in general of the necessity of religion in the state, he had not thought of the Catholic religion. In fact, at the moment he was so enraged by Marsden's conduct that he was prepared to hate any clergyman. As Fr. O'Brien writes, "Religion was to him anathema, because it was represented by Marsden." He might perhaps three years earlier or later have welcomed O'Flynn with open arms; but in November, 1817, he "had more important business to attend to." His violent answer to the priest's first request: "We want to make them all Protestants. . . . I will send you and them away," threw the missionary into the arms of the opposition, and roused against the administration the whole body of the Catholics. As the latter were mainly emancipist, and had been previously on the governor's side, Macquarie lost a friendly support and had thus another cause for hatred. He forbade Father O'Flynn to exercise his ministry. He ordered him to return forthwith to Europe by the boat which had brought him out. As he knew, however, that his own administration was already discredited at London, and feared that this decision might also be reversed, Macquarie did not insist on the immediate fulfilment of these orders. He waited until some event might give him a pretext to strike.

The "six thousand and upwards of Roman Catholics"

in Sydney, almost exclusively Irish, are well portrayed for us in Michael Hayes's letter,[1] written at the end of 1817. They were now at the parting of the ways, when the lower middle classes were beginning to assert themselves. Despite Macquarie's rather self-satisfied report to Bathurst (II, p. 220), from letters of Marsden, Hayes and Jones (II, p. 170) we know that they were fierce in their desires of a priest. Fr. O'Flynn himself fully realised the needs of this "most distressed" but yet "most desirable mission in the world." He seems to have risen to the occasion. As the words of Dean Kenny, a witness of the next generation, show, the flock took their new shepherd to their hearts. They would not be distracted, by his ignorance of English, from appreciation of his true worth. One of them will later recall his "swiftest and sweetest tongue of Irish that ever my ear heard." As late as 1824 Irish was declared absolutely necessary for any missionary hoping to hear confessions in Australia. This body of staunch Catholics, after their six years' wait, were suddenly thrilled by the priest's arrival and then, by his "suppression," roused to violent indignation. The exclusivist opposition were only too pleased to receive this addition to the forces arrayed against the hated ruler.

Under these circumstances, we can understand that the Prefect Apostolic's zealous labours, the Sacraments administered, his wearying journeys to and fro to give his flock the consolations of their Holy Faith, even his precaution of not celebrating Mass in public and of allowing only a small number to assist, merely added fuel to the fires of Macquarie's rage. Written petitions, drawn

[1] See article already referred to in *Catholic Encyclopedia*. Most of these Irish transportees were sent out for supposed or real connections with the Rising of '98. Davis, a blacksmith, had made pikes for the insurgents. Some of the charges were false, most of them were exaggerated. How thoroughly the official administration of the colony was punished for this injustice, is shown by the list of risings, insurrections, etc., in which the Irish (political) prisoners were said to be concerned. Fr. O'Brien deals very fully with the early and subsequent history of all those for whom he could find any evidence.

up with amazing energy, one by two hundred Catholic soldiers of the 48th Regiment, another by four hundred Catholic free settlers, and another by a body of free settlers, including many non-Catholics, could only make the situation worse. The Governor was convinced that the priest's influence, not merely in teaching his subjects, but also in disseminating principles of resistance to the orders of the government, had penetrated into the ranks of the New South Wales Corps itself; that there was danger of rebellion. The crisis brought his vindictiveness to the breaking point. Father Flynn was suddenly arrested on May 15th, imprisoned on board the *David Shaw*, and deported back to England a few days later. The letter which Macquarie wrote on this occasion, on the necessity for religious uniformity in Sydney, and the qualities to be sought in any popish priests who might chance to be allowed in, merits quotation, if only to show how far bigotry can lead a generous, honest man.

The chapter of this book which treats the tradition of St. Patrick's Church—the leaving of the Blessed Sacrament at the house of Michael Davis—shows our historian at his best.[1] By careful sifting of evidence and relentless pruning away of pious accretions, he presents the facts and probabilities, with their true historical value. Father O'Flynn certainly left the Blessed Sacrament at the house of Davis. It is probable that his doing so was intentional, and not merely due to his being prevented by arrest from returning to the cottage. It is most likely that, as Father Therry does not mention finding the Sacred Species, the latter were consumed by a French chaplain, who spent three days in the colony some eighteen months after

[1] An extract from a letter to the publishers by the Assistant-Secretary of the Congress, printed at the front of Vol. I., tells us: "As a matter of interest, it is a fact that Australia owes its privilege of holding the Twenty-ninth International Eucharistic Congress at Sydney to the impression made on His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, by the singular incident of the leaving of the Blessed Sacrament by Father O'Flynn in 1818." Fr. O'Brien has published a Mystery Play—*The Hostage*—based on this incident.

O'Flynn's departure. In the Sydney climate there is nothing remarkable in the fact that after eighteen months the Species should show little or no signs of corruption ; the Australian tradition on this matter therefore presents no great difficulties, but hardly justifies claims of miraculous preservation.

Father O'Flynn's deportation achieved far more than any human judge could have foreseen. It gave the Australian opposition to Macquarie a startling act of tyranny around which to group their agitations. It ensured for them the sympathy of the Catholics in the colony. More important still, it stirred up Father England to use his brilliant style in the cause, and through him and his *Cork Chronicle*, provided Dr. Milner and his *Orthodox Journal* with a sharpened axe with which to begin the demolition of England's bigotry. We have not space here to go into the long agitation carried on by these two champions in the two papers mentioned, and by H. G. Bennet in the House of Commons. We cannot even examine how far Fr. O'Flynn's case was essential to this agitation or merely its occasion or pretext. The success was complete. In 1820, nine years before Catholic Emancipation, two priests were sent from London to minister to the Catholics of Sydney. They had full Government approval, and were in receipt of an official salary of £200 a year. Thus, though " Jeremiah O'Flynn was but a pawn, thrust to and fro against bishops, knights and kings in the adroit moves of those who ruled Church and State, yet it was this pawn that checkmated a king in his policy of making Australia a Protestant country."

D. N. Hehir.

THE CENTENARY OF FRANZ SCHUBERT

Born January 31, 1797—*Died November* 19, 1828

BY MARY M. MACKEN, M.A.

Professor of German, University College, Dublin.

Franz Schubert. By Karl Kobald. (Knopf. 1928. 21s. net).

Franz Schubert's Letters and other Writings. Edited by Otto Erich Deutsch. (Faber & Gwyer. 1928. 6s. net).

Franz Schubert. The Man and his Circle. By Newman Flower. (Cassell. 1928. 15s. net).

Schubert's Songs. By Richard Capell. (Benn. 1928. 15s. net).

THE November number of the *Deutsche Rundschau,* wishing to honour the memory of Schubert and mindful of the deluge of books and articles pouring from press and publishers on the man whom, in his lifetime, press and publishers either scornfully attacked or as scornfully ignored, very sensibly pays this tribute of respect by giving for the first time in its entirety Josef von Spaun's diary of his intercourse with the composer. Next to the publication by Professor Otto Erich Deutsch in 1921 of Franz Schubert's *Briefe und Schriften*—a publication made accessible to the English-speaking public this year by Faber and Gwyer—no more moving document can be imagined, nor one better calculated to directly reveal to us Schubert in all his warm and lovable humanity, his simplicity, his self-effacing modesty, and his genius.

Josef von Spaun, who was nine years older than Schubert and lived to be seventy-seven, first met him at the "Konvikt" or public boarding school under ecclesiastical management in which Schubert was a free boarder during his chorister period, 1808-1812. Von Spaun left the Konvikt one year after Schubert entered it; but he returned to Vienna in 1811, and his friendship with Schubert continued unbroken, in spite of absences in Linz and Lemberg, until Schubert's death in 1828. It is he

who tells us of the weirdly-dressed little boy of eleven who played second violin behind him in the school orchestra and sang like an angel in the Imperial Choir. Von Spaun was his dearest friend and the recipient of his rare and simple confidences. He tells us of the inner life which this child of genius even then led, of the sureness of his practically untaught playing, of the grace and charm of the lost minuets composed at fifteen. We see Schubert shyly singing him his settings of Klopstock, and asking him whether he was ever going to come to anything as a musician. It was so hard to scale heights guarded by a Beethoven! It is von Spaun who procured him the paper he consumed so feverishly for his compositions; von Spaun who lightened the dreadful tedium of school-mastering in his father's house after his voice had broken and he had left the Konvikt; von Spaun who, in 1817, ventured to write to Goethe on his account; von Spaun who made propaganda for him everywhere. The picture presented to us in these pages of Schubert as of a man demanding little more of destiny than money to buy music-paper and leisure to work out those thronging harmonies of his brain; the terms in which von Spaun speaks of him as a loving son, brother and friend, "a great-hearted man, good and kind," are surely terms which can only rarely be employed of artistic genius usually so wayward, so exacting and so remote. One could linger long over this Spaun diary and over the letters collected by Deutsch; for they bring with them a breath of the air of Beidermeier Vienna; they have a naturalness, an immediateness, an absence of haste and strife, though not of struggle; they tell a tale of devotion to art, of loyalty and friendship and contentment with little in worldly things which has a bitter sweet fragrance for an age so hurried, so luxury-loving and so mechanized as ours has become.

The truth of von Spaun's verdict and of the revealing letters and fragmentary diary notes is borne out by all

the subsequent researches—and they are many—implied in works such as those of Erich Deutsch, Karl Kobald and Newman Flower.[1] Schubert critics and biographers look at their subject from many angles. Such a diversity of treatment is, indeed, implied in the nature of the task and the particular character of the subject matter. We get the executant musician's point of view, the composer's point of view, the point of view of the musical historian, of the literary biographer, and of the scientifically minded prober into all things human and divine. Sometimes too much is taken for granted or too much proved. Details loom too large, the canvas is too crowded, the main figure is threatened with partial extinction. But for the student of literature, which, if it implies anything, implies the study of humanity in its receptive and creative moods, such critical biographies are of intense interest. I am enthusiastically with those who insist that the approach to a musician is through his music, as the approach to a poet is through his poetry. But that approach made and kept, his music and his poetry will be brought humanly nearer to us, will take bodily shape and substance, if we are admitted into the inner circle of his friends, made free of his converse and correspondence, the companions of his strivings and sufferings, the confidantes of his hopes and fears. And because a sufficiently wide gulf separates the life of our day and our country from the life of early nineteenth century Vienna, a book such as that of Kobald, the already well-known author of *Altwiener Musikstätten*, with its fulness of material in letters and diaries, its descriptions of Viennese landscape, its résumé of the dramatic, operatic, poetic and pictorial art of the period, its sketches of Viennese

[1] Richard Capell's work is in a somewhat different category; it is more in the line of succession to Dr. Moritz Bauer and Max Friedländler. Capell is not a Schubert biographer; indeed, in the ten fascinating chapters dealing with the evolution of Schubert the songwriter, we are barely reminded of the various phases of his uneventful life, and protests are frequently made against the attempts of Kobald, following Bauernfeld's and Mayrhofer's diaries, to correlate too closely the melancholy of the *Winterreise* songs and the sadness of the closing years of the poet's life.

bourgeois society, the very milieu in which and for which so many of Schubert's compositions were created, its account of the café life that Schubert led and that has been so strangely misinterpreted by some occasional writers on the man—is, in spite of some obvious weaknesses, of use for all those who would understand the Vienna that drew the song composer so irresistibly, or the Austrian country whose Barock fulness of art and life and Beyond Life echoes so hauntingly in the songs and symphonies of one of her greatest sons.

Franz Schubert's experiences in his home town of Vienna were in many respects very different from those of Beethoven, who came into it at twenty-six with such princely letters of recommendation from Bonn. His father belonged to the " petite bourgeoisie," ran a primary school in his own house under the patronage of St. Francis of Assisi (an excellent patron for a poverty-stricken family), and had for sole means of support the very small fees paid by the children who attended the school. His mother had been a cook. She came from Silesia, and her family name was Vietz, which Erich Deutsch, in an article contributed to *Music and Letters*, traces back to the Anglo-Norman Fitz—such a detail being possibly, he humorously interjects, of interest to the curious-minded, who might see some connection between this Anglo-Norman patronymic and Schubert's setting of the Ossian songs, as well as his fancy for Scott's *Lady of the Lake*. We are on surer ground when we learn that the family were all musical and were able in course of time to build up an orchestra, though they were long too poor to afford a piano. At eight Franz learnt the violin from his father and singing from the choirmaster, who indeed had only to listen amazed to the boy. He could, like Salieri and Ruczizka later on at the Konvikt, teach him little—" God had been his teacher." To this musical aptitude and sweet soprano voice was due his entry into the Konvikt in 1808, where, under the patronage of the Court,

the pupils were trained for choir and orchestra, receiving general instruction as well.

We know from von Spaun what sort of life Schubert led in the school, how he revelled in Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven; what an influence was exercised on his early song development by the to us little known composer Zumsteeg, an influence which Capell discusses and puts in its rightful place in connection with Schubert's Schiller settings of 1815 and 1816. He was quiet and reserved, lived much apart, practising his art and composing already —but in secret, for his father would have nothing interfere with his preparation for the safe and humble career of schoolmaster. He was actually trained as primary teacher in 1814-1815, and, a "yoked Pegasus," practised his profession until freed by the efforts of Spaun and Schober in 1817.

These years, 1814-1817, in their unexampled productivity are a sufficient answer to those critics who would imply that, somehow or other, Schubert neglected his art. Two Masses, many smaller compositions for church services, six symphonies, up to three hundred songs, among them such famous ones as the Ossian songs, "Heidenröslein," "Gretchen am Spinnrade" (where he emerges, freed from any vestige of pupillage or dependence on models, in all the glory of supreme genius), "Der Erlkönig," "Die Gesänge des Harfners," all belong to this period, to mention only things of the very first imaginative order. With Schubert, "le musicien le plus poète qui fût jamais," literary analogies rise unbidden to the mind. For any comparison of output one has to go to Goethe in the period 1771-1775, the time when, in the words of the poet in his own *Faust*, a very fountain of song gushed forth uninterruptedly. Like Goethe, too, was the almost somnambulistic mood of the composer when engaged in production, a production that extended usually over an unbroken spell of seven hours—from six in the morning till one in the afternoon. Von Spaun tells

of the transformation that took place in the very person of the artist when the spirit took possession of him. His face glowed, his eyes shone, and his whole being was exalted. He was unconscious of the entrance of friends, or at most gave them a kindly "Grüss dich Gott," and returned to his dream. Like the young Goethe's, too, was the naive character of this inspiration—effortless, artless, divinely inspired. Here was the easy conquest of a beauty which haunted Schiller as something unattainable in this world of matter; here the certain victory over sound and sense—every trace of human struggle eradicated. To Schubert's music more perhaps than to the work of any other artist can be applied Schiller's words: "Our eyes do not see the evolution of beauty. It stands completed before us as if it were from Eternity. Every earthly beauty arises as Venus once arose, a mysterious birth from out the infinite ocean; every sublime idea issues forth, as did once Minerva fully armed from the head of Jove."

From the year 1817, when he is freed from the drudgery of the hated school, till his death in 1828, he leads (uninterrupted except for his visits to Upper Austria with the operatic star Vogl in 1819, 1823 and 1825, and with Jenger to Gratz in 1827, and for his engagement with the Esterhazys in Hungary in 1818 and 1824) that "Bohemian" life which, made falsely familiar to us in "Lilac Time" and insisted upon by casual writers on Schubert, has led to such wrong notions of the man. He has been spoken of as if he were a roué, leading a tavern life with boon companions to whose depths his genius descended in its all too frequent hours of relaxation. Nothing could be farther from the spirit of that life, and there is nothing more misleading than a comparison in this respect, for purposes of depreciation of the one or exaltation of the other, between Schubert and Beethoven. Beethoven, Germanic, titanic, thunderous, afflicted with a deafness that agonized and that isolated him more and more from his fellow-men (if

indeed the circumstances of his youth had not already done so), wrestling with heroic themes, shaken by the revolutionary storms that assailed his age (a generation earlier than Schubert's) ; Schubert, Austrian and Viennese at that—and there is a world of difference—in love with life and laughter, little brother (as was the nature-loving St. Francis, after whom he once jestingly calls himself " servorum servo Francisco seraphico vulgo Schubert nominato,"[1] and as all true poets and mystics are) of sun and air, of wind and water ; rejoicing in all that God creates, even in the grape and what flows therefrom ; touched, as we of coarser fibre cannot even dimly understand how finely, by beauty in every shape and form ; loving human companionship, and finding as much happiness in it as an immortal spirit can. Beethoven, a brooding eagle poised on the lonely heights ; Schubert, a lark with nest in the warm earth and wings to bear him singing, through the radiant air, heavenwards.

Those casual writers who suggest a comparison between Beethoven and Schubert as musical craftsmen, hinting that Schubert should have devoted the time spent with friends to studying the technicalities of his art, forget that Schubert at his death was only one year older than Beethoven when he produced his first symphony, and that he was six years younger than Goethe was when he started in Italy to study the laws of prosody. Such measuring of one artist by the standards of another seems to me futile and unfair, for the best art is as much individual as it is universal. Indeed, one of the sins of modern times is our inclination to think of art and artists in terms of the " problematical " and to regard the divorce between the artist and his kind as in the nature of a more permanent institution than their union. How narrowly puritanical such a view is and how entirely contrary to the true Catholic spirit needs no proving to those who are familiar with the history of great art in all its

[1] In a dedication of his *Trauerwaltz*, 1818, to Assmayr (Karl Kobald, p. 64).

manifestations. One of the advantages of a book like Kobald's, himself an Austrian, is that it places Schubert in this respect in his proper setting in a great Barock tradition—in the close neighbourhood of the Stephansdom and the Karlskirche; beside the waters of the Danube flowing past Melk and Linz; finding kindly audiences and skilled musicians in the monasteries of Florian and Kremsmünster; the honoured guest of Ladislaus Pyrker, Patriarch Bishop of Venice, whose poem *Die Allmacht* ("God apprehended in Nature") is reckoned by Capell as one of Schubert's great song achievements; and of Johann Nepomuk, Ritter von Dankesreither, Bishop of St. Pólten.

The idea of the boon companions is again one that is at variance with the facts. Amongst Schubert's friends were some of the great names of contemporary Austrian literature and art: Grillparzer, the greatest; Bauernfeld, well in the second rank of dramatists; the great Romantic painter von Schwind, to whom we owe such vivid sketches of Schubert and his circle; the poet Mayrhofer, whom fate alone prevented from being ranked among the great lyric writers, and whose poems and personality (Schubert lived with him for two years) exercised an undoubted influence on Schubert; the painters Kupelwieser and Teltscher; the great opera tenor Vogl; the sculptor Kriehuber, the composer Franz Lachner, and amongst lesser lights Randhartinger, the Hüttenbrenners, von Schober and von Spaun.

That the café afternoons and evenings were not given up to dissipation is abundantly proved by Newman Flower in his *Franz Schubert*, and by the Schubert correspondence. In a letter to Schober, dated September, 1824, from Zelesz, Schubert says:[1] "If only we were together, you, Schwind, Kuppel and I. I want to cry out with Goethe: Wer bringt mir eine Stunde jener holden Zeit zurück. That time when, in our intimate circle, each showed the other,

[1] *Franz Schubert's Letters and other Writings*, p. 88.

with motherly diffidence, the children of his art, and waited, not without apprehension, for the verdict that Love and Truth would pronounce. That time when each inspired the other with a common striving towards the ideal that animated one and all." And again, in a letter to Kupelwieser, earlier in the same year: "Our Reading Society had dealt itself its own death blow by swelling its ranks with a rowdy chorus of beer drinkers and sausage eaters, and it is being dissolved in two days' time." That Schubert had a mind attuned to high and noble thoughts no one familiar with his great compositions could ever doubt; but that his friends saw him also in that light is clear from a letter of Anton Ottenwald to Josef von Spaun, in July, 1825: "Schubert was serious, deep, and as if inspired when he talked of art, poetry, his youth and friends, and of the relation of ideals to life. I could not help being amazed at the brilliance of his mind, from which such outpourings come almost unconsciously and all so simply."[1]

Enough has been cited to explode the hasty view that Schubert was either a roysterer or an inspired but foolish child. Unbusinesslike he was, indeed, and unable to husband such slender resources as he had; exuberant by virtue of the genius that flamed within him, and insouciant at an age when such is natural; occasionally led into excess, but faithful and devoted to the pursuit of the highest in life and in art. Literature lovers will forever regret the loss of Schubert's Diary, in which he was accustomed to note down his passing thoughts, to catch as it were the reflections from his simple experiences. But enough remains to fill us with love and admiration for his simple greatness and his childlike faith. Many of these brief sayings throw a flood of light on the man:—

"Light head, light heart! Excessive lightheadedness usually conceals a too heavy heart." "With all my heart I hate that narrow-mindedness which makes so many wretched people believe

[1] Karl Kobald: *Franz Schubert and his Times*, p. 108.

that what they think and do is best and that everything else is worthless. One thing of beauty, it is true, should inspire a man throughout his life, yet the gleam of this single inspiration should illuminate everything else "——"Man comes into the world armed with faith, which is far superior to knowledge and understanding: for in order to understand a thing, one must first of all believe in it. Reason is nothing more than analysed belief."—"O imagination! Man's greatest treasure, inexhaustible source at which both art and literature come to drink. O remain with us, that we may be safeguarded from so-called enlightenment, that hideous skeleton without blood or flesh."[1]

In the period 1816-1828 Schubert three times applied unsuccessfully for musical posts: in 1816 for the Directorship of the musical department of the Normal School at Laibach; in 1826 for the Vice-conductorship of the Imperial Orchestra at the Court; and finally in the same year for the post of Conductor of the Kärntentor Theatre. Twice in the same period, in 1818 and 1824, he took a temporary post as music master to the family of Count Esterhazy, a post necessitating his absence from Vienna. His letters from Zelesz give us an insight into his life under these circumstances, and we cannot be surprised that, after the first boyish delight at seeing himself securely housed and fed and paid was over, he surrendered the honour of living permanently with the servants, even on a well-managed Hungarian estate. "There is not a soul here with a genuine interest in music," he writes, "except perhaps now and then the Countess. So I am all alone with my beloved and must hide her in my room, in my pianoforte and in my own heart."[2] But there are Hungarian echoes in his instrumental pieces written at this time, and Karoline Esterhazy inspired his great Fantasia in F, whilst her relative, Baron Schönstein, a wonderfully sincere and effective Schubert singer, who moved Liszt to tears when he sang the songs, was the redeeming feature of this enforced exile.

Musical critics like Capell are decided that Schubert

[1] *Franz Schubert's Letters and other Writings*, p. 74. [2] Ibid., p. 42.

had, in his songs written in 1814-1816, attained a standard of perfection hitherto unknown in that kind of composition, and that he had arrived for the first time at a perfect artistic fusion of poetic word and musical tone. Literary critics with an understanding of music are amazed at the composer's insight into the poet's mind, and admit that his musical imagination is such as to add new beauty to the great lyrical achievement of a Goethe or at least to show it to us in a new and as yet undreamed of light. What confounds musical and literary critics alike is the ease with which this is accomplished and the wide diversity of subject over which the musical mind of Schubert ranged at will. A simple folk-song, "Heidenröslein"; a ghostly ballad, "Der Erlkönig" (into which, as someone says, Schubert infused a "mysterious wizardry"); a forsaken girl's love-song, "Gretchen am Spinnrade"; a guilty soul's conscience-stricken cry for help, "Ach, neige, du Schmerzensreiche"; the mystical philosophical "Ganymed" and "Schwager Kronos"—to mention only a few of Goethe's songs, and to say nothing of settings from Schiller, Hölty, Matthisson, Klopstock, Mayrhofer, Claudius, etc.—show a sweep and power of imaginative vision and an unerring instinct in the adaptation of musical means to artistic ends which proclaim the genius. When Capell suggests, as he does in the beginning of a fine chapter on "Schubert's Style," that the fiery particles of poetry and music were in the Viennese air at the time and that Goethe in 1814 set free the genius who was "by some unexampled magnetism" to assemble them, he but restates, he does not attempt to solve the mystery of this supreme achievement in song at the age of seventeen.

In instrumental work in the period up to 1817 Schubert is still under the influence of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven; indeed, he has sometimes been called a feminine counterpart of the latter. Not until the Austrian journey in 1819 with Vogl, which brought to birth the

lovely Forellenquintet, does he appear unmistakably Schubert. That individuality and that rich web of light and shade, of joy and sorrow, that beauty which is akin to all things lovely in life, and yet has something of the sweet bitterness of death, is heard in 1822 in the famous unfinished Seventh Symphony, which Schubert sent to Gratz in 1825, and which lay forgotten there until discovered by Herbeck in 1865, and performed in Vienna in that year. The culmination of his instrumental work is reached in the Ninth Symphony, which the composer gave to the Society of the Friends of Music in Vienna in 1828, but which they found too involved and too complicated to produce. All readers of musical history and romance know the story of Schumann's going to Vienna in 1838, finding Ferdinand, the brother of Franz, and discovering with tears of joy the great symphony, which he sent post-haste to Mendelssohn in Leipzig, and which was then produced by him at the Gewandhaus Concerts in 1839. Schumann had nothing but enthusiasm for what he calls the divine "longueurs" of this work, "which bears within it the core of everlasting youth and which seems never to be able to come to an end for the best of all reasons, in order that we may go on romancing for ever." In the year in which this great work is written there also appeared the Mass in E Flat, Grillparzer's "Miriam's Gesang," various hymns for choir and orchestra, as well as a number of instrumental pieces and the "Schwanengesang" cycle, with their wonderful insight, in the Heine settings, into the poetic moods of irony, disillusionment and despair.

There is no hint anywhere here of failing strength or weakened inspiration; on the contrary, Capell notes in this last song cycle: "The mind that conceived this music was never more alert or inventive. The newness of these last songs is our wonder and our despair". The whole gamut of emotions is run through; but melancholy and an indefinable longing prevail. The same note sounds in his letters at this time.

It cannot be said in explanation that Schubert was actually neglected by his contemporaries, or that his genius failed to receive recognition. His greatest works were indeed never performed at all in his lifetime, or were little understood by the general public, and not paid for by the publishers. But his circle of admirers in Vienna and the provinces was wide and was steadily on the increase. His songs were on sale everywhere, and his portrait, lithographed, was to be found in the principal shops of Vienna. In spite of all this, he was in want, and since 1823 he had suffered from periodical attacks of illness, inducing profound fits of depression. In 1827 he had seen Beethoven die neglected; the passing, amid thunder and lightning, of that mighty spirit must have profoundly moved Schubert. His immediate circle, too, is scattered. Schwind, failing to make a living in Vienna, goes to Munich; Vogl marries; von Spaun founds a home. Kupelwieser goes to Rome.

Fears for the future now haunt Schubert. He sees himself, "like Goethe's harper," begging his bread from door to door. Such fears add poignancy to the songs of the Winterreise. He is ill and haunted by forebodings; and in 1828 he flies, like a homing bird, to the shelter of the house of his brother Ferdinand, who is also his friend and confidant. On the 12th November his illness takes a serious turn; on the 16th he is dead of typhus. His Viennese friends are consternated; there is one last reunion—in the Währing cemetery, where, three graves away from Beethoven, he had expressed the wish to lie. When Schumann visited the grave in 1838 he found it in his heart to envy a certain Earl O'Donnell who lay between the two, and, reading on the simple gravestone the much-discussed epitaph of Grillparzer's composition: "Here the art of music has buried a rich possession, but still greater hopes," he added: "We will thankfully remember only the first. He did enough."

MARY M. MACKEN

THOMISM AND METHOD

BY DENIS S. NERNEY, S.J.

Professor of Philosophy, Milltown Park, Dublin.

QUE devrait être un Discours de la Méthode pour avoir le droit de se dire thomiste ? is the sub-title of P. Rimaud's *Thomisme et Méthode*.[1] The meaning of the question and of the oblique reference to Descartes is clear. Thomism is not a dead philosophy, a little flotsam drifted in from some high tide of human thought and left derelict. Neither is it the spirit of *Aeterni Patris* that we should go on repeating St. Thomas's words as mechanically and futilely as the texts go round in the Buddhist prayer-wheel. *S. Thomas n'est pas une borne*, it has been well said, *mais un phare* ; and nothing that he or any philosopher has said should prevent us from thinking the truth for ourselves. *Studium philosophiae*, wrote St. Thomas himself,[2] *non est ad hoc quod sciatur quid homines senserint sed qualiter se habeat veritas rerum.*

Now if we are to re-think Thomism in reference to problems St. Thomas never touched and to cultural and scientific developments he never knew ; that is, if we are to attempt what St. Thomas would certainly have done had he lived in the twentieth century, the question of method is very important. It is also a very difficult question. Nothing is easier than to select more or less at random a number of his theses, fit them out with a learned critical apparatus, and call the book a manual *ad mentem Divi Thomae*. The modern output of such literature is so great that it is difficult to keep in touch even with its bibliography. But it is far harder to reconstruct the organic unity or method of St. Thomas's thought and to

[1] Paris : Beauchesne. 1925. xxxiv+276 pp. 35 fr.

[2] *De Coelo et Mundo*, 1, 22.

reinsert these theses in the system out of which they came and in which alone they can adequately be understood. Words differently arranged make another sense; theses in a different order make another philosophy. Who will describe for us that simple attitude of mind that commands St. Thomas's particular theses and makes his thought orderly, self-consistent, a method? The number of recent writers who have made a really inspiring contribution to the question is hardly larger than the little group of classical commentators. The list would certainly include P. Sertillanges, P. Rousselot, and P. Maréchal on the doctrinal side, and P. Mandonnet, Professor Gilson and Professor Grabmann on the historical side. P. Rimaud has undertaken in his turn to answer the question; and his competence as a theologian, philosopher and humanist entitles him to a sympathetic hearing.

Philosophies, like personalities, are indefinable; and for want of definitions we are compelled to rely on certain annotations within a critical frame of reference that really replace neither, yet actually do help us to approach both. In this way P. Rimaud usefully resolves the general question of method into a series of particular heads of discussion: What was St. Thomas's philosophical formation? What was his attitude towards tradition? Was he a humanist? What was his general concept of philosophy? What are the rules of philosophy regarded as a science, as *sapientia*, as a metaphysic? What is its final value for Christian men? We should not omit to say that he uses Descartes' *Discours de la Méthode* throughout as a foil to St. Thomas. The contrast is certainly arresting and must be extremely suggestive for French readers. For ourselves we should be glad to hear less of the haughty little intellectual whose cult of clear ideas has been one of the most confusing elements in modern philosophy.

Here we cannot do more than note and briefly discuss some of the main conclusions of this important book.

There are ideas in it that some Thomists will certainly resent. At times we seem to catch a note of disenchantment that marks the humanist's preference for the rhythm and colour of imaginative writing above the cold precision of the syllogistic style. But in spite of occasional disagreement we must admit that P. Rimaud's book is conspicuous for its learning, its independence, its actuality, and not least for the charming *espièglerie* of a Provençal Peter Pan loose among the philosophers.

Spontaneous generation is as unknown in the intellectual as it is in the physical order. The philosopher is the child of his age, speaking its language, thinking its thoughts and limited by its horizons, whether in the end he decides to march with his fellows or to go his own way. In this respect St. Thomas was a philosopher like another: and one of the best sections of P. Rimaud's book deals with his philosophical formation. St. Thomas, he decides, was a disciple of one master, a man of one book, and no humanist.

The master, of course, was Blessed Albert the Great. Albert was a really great man, whose genius excelled his talent to exploit his powers. The pupil's fame has long overshadowed the master's greatness; and it remained for Professor Gilson and others to redress the balance by showing that many specifically Thomistic theses might more accurately be called Albertino-Thomistic. Albert introduced St. Thomas to the study of Aristotle, Dionysius, the Arab philosophers, perhaps to Boethius. Albert explored the sources, but St. Thomas exploited, organised, consolidated the gains. It was a triumph of initiation through the contact of a great master with a docile and incomparable pupil. Dante remembered it when he met them in Paradise:

> Questi che m'è a destra più vicino,
> Frate et maestro fummi, ed esso Alberto
> Fu di Colonia, ed io Thomas d'Aquino.[1]

[1] *Dante*, Par. x. 97-100.

Here for P. Rimaud is a great principle of method—*auditus est sensus disciplinae!* The highest formation is still through *magisterium* and *disciplina*, *i.e.*, through the spoken as distinguished from the written word. Examining universities and correspondence colleges instruct a little, but hardly educate. Formation through the spoken word is more profound, more sincere, more human, and, other things being equal, far more rapid. This is essentially true of philosophy, wherein to be without master and school is to be without father and mother, tradition and race. Only the intellectual snobbishness of a Descartes will pretend to hold itself aloof from all masters and schools, as if discipleship menaced independence and excluded originality. The alms of truth is no humiliation. We need the help of another mind to learn to think as we needed a helping hand to learn to walk. Even in philosophy *qui perdiderit animam suam inveniet eam.*

Timeo hominem unius libri, said the eclectic; and yet St. Thomas was a man of one book, or at any rate of one author, Aristotle. This statement will stand even though we allow a margin of secondary reading wide even by modern standards. In this respect he was quite at home in Holy Scripture and the Gloss, of course; he had studied Boethius and the pseudo-Dionysius with care; he was well versed in the Arab philosophers like Avicenna and Averroes; he had an extensive knowledge of the Fathers—M. Bardy has counted 16 quotations from St. John Chrysostom, 65 from St. John Damascene, and 205 from the pseudo-Dionysius in the *Ia pars*, while the *Catena Aurea* cites 22 Latin and 57 Greek Fathers.[1] But if we remember the inevitable limitations of the situation; the slow march of the human mind *discurrendo et inquirendo lumine rationali per continuum et tempus adumbrato*;[2] the scant leisure of the Dominican professor's busy day; and above all the amazing literary output,

[1] Cf. de Bruyne: *S. Thomas d'Aquin*, p. 53.

[2] Sent. 2, d. 3, q. 1, a. 2.

amounting to a quarto volume of 500 pages in an average working year, it is but reasonable to conclude that St. Thomas could not have had time to make a profound study of even a small number of authors. *Sicut dicit Philosophus* . . . St. Thomas is for ever returning to the great Greek who had said so many things simply, wisely, definitively. Is there outside Scriptural exegesis a more accurate, patient, intimate commentary than that of St. Thomas on Aristotle? It has the delicate adjustment, the inevitableness that come with easy familiarity. Here is another lesson in method. It is best to enter philosophy through *a* philosophy. The reason is clear. Every philosophy is systematic; and it is imprudent to begin by mixing systems. Initial eclecticism, by foiling the natural unity of thought, may create a prejudice against philosophy as such, and drive the mind back on some weak, unconscious form of traditionalism. To arrive somewhere one has to start somewhere; trying to start everywhere is to risk getting nowhere.

Was St. Thomas a humanist? Here P. Rimaud is in conflict with P. Rousselot, Professor Gilson, and perhaps the majority of Thomists. But we suspect that his emphatic *No!*—. . . *S. Thomas ne fut pas humaniste, ne fut pas non plus psychologue*[1]—is less a thesis than an antithesis such as he sometimes allows himself as a protest against various forms of Aquinolatry. By humanism we understand a sympathetic understanding of man in the concrete, related in time and space to a certain family, race, civil government, culture, as distinguished from man in his eternal essence of *animal rationale*; an appreciation of the beauty of the world and of artistic form; a concern about natural science; a sense of history. Now even if we disregard a certain weight of controversial emphasis in P. Rimaud's statement, we are still willing to concede a large element of truth in his contention. How could it be otherwise? St. Thomas was a little oblate at

[1] *T. et M.*, p. 252.

Monte Cassino at five, and hardly quitted the cloister thereafter. He knew little of the world of women and children—*ce qui est beaucoup*, notes P. Rimaud.[1] He missed that education in psychological and moral realities that directors gain in the management of souls and superiors in the handling of men and affairs.

He spent many years outside Italy without learning a foreign language. Even in the cloister his habitual distraction of mind was amazing :—

> Et sic erat abstractus a temporalibus ampliationibus, quod in mensa dum comedebat, semper habebat oculos ad superiora, et ponebatur coram eo scutella, et removebatur pluries, ipso non sentiente : et dum fratres ducerent eum ad viridarium causa recreationis, ipse subito solus retrocedebat totus abstractus, et redibat ad cameram.[2]

Reginald had to care for him like a child, watch over him at table, remove the candle from his hand lest he should burn his fingers. When a dead brother appeared to him, he asked him the solution of a problem that often preoccupied him : whether the Beatific Vision operates with or without a *species*. Though he had lived as a boy in one of those sunny Italian valleys where all natural beauty is at home, and as a man had been in many fair provinces and cities of the West, there is nowhere in his work an original comment on nature or art.[3] Decidedly St. Thomas had little of that flash of fancy, that vision of human beauty, that fine humanism of St. Augustine, St. Jerome, St. Bernard, or of St. Francis de Sales. *Master, what is God* ? asked the little oblate of Monte Cassino. The question is characteristic. His mind was ceaselessly preoccupied with the thought of God and with the universe as His vestige and shadow. *Omnia cognoscentia cognoscunt Deum in quolibet cognito*, he wrote ; and in another place : *Ultima perfectio humani intellectus est veritas divina ; aliae autem veritates perficiunt intellectum in*

[1] P. 45.
[2] A. S. 712, cited *T. et M.*, p. 45, note 4.
[3] *T. et M.*, pp. 44, 45.

ordine ad veritatem divinam.[1] These are the formulae of a contemplative soul that lived on the margin of humanism but in the heart of its metaphysic.

We have made a large concession to P. Rimaud, but we cannot go further. Surely in a sudden thrust like *Nous voudrions parfois qu'il fît plus que nous définir*[2] his humanism is unjust to St. Thomas's realism. Humanism after all is but realism charmingly annotated for human use in the finer imaginative forms of a given culture. He who is no humanist lacks a pleasant and useful thing; but if he is realist, he has the roots of the matter in him. Now St. Thomas was a great realist, whose effort was largely independent of superficial cultural forms precisely because it operated *en profondeur.*

It is difficult briefly to illustrate this note of realism, actuality, novelty in St. Thomas's achievement—a detail or two must suffice. Tocco, for instance, has recorded the impression he made on his contemporaries: new articles, a new and clear method of solving difficulties, new arguments, new light, new opinions and a new inspiration.[3] Consider, too, how accurately his thought concentrates on the central problems of the day, and how his solutions emerge from the historical context of his age. Theologically he resumes the study of revelation, in the setting of the Fourth Vatican Council and the Catholic reaction to the Albigensian and Waldensian heresies, on the basis of the Aristotelian concept of a science and in terms of a single metaphysic. In philosophy his re-statement, in a Catholic sense, of Peripateticism called for a careful management of susceptibilities in the Church and in his Order as well as for the delicate organisation of a middle position between the prevalent extremes of Platonico-Augustinianism—*à ce moment la seule* [*philosophie*] *officielle dans l'église*, notes Professor Gilson[4]—and the excesses of Latin Averroism. In both respects his work possesses those qualities of

[1] *De Ver.*, 22, 2 ad 1; *Summa Th.*, 2-2, 180, 4 ad 4.
[2] *T. et M.*, p. 252. [3] *T. et M.*, p. 57. [4] *Le Thomisme*, p. 19.

stability and ultimate reality through its profound assimilation of the past and its accurate delineation of the future that after a lapse of seven centuries it is the prescribed text of Catholic schools.

But there are other examples of St. Thomas's broad and deep realism. In the struggle of the Friars Preachers and Friars Minor to justify their right to live and labour as ministers of the Gospel he intervened with decisive effect on the doctrinal side—*nec est aliquod opus misericordiae*, he concluded, *ad cuius executionem religio institui non possit, etsi non sit hactenus instituta.*[1] His *Summa Contra Gentiles* is a missionary handbook written at the desire of St. Raymond of Peñafort to help in the conversion of the Moors. Add to these the wide range and authority of his moral teaching; his experience of life at the court of Urban IV., in the University of Paris, in the Studium Generale of his Order at Naples. Surely in all these ways St. Thomas was not concerned with definitions and the world of abstractions, but with things, with the real and critical issues of his time. Judged by the mass of his work he was admittedly no great humanist; not even the sheer musical and devotional beauty of the Office of the Blessed Sacrament, a limpid depth of style, a sense of composition that has something of the Gothic in its simplicity of line and harmony can substantially alter this judgment. But he was certainly a great realist: one of the greatest initiators of Christian thought since Patristic times and the most modern mind of the thirteenth century.

Passing from the philosopher to his philosophy, P. Rimaud deals with the internal origins, principles of development, and final value of philosophy in the Thomistic sense. The treatment is somewhat dense, vigorously critical, and on the whole sympathetically so, in spite of an ill-suppressed querulous note. We will indicate the line of treatment in a summary way.

[1] *T. et M.*, p. 63; *Contra Impugnantes*, pars Ia, cap. I.

Thomism is not a mere mechanical restatement of Peripateticism. The problem that confronted St. Thomas was not the simple correction of the more conspicuous of Aristotle's errors—and in this respect the least we can say is that he leaves the problems of creation, providence, and the immortality of the soul in suspense—but the readjustment of the whole outlook in reference to the Incarnation of the Son of God and to the new world of Christianity. Aristotle's sage is a cold and selfish intellectual, intent on the beatitude of thought thinking itself, remote from the works and needs of common men. He is the aristocrat of pagan intelligentsia, fastidious, haughty, an end to himself, but often blind to elementary truths of the natural order. The Christian sage begins where the pagan ends. His philosophy is not an isolated moment of privileged thought that spends itself uselessly and perishes for ever, but thought liberated, healed of its wounds, largely expanded, certain, final.[1] This is the sense that underlies P. Rimaud's general formula : . . . *le thomisme . . . est un aristotélisme quant à sa forme, une doctrine nouvelle à base d'aristotélisme quant à son objet.*[2]

Next looking at Thomism in its internal development, we note that St. Thomas has boldly assumed Aristotle's notion of a science and applied it here. The passage from ignorance to knowledge is the domain of science organised, critical, moving from necessity to necessity, until it sees and holds the truth in peaceful possession. Two characteristics of Thomism are conspicuous in this progress : a simple but supreme confidence in the worth of intellect and a constant concern for apodictic proof. In the first respect Thomism is a true intellectualism, that is, in P. Rousselot's definition, *une doctrine qui met toute la valeur, toute l'intensité de la vie, et l'essence même du bien, identique à l'être, dans l'acte d'intelligence.*[3] P. Rimaud, emphasizing one aspect of this intellectualism, notes that Thomism

[1] *Cf.* Denz.-Bann. ed. 14a, n. 1786.
[2] *T. et M.*, p. 143.
[3] *L'Intellectualisme de S. Thomas*, p. 4.

begins with first principles—*quorum est intellectus*—and ends with conclusions that in their turn are an affair of intelligence as it comprehends first principles and intermediate processes in a simple regard. Dialectics is not an end but a means. *Est enim aliquid scientia melius, scilicet intellectus!* If reason then is a deficiency of intelligence—keeping to the technical distinction of these two—intelligence is the perfection of intelligence, our share in that intellectual operation of infinite perfection we call God. In the second respect Thomism is a true metaphysic, absolute in the order of thought and being, the theses of which aim at the establishment of necessary truth. Hence *God exists* is not, technically speaking, the adequate expression of a metaphysical thesis ; *God cannot but exist* is. A metaphysical thesis cannot be probable except in the sense that we have not understood it or its contradictory. In itself it is necessarily right or necessarily wrong. It is again an affair of intelligence that knows itself and its own indefectibility. Commenting on the Book of Job[1], St. Thomas moves the objection : *Videbatur autem disputatio hominis ad Deum esse indebita propter excellentiam qua Deus hominem excellit.* The answer is a Charter of the Intellect : *Sed considerandum est, quod veritas ex diversitate personarum non variatur ; unde cum aliquis veritatem loquitur, vinci non potest, cum quocumque disputet.* We may quarrel with St. Thomas in physical science, history, etymology ; but in metaphysics he is tranquil, luminous, sure. He knew and acknowledged the sovereign claims of the first of sciences—they have never been ignored with impunity—and has organised its main theses in a system that will not pass.

What is the final value of philosophy for Christian men ? Something more than for Aristotle and something less. Something more by the measure that raises the third book of *Contra Gentiles* above the Ethics to Nicomachus. For Aristotle the end is the intellectual life, the

[1] In Job, cap. 13, 1, 2. Noticed by P. R., p. 190, after P. Rousselot.

self-centred world of critical, disinterested thought—a splendid eudemonism, but earthbound. Thomism is not an extension of this, but a higher transvaluation. In the mirror of creatures Aristotle saw himself, but St. Thomas saw God. Something less because Aristotle's contemplation has ceased to be the necessary end either of man or of the City. It is not mentioned as either a cause or a condition of justification by the Council of Trent—though neither for that matter is the technical science of theology. One poor old woman, St. Thomas has written somewhere, knows more in the natural order since the coming of Christ than the greatest of the pagan philosophers. *Supplet fides.* Even the slow, quiet beauty of thought returning to itself for fulfilment and content is, apart from the essential difference in orders, far surpassed by the sudden and perfect loveliness of the Prologue of St. John or the *raccourcis* of St. Paul.

But if philosophy is not the end nor a necessary means to the end, what is its use in our Catholic life ? We may answer briefly with P. Rimaud : *elle est un moyen pour le chrétien de parfaire son humanité, de penser sa foi, de se préparer à l'union divine.* Of these the second is clearly the most important. Alone among religious institutions the Catholic Church has consistently maintained the dignity and absolute worth of philosophy both as an element in apologetics and as an instrument in the systematization of dogma. In both respects there is implied a general theory of knowledge that has found various expositions within the Faith. P. Rimaud has perhaps passed too lightly over St. Thomas's contribution to this question, his greatest and possibly his most characteristic achievement. But it has not escaped Dante, who names St. Thomas by the name that most accurately marks the quality of his genius and service : *il maestro di color che sanno.*

D. S. Nerney.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN: SOME ASPECTS

Born October 2, 1852—*Died February* 25, 1928.

BY T. P. GILL

The Life of William O'Brien, the Irish Nationalist. By Michael MacDonagh. (London: Ernest Benn. 1928. 21s. net).

A GROWING interest is manifesting itself in Ireland in the personality of William O'Brien, and the interest, it appears, is most marked amongst the younger generation. His book *Irish Fireside Hours*, brought out shortly before his death and much of it addressed directly to the young, is being eagerly read by them; there is a demand also for new editions of his other writings, some of which are out of print. He died only this year, still robust in his patriotism and vivid in his concern for the public happenings of the moment, after a long lifetime wholly immersed in his country's affairs. To anyone who knows or has studied his life and the events surrounding it—not many of the later generation, probably—this interest will not be surprising. Something of a legend, a tradition of instinct, coming from the homes and the older folk, has reached the contemporary generation. Their instinct is vague, and they want to know more. They want to know more, too, of the era, that Parnell era when the Irish struggle held the attention of the world and dominated British politics, with pregnant historic results, and when, next to Parnell himself, the most commanding and picturesque figure on the scene was William O'Brien. It is a fortunate circumstance, and itself an illustration of this interest, that at this moment should be published a very important life of William O'Brien from the pen of a competent and experienced writer who knew his subject intimately and writes with the sympathy and enthusiasm, as well as the discriminating judgment necessary for a true biography.

In complying with the Editor's request for an article apropos of this book I would point out that O'Brien's career extended to no less than sixty active years, a vast and crowded canvas not to be satisfactorily dealt with in the space of a magazine article.

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As I look over this career—the early years in Mallow, when all his brothers and a sister were swept away by consumption, an experience that left an indelible mark on him, and he, believed to be the most delicate of them all, a pale, studious youth, brooding over the failure of idealist Fenianism, in which his passionately-loved eldest brother had been engaged; the years of oscillation between the calls of literary ambition and a religious vocation; the first period of the life of action, first through journalism, next through politics; the great Parliamentary decade of the eighties, in which he showed the most astonishing combination of force with constitutional methods, of violent oratory and desperate exploits with the restrained and constructive temper of the statesman ready for conciliation and compromise; and then the Split, from which Nationalist Ireland is suffering still; the defeated attempt to restore unity at Boulogne; the years of fratricidal strife; the restoration of unity under Redmond; the Land Conference-Wyndham Act-achievement of O'Brien; the Great War and its sequelae; and the old warrior's touch, still vital to the last, with the situation that has emerged for Ireland from the chaos;—as I survey this career, certain things stand out, characteristics, formative influences, successes, mistakes, and the best thing I can do with my task is to deal with some of these. Only a few out of very many.

All of them, ideas and story, are most ably dealt with by Mr. MacDonagh, whose biography, I hasten to say here—I shall refer to it further as I go along—is a noteworthy achievement. Its place is amongst the half-dozen outstanding biographies of the time. And it is

more than a biography. Henceforth it is one of the indispensable books for the understanding of events and personalities of the period it covers.

* * * *

Let us take the early Mallow years. The chief formative influence was his mother; next to her, his elder brother, James, who was his hero. I knew his mother when she had come up with him to Dublin, and when I was an undergraduate in Trinity. She was of the great family of the Nagles of Cork, a kinswoman of Nano Nagle, to whom Edmund Burke was also kin, a relationship which accounts for O'Brien's very personal interest in Burke (his book on Burke, as an original study, is perhaps the most considerable of his writings). Her long aquiline profile, the poise of her head and shoulders, had the unmistakable stamp of race; she was of the heroic mould and a strong intellect; withal a tender, most affectionate and bright nature, and a saint. From her William O'Brien inherited the main part of his character, and her example and teaching in the home life of his childhood had most to do with refining its asperity and deepening its spiritual element. Seeing him in gaol, at the time of the Forster sensational *coup d'état*, hastened her death. He was allowed out on parole—by Forster !—before the Kilmainham Treaty had matured, to attend her death-bed. I had been seeing her on his behalf, and on my own, at the Hospice of the Dying at Harold's Cross, and it was my sad privilege to accompany him from Kilmainham to the Hospice. He speaks of her visit to the prison the day of his arrest, which was months before she died, in a very moving message quoted by MacDonagh. His own sudden arrival in the prison yard had been hailed with welcome by Parnell, who forthwith set him to compose a manifesto. I quote from Mr. MacDonagh's narrative :—

> Presently O'Brien was called to see his mother, who, though ill almost to death, had struggled up to the prison on hearing of his arrest. "I think the fact that we could only see one

another from behind two gratings, with a warder standing in the space between, had a great deal to do with impressing her unduly with the terrors of my imprisonment in which her own illness and immeasurable loneliness were wholly forgotten," O'Brien says in an account of the interview written years subsequently. " It seemed to me as if the grating represented a space of years of separation between us. Under the influence of some nervous recklessness I did my best to laugh away her fears with some boisterous pleasantries near enough to tears. When she was gone I cursed a flippancy which might well have jarred upon a sacred grief, and, I am not ashamed to avow, burst out crying as soon as the lock was turned on my cell door—the first time for fifteen years I had been able to taste that luxury, and the last time up to the hour I write."

It was in that mood he sat down in his locked cell to compose the famous " No Rent Manifesto " at the bidding of his Chief.

* * * *

The study of Irish nationalism, that phenomenon so puzzling to so many who have never pierced the inner core of the Irish soul, and which is not such a mystery after all since it is the inevitable outcome of history and of the nature of national sentiment among every people, will receive much help from the biography of William O'Brien. He had contacts with realities which saved him from errors into which people lacking such experience are prone to fall—sometimes the most unexpected people. Why is it the Irish seem so fond of rebellion and their young men so ready to go forth on forlorn hopes, facing every sacrifice ? Why is it they do this sometimes even in circumstances of material prosperity and political progress—as happened in 1916, when young men, well off, and young women, left good situations and comfortable homes to obey the summons ? Many have believed that if the Irish were economically successful their national sentiment would vanish, and have founded political codes upon this theory. This was even the idea of some Nationalists. For instance, Mr. John Dillon held it.

O'Brien as a youth witnessed the physical force conspiracy from the inside—its lights and its black shadows. Of its generous heroism he had an ideal example by his side in his own brother—and this gave him an affectionate understanding of youth in such movements which never left him and which enabled him, in a later day, to realise better than some, how from the logic of events in a time of cataclysm a new state of affairs had arisen. It enabled him to sympathise with the younger spirits, even when he did not see eye to eye with them. *Quand même !*

Two things stood to him in his political education—the opportunities of journalism and his work as an I.R.B. organiser. When misfortune overtook his family and he had to become their main support, he got into journalism in Cork. He reported the State trials of the Fenian prisoners. He was sent around the province to report agrarian trials. He wrote descriptive accounts which were so brilliant that the *Freeman's Journal*, under Dwyer Gray, then the great national newspaper, invited him to join their staff, and thus another field for exploration of Irish realities was opened to him. He made an impression throughout Ireland with a series of letters, under the title of " Christmas in the Galtees," descriptive of the plight of an estate that had been bought under the Incumbered Estates Act and heavily rack-rented. O'Brien, in his thorough way, in order to have verified evidence, visited about three hundred of the five hundred cabins on the estate, as Mr. MacDonagh relates, " riding for days on horseback up and down the mountain, accompanied by the parish priest, examining the tenants' rent-books, their bills of indebtedness to shopkeepers for Indian meal, bread and tea, and conveying their conversations to his notebook in shorthand." (Mr. MacDonagh truly says that O'Brien was a pioneer in this journalistic method of inquiry and investigation). That was in the winter of 1877. There is no doubt this remarkable series of articles fertilised the minds of Davitt and Parnell (interesting evidence of the

fact is quoted by Mr. MacDonagh) for a new idea, a "new departure," as Davitt called it. This took shape in 1879 in the foundation of the Land League, with Parnell as its President, and the association of a constitutional National movement with a movement for defence of the tenants' rights and the abolition of landlordism—the most responsible of the Fenian leaders agreeing to suspend the physical force movement for the time being. In such manner originated the series of events which resulted, one by one, in the great code of land laws that has transformed the tenants into proprietors and that may be said to have reached their culminating point in the Wyndham Purchase Act, with which O'Brien was so closely identified.

Journalism opened to O'Brien a further opportunity of political experience and education in the intimate relations into which it brought him with the dynamic leaders then beginning to take command of events. It started his acquaintance with Parnell. He was sent to report a meeting addressed by the leader at Tralee, in November, 1878. They travelled back to Dublin together by the night mail-train. "We exchanged no end of confidences," O'Brien writes in his diary. "As romantic as Lord Edward Fitzgerald, but not to be shaken from prosier methods. In any case a man one could suffer with proudly." He adds: "He has captured me, heart and soul, and is bound to go on capturing." Parnell, in turn, was attracted by O'Brien. Such was the opening of their friendship, which extended through years of glorious struggle and fell upon tragic vicissitudes.

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But it was what he learned while in a position of great trust in the Fenian organisation that left the deepest impress on his political thought, and proved the strongest corrective for his course of action even in crises of extreme temptation and excitement. He gives in *Irish Fireside Hours* the best apologia for

the movement of the time that has been written. He shows, with masterly grasp, what was possible in '67, had there been a great leader available, when the close of the American Civil War, with its accompaniments and reactions, provided the extraneous opportunity without which physical force in Ireland had no chance on its own ; and what, after three years of waiting, eventuated in the miserable and sad fiasco of 1870. The experience gave him his bias for constitutional action and his aversion from the secret society. The native qualities of his mind, which developed as he moved with events, led him to prefer more and more the settlement by " conference, conciliation and consent," a formula that became his watchword, the method of evolution instead of revolution, and enabled him to see that, with the coming of household suffrage, the day of the British democracy had begun and the oppression of Ireland by England was bound to cease.

It was in his consistent adhesion to that conception that he took the same line as Redmond when the European war came—going into it without hesitation and with his whole heart. " We have got to be either honest friends or honest enemies of England," he told a meeting in Cork. It would not do merely to say we were willing to fight for Belgium or Ireland or France. " We have got to go further and say, without putting a tooth in it, that we are ready to fight for England as well, in England's way." But in doing so he was " convinced to the heart's core " that we were fighting the most effective battle for Ireland's liberty as well as saving our own homes from the ruthless hordes of German militarism. Nor was he for proposing any political stipulation as a price for our services. That would not be statesmanship or patriotism ; " it would be mere despicable huxtering, which would defeat its own ends." What he looked for was the drawing of North and South together by the bonds of comradeship in a common danger, " the softening and ennobling influence of fra-

ternity in arms" and of "inspiring memories" inherited side by side. He believed that when the war was over the representative men of North and South would come together and strike out the broad lines of a national settlement "happier and more stable" than English politicians could devise. How this vision was frustrated and O'Brien himself in the end transformed into an anti-conscriptionist is a long story; but strangely enough, one of the factors in the chain of causation relates to the chief mistake of O'Brien's career, his refusal of the leadership when Parnell urged it upon him in the negotiations for restoring unity at Boulogne.

It is, of course, quite needless to say that his faith in "conference, conciliation and consent" did not mean that O'Brien—he was the last man in the world of whom it could be said—was blind to the part which force has to play in all political movements, whether constitutional or revolutionary. Neither by conviction nor by temperament, as his own career testified, could he fail to be a partisan of this philosophy. Indeed, he has left us apothegms and dicta in plenty which might be taken as copy-book headlines for it. For example: "The secret of a sound national movement is the physical-force spirit working by moral force methods." Here is another: "Violence is the only way of ensuring a hearing for moderation."

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I have mentioned O'Brien's tendency towards a religious vocation. A reference to this side of him may be made here. The transcendental strain in him was strong, and it coloured his patriotism as well as his religion. His love of Ireland and of the Irish people, and his profound understanding of them, which instinctively reached the popular heart and imagination, often expressed itself in sheer rhapsody. With it went a feeling that his was a claimed and dedicated life and that there was a call for leadership in it. Against this passion for his country the

pietistic yearning had to contend. He wished to be a religious, but feared most his falling short of a conception which, although without gloom (he pathetically insists on this), partook of some of the rigour of Port Royal, whose temper had an attraction for him. He could give comfort and cheer to others, as he found, but sometimes he lost it himself. What he says on this—dwelling on " therapeutics of the soul," a phrase of his—reads like some of the mystics. He used to quote Mrs. Browning on Cowper: " O men, this man in brotherhood, your weary paths beguiling, Groaned inly while he taught ye peace and died while ye were smiling." He had, besides, almost a contemplative's love of solitude and silence. He says, " a quietude which some would esteem loneliness remained to the last for me the solace, the inspiration, the celestial liquor of life and its principal prize." Strange indeed does this quietism seem in association with the figure of storm and crowds and turbulence and audacious and ceaseless action. But had the scale tipped for him in favour of the cloister, perhaps we may please ourselves with the fancy that William O'Brien in his cowl might rather have tried to follow after some of our combative Irish saints, like Columbanus, who saw to it that people were not allowed to take things too easily.

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Let us turn for a little to the career of the fighter. Mr. MacDonagh brings out the fact that O'Brien when a small boy of thirteen developed two singular hobbies— " he brought out a weekly newspaper for the promulgation of his political views, and kept an army to uphold them." The paper, a news sheet of four pages, was called *The Voice of Ireland*. With cardboard, scissors and paste he produced an army of hundreds, divided into regiments and companies. " Every officer had his name, and every man of the rank and file had his company and number written on his back." With this army, marshalled into two forces, Irish and English, he manoeuvred and fought

battles in a spare room at the top of the house. Surely an interesting circumstance in the youth of a man who had distinct soldierly genius, which he managed to display even in political operations, and who was no less effective as a journalist.

When it was resolved to have an organ of its own for the new movement, Parnell offered the editorship to William O'Brien. The history of *United Ireland* is an epic in itself. Since the *Nation* of Thomas Davis there had been no paper like it in Ireland, and there has been none since. It instantly became a power. It was an entirely novel and original production, its every feature, notes, leaders, news, verse, showing the extraordinary journalistic genius of O'Brien. From the first it made history. Under the Forster coercion regime it was suppressed and its editor jailed in Kilmainham. Nevertheless, it continued to appear, "a weekly insurrection in print." In the dark interval that followed the Phoenix Park assassinations, it made history again, very startling and decisive history. Its happiest time and its heyday was the eventful Parliamentary period of '85-'90. T. M. Healy was one of its contributors. He said to Justin McCarthy one day when showing him the office : "Here we compose our little salads. O'Brien supplies the oil, and I pour in the vinegar." It ended its life amid the tragedy of the Split.

A vacancy in Mallow, a forlorn hope which O'Brien was called on to fight, as he did victoriously, was the occasion of bringing him into Parliament. He began to discover in himself his gift for oratory. It was an astonishing gift. It electrified the country. On occasion it served him to electrify the House of Commons. But it was in Ireland, amongst his own people, that he most exercised this gift, which had not been equalled since O'Connell, and the main secret of its power was that his speeches were not intended as oratory but as action. They were speeches of leadership, instinct with a sense of

responsibility, for they often advised perilous or critical action. Mr. MacDonagh, who reported him from the earliest days, has several very interesting descriptions of his style of speaking, and he analyses it himself in a singular piece of self-revelation in *Evening Memories*. It was very vehement, his whole spirit thrown forth as if he were inspired, violent gestures, proud or defiant tossings of the head, the voice mostly a hoarse shout ; he was usually bathed in sweat before he sat down. He never used notes. Yet, as Mr. MacDonagh says, even in passages that sounded wild and extravagant to the ear " there was found—when read in print—restraint and breadth of view." One of the charms of his style was " the dreamy soliloquy into which he sometimes fell—especially after a high and vehement outburst—as if he were crooning to himself, half unconscious of his audience ; " and what was remarkable was that " the form of the speech was perfectly matured and finished, being wholly without untidiness or ragged edges."

With this gift and his series of resourceful exploits, his appearance every other week in some unexpected situation, with some new stratagem of constitutional warfare of his own devising, with which he delighted the fighting spirit of his comrades and of the country behind them, he became the darling of the people. A halo of romance surrounded him. He was prosecuted nine times, and, on and off, spent two years in various jails—prosecutions which he made a platform, jails which he kept in excitement and trepidation. Each of these *faits et gestes* (which included a whirlwind expedition to Canada to arraign the Viceroy, Lord Lansdowne, before the Canadian people as an evictor) would be worth a chapter. There was strategic judgment in it all ; he was the shrewdest counsellor of his Party ; and the man whose advice his Chief most sought. And through all the fighting there was his determined policy for conciliation. He was preaching peace with the British people and was winning. He was

becoming a hero also in England and Scotland, and his campaigns and expeditions were one of the best factors in the sweeping by-elections by which Gladstonian Home Rule was being carried forward "on the flowing tide."

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His marriage was the major influence of O'Brien's subsequent life. In those days when he had stirred people's imagination far beyond the shores of Ireland, there was in a Paris mansion an only daughter, a girl of great intellectual power and rare sweetness and charm of character, who was following the deeds of this Irish Paladin with more than a passing interest. She translated his speeches, and put accounts of him in the *Journal des Débats*. Her mother, Madame Raffalovich, was one of the leaders of Parisian society in the *mondes* of politics, diplomacy, literature, art. Her father was financial representative of the Imperial Russian government. In that home "Mademoiselle Sophie" was the idol of her parents and her brothers and loved by all their friends. Her gifts were esteemed by the most leading French people of the time. She had published a book on Cobden. Cabinet ministers, economists, eminent men of letters consulted and corresponded with her. An exceptional training for the wife of a statesman and political leader. A preparation, too, as it strangely happened, for life in Ireland, through Catholic affinities of her family. One of her brothers, a man of affairs, became intensely religious; another, still living, renouncing a life of wealth, became a Franciscan. Her aunt, the Comtesse de Chaptal, was at the head of one of the notable Catholic houses of France, and her first cousin—the eldest son of that house, who after a time in the diplomatic service, became a priest, surrendering his right of succession to his younger brother—is the present Auxiliary Bishop of Paris.

One evening at the house of an Anglo-Italian friend of Ireland in London, Madame Venturi, some members of the Party, of whom I was one, met at dinner Madame

Raffalovich : she was anxious to meet Mr. William O'Brien—could it be arranged ? It could not then as a matter of fact. O'Brien made his first acquaintance with the Raffalovich family at their house in Paris, when he was on his way, for an enforced rest, to Madame Venturi's villa in the south of France. He writes thus of his first meeting with her who later became his wife : " For me the heavens visibly opened, and there descended the Guardian Angel who has ever since enfolded me in the healing shadow of her wings."

This is the simple truth. I, who have known Mrs. O'Brien intimately since these first days, would like to say much, if I could trust myself to write as I would wish, of this noble and great woman, who brought her husband not only ideal domestic happiness, but strength and graces of every kind, and shed blessings on all the Irish folk around her, his friends.

Their wedding in London was an event. O'Brien's great friend Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, married them. Parnell was there, and practically all the Party, and numerous British and French, as well as Irish friends. Wilfrid Blunt in his diary makes a significant comment :—

> It was really wonderful and has lifted me once more to a higher level. It is all very well to scoff at the age in which we live, but the Catholic Irish are a standing miracle of God's grace. I should say there has never been—certainly not in the last hundred years—a party so pure in its purposes. Along with them, from Dr. Croke to Dr. Duggan, you have a second army of high ecclesiastics, and no doubtful man among them for honesty and virtue. To-day's wedding was the apotheosis of this high-mindedness. Dr. Croke, in giving his pastoral blessing, said to William O'Brien : " I have no advice to give you, for you need none". . . . Parnell made an excellent speech . . . It raised my opinion of him immensely, for hitherto I have rather underrated his intellectual qualities . . . . All he said of O'Brien was graceful and even affectionate, besides being extremely well delivered. Altogether this wedding festivity has done me good and put me back once more on the higher lines of thought a noble cause inspires.

The tragic, the pathetic figure of Parnell ! " His

refined face, so brilliantly handsome for all its pallor." He remarked to Archbishop Croke : " How happy should I be to be married like that ! " What strange hopes and yearnings and doubts were moving in him under the hovering shadow ? He was *exalté* all that morning. He chatted with my wife, and some minutes later greeted her again as if she had only just come in, shaking both her hands. She said : " Why, Mr. Parnell, we have only just been speaking." His reply was : " Well, the truth is I feel so happy to-day I scarcely know what I am doing . . ." It was the peak of the happy time, the last of " glad confident morning " for us all. Within six months the crash came.

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There is a long career yet which, for want of space, cannot be dealt with in this article. The profoundly-working factor of the Split, and the failure of the endeavour made by the delegates of the American mission to bring about reunion before it was too late, must be passed over altogether. I am not in accord with all that Mr. MacDonagh says on the subject, and I hope one day, if I am spared long enough, to give my own account of the matter, or at any rate the part of it with which, as a member of the American mission who went with O'Brien to Boulogne, I was particularly concerned. I will only mention now one more episode of O'Brien's career for the sake of its special lesson.

The Land Conference was the most fruitful constructive result of his policy of " conference, conciliation and consent." Reunion had at length been reached, under Redmond, and O'Brien had most to do with bringing it about. There was only one dissentient, Mr. T. M. Healy. (When O'Brien first appeared in Parliament after the achievement he was congratulated on having created a united Irish Party again in the House. Healy interposed : " The hon. member for Cork has created two united Irish parties, of which I am one.") O'Brien, seizing on a slender chance—a letter in the papers from a young

Galway squire, Shawe-Taylor, to which George Wyndham gave his countenance—laboured in spite of obstacles of every kind and from every quarter, and by dint of patience, tact and driving power at last succeeded in getting round a table accredited representatives of the landlords, headed by Lord Dunraven, and of the tenant occupiers. This body hammered out an agreed scheme of land purchase, which was accepted by the Government and embodied in the Wyndham Act of 1903. It was one of the most remarkable land purchase transactions in the history of any country, and has put Irish agriculture in a position from which the whole national economy permanently benefits. O'Brien rightly valued his great part in this achievement most for its political method, the process of settlement in which different parties and Government join. He spoke of it as "the first Act of Parliament of Irish inspiration ever enacted for Ireland at Westminster." Here, by the way, his memory betrayed him. He forgot Horace Plunkett and the Recess Committee, a body of Irishmen of all parties, Northern and Southern, who, by the same process, made their own chapter of constructive Irish history, and whose measure was passed in 1899, four years before the Wyndham Purchase Act. But this little point of priority is of no importance, except for accuracy in the record. It does not affect O'Brien's inborn gift for the constructive evolutionary method—a method which, in his use of it, when he was at his best, is the principal lesson of political wisdom his career has to teach. The instinct was always in him (possibly coming from the same ancestral source as Burke got his).

* * * *

There came at length for Parliamentary politics its period of degeneracy. How this came about, its causes and modes, will be matter for future studies in political science, now that we are free—autonomy at any rate enables this—to apply the lessons of political science ourselves. Men suffered from the decline as well as methods —personal feuds and factions, and splits within splits.

Even O'Brien, who was a good hater, got into this complex. The historic Irish Parliamentary Party ended in a final *débâcle*. Arthur Balfour, once an arch-enemy, has called it "that marvellous Parliamentary phenomenon. . . . I do not believe that in the whole history of our, or perhaps of any other, Parliament there has ever been such a Party for the sternness of its discipline, the extraordinary wealth of admirable speakers which it contained . . . formidable from their knowledge of Parliamentary methods and the use to which they put that knowledge." It contained three men of genius—Parnell, O'Brien and Healy. (Interesting question of psychology and politics—why neither of the two latter, each believing himself *capax imperii*, ever became titular leader of the Party). Redmond was not a genius; but he, too, was a commanding Parliamentarian, and he had ability and greatness. He died heart-broken after being undermined in the Convention through one of the splits within splits, and his body could not be brought through Dublin for fear of insult.

When we think of it all and bear in mind what has happened since and is happening still in the modern state of things, pessimists take the usual pessimistic views and fatalists say the Irish always were and always will be the same, dreaming and splitting and failing. But it is a question neither of the "Banshee's Kiss," as O'Brien called it, nor of the "double dose of original sin." It is simply a case of political development and education, which is now at last possible for us with the coming of responsibility. The Irish have a genius for rule, as they have proved in many parts of the world, and teem with high gifts of many kinds, which will now be liberated and applied to fruitful purpose. We have but to conciliate and give things time. A people of so much Christian inspiration and of such native warmth of heart, eliminating the things which are repugnant to the Christian spirit and standing on its feet, will come through its trials all right and be a great success.

T. P. Gill.

THE MEXICAN IMBROGLIO[1]

BY LAMBERT MCKENNA, S.J., M.A.

THE Catholic Church in Mexico is undergoing an ordeal as savage as the early Roman Persecutions or the Irish Penal Laws. Her bishops are in hiding or exile ; priests go about in disguise, killed when discovered ; nuns have had to abandon their religious life and work ; churches are closed, many desecrated or turned to secular use ; public celebration of Mass and administration of Sacraments have ceased ; Catholic schools are destroyed, and the teaching of religion even by seculars made a penal offence ; any external sign of religion is gravely dangerous ; spies infest the whole land.

As to the facts, no doubt is possible. The enactments are in the official documents of the Mexican Government ; for the frightfulness with which they have been carried out we have as witnesses, documents and declarations of ambassadors and other officials of the United States ; Mexican newspapers, many of them non-Catholic ; solemn public letters of the American and Mexican hierarchies ; carefully documented indictments drawn up by the N.C.W.C.—not to speak of other evidence of less responsible character.[2]

Yet the outrageous facts of this persecution stir little emotion, cause little comment, hardly even attract any attention among the general public of any country. For this strange apathy many causes might be assigned : the unwillingness of the Powers to criticise—or to let their press

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[1] [For previous articles on the religious persecution in Mexico, see issues of September 1926, March 1927, and March 1928.—Editor.]

[2] One of the most gruesome pictures of a Church's agony is that drawn from personal observation by Capt. Francis McCullagh in his recent book *Red Mexico* (Brentano's. 1928. 15s. net.).

do it—the all-wealthy United States, which claims responsibility for the good order of the American Continent; a Freemason conspiracy of silence; a semi-satisfaction felt by non-Catholics at the Church's difficulties.

Of these causes, all relevant and weighty, we say nothing here; we shall confine ourselves to another important one, the general feeling of bewilderment as to the causes and real meaning of the persecutions. For, to speak of a conspiracy of silence on the part of the press is not quite accurate. There is such a silence, but it is not complete; and its breaches are more shameful than its observance. Facts—some of them—are given, but spaced at long intervals, put in unconspicuous positions, and accompanied by comments which place them under a blurred or discoloured light. The Church, it is said, owns one-fifth of Mexican soil. Are not the people right in resuming their own? If priests are executed it is not as priests, but as leaders of armed revolt.

These and similar insinuations, constantly repeated, produce the desired effect. They are partly believed; and, even if disbelieved, cause a puzzled state of mind. People feel there must be *some* explanation of the persecution, *some* provocation to it, *some* justification for it. Else the Mexican nation—a completely Catholic nation, is it not?—would not stand it.

And yet, as to the former of these charges, it is demonstrably false. The Mexican Church was once wealthy, it is true. But that was in times beyond the stretch of living memory. In the days of Spanish rule she was entrusted with the evangelisation of the Indians, and for that purpose was given privileges which brought her great wealth; and this wealth was greatly increased by donations of pious Mexicans. She was thus wealthy during the eighteenth and into the nineteenth century, forming an integral part of the State organism and fulfilling with her wealth many functions which would now be classed under the headings of education, public health,

and public assistance. The sensational estimates, still often quoted, of her wealth have been proved by modern investigators to be wildly exaggerated. As to the use of it, and the works of educational, charitable and economic benefit by which she made Mexico in the late eighteenth and the early nineteenth centuries a land of more diffused culture than the United States or England of the time, there is overwhelming evidence.

But, great or small, that wealth is long since gone. According to the social concepts which the French Revolution spread through Europe, temporal power and wealth in the Church's hands had no purpose, were even harmful. And these concepts—chiefly owing to Mexico's resentment at Spain's autocratic rule, nominally at least a Catholic rule—took a stronger hold of her than of most countries. Consequently, since her independence, all Mexico's rulers were of a Liberal anti-clerical type. There were confiscations of Church property from 1830 until Maximilian became Emperor—and he too was a Liberal. These confiscations, however, were only partial, local, occasional, the effects of the greed or animosity of individual rulers or robber-chiefs. Up to 1859 much of the Church's property, her religious buildings, schools, and charitable institutions, as well as the land with which she maintained them, remained in her possession; but in that year Juarez by his Reform Law made a clean sweep of it all, without a penny of compensation, merely leaving the use of the churches to the clergy. The tumultuous period after Juarez's death was not propitious for founding schools or charitable works; but, during the peace of forty years which Diaz's strong arm gave the distracted country, the Penal Code was not enforced. Though confiscated property was not restored, Government connived at the erection of churches in new districts, and the foundation of schools, hospitals, orphanages, refuges, etc. These are the only riches which her recent persecutors found in possession of the Church.

That the Church was wealthy has not therefore even a semblance of truth; but the other charge, *i.e.*, that ecclesiastics have been harshly treated as being political enemies of the Government, has a greater plausibility.

In all the tangled turmoil of the past eighteen years the Church has never, by word or act, manifested any adherence to one rather than another of the score of factions striving for power. There has never been an officially recognised Catholic Party—though a small and nebulous group so styled existed for a time under Madero—and the Holy See has advised in its letter of 19 April, 1926, that none such should be established. Yet it is true that, when the Mexican Government, departing from the practice of civilised states, violated certain sacred and inalienable rights of its subjects, rights of worship, rights of religious instruction, etc., the Church defended these rights; and in this sense—in this sense alone—has interfered in politics,—but even then never by organising or favouring armed action. We shall revert to this point.

But, if all this be so, if the Church be poor and confine herself to spiritual activities and works of charity, how can the Mexican nation, an entirely Catholic one, permit it to be attacked? The puzzle becomes greater; people—even Catholics—give it up and turn impatiently from appeals made to their sympathy by the Catholic press.

Yet, is the puzzle any greater than that presented here by France beside us? And we know the keys to the French puzzle: irreligious people bred in a Catholic country resent with a special bitterness the Church's claims; and their hostility to the Church will not be opposed, unless the bulk of the people be Catholic, not merely in name, but in earnest practice as well. Now in general indifference to Catholic practice the Mexican people equals or surpasses the French. Mgr. Ruiz y Flores, Archbishop of Michoacan, speaking at the 1924 Amsterdam Eucharistic Congress, put the ratio of practising Mexican Catholics as low as 20 per cent.

This is less surprising if one looks to the ethnology and history of the nation. Of its fifteen millions the bulk consists of Indians and *Mestizos*, the latter of whom tend to approximate to the former in character and habits, and even to surpass them in some forms of viciousness. In olden times Catholic missioners converted the Indian savages and raised them to a certain degree of civilisation —some of them to a high degree—but since the suppression of the missions (the Jesuits' in 1767, the Franciscans', etc., in 1828) these people have been almost entirely deprived of civilising influences. Except for their Faith—and this is largely tinged with superstition—a large proportion have reverted to a state little above savagery. A fourth do not speak the official language of the country, and the vast majority of them—some put it at 95 per cent.—are absolutely illiterate. They, especially the *Mestizos*, form the bulk of the labouring class and small traders in the towns. Of the Spanish stock there are about a million, among whom are almost all the great landowners, and the majority of industrialists, members of liberal professions, journalists, writers, officers, and—alas, a most important class—politicians. These generalisations are, however, only roughly true. There is no colour-line in Mexico; some of the greatest personalities in her history—among others, Diaz and Juarez—were full-blooded Indians or *Mestizos*. Besides the above, Mexicans properly so called, there is a large floating population—some say a million or more—of heterogeneous elements which have settled in the land, especially since the development of the mines and oil-wells; agents of all kinds, adventurers, fishers in troubled waters—perfect revolutionary material. Several members of this class—Calles is one—have played foremost parts in recent history.

It is not hard to see that, in a population so constituted, anything like an organic and effective expression of popular will is impossible; that, though the majority of the people are Catholic and averse to a destruction of

the Church, and a large proportion, while unable to rise to the height of practice, are yet sincerely attached to her, political power can be held by her declared enemies.

Moreover, the form of government is practically a dictatorship, unchecked by any brake from the people's will. Every recent President got his power and lost it in pretty much the same way. Diaz won it and held it by force of arms. Grown feeble and careless, he neglected his army, so that Madero, a socialist visionary, was able, with money from Frankfort Jews, a New York oil concern, and a Washington arms firm, to collect an army and drive him out (1911). Unable to control the spirits he had roused or to fulfil his American commitments, Madero lost hold over his troops. Then Huerta, having the favour of the old Diaz officers, overthrew him and took his place (1913). Huerta, as despotic as any of his predecessors, but a good administrator and a sane reformer, was recognised by all the European Powers. His religion, however—he was the only Catholic ruler of Mexico within these hundred years—and his independent attitude were displeasing to Woodrow Wilson, who refused to recognise him,[1] sent supplies of arms to his enemies, Carranza, Governor of Cohuila, Zapata, an agrarian agitator of Morelos, Villa, a bandit-chief; and, when these were not succeeding quickly enough, blockaded Tampico, landed troops at Vera Cruz, and forced him to resign (1914). Carranza, thus helped, held power till Obregón, one of his adherents, quarrels with him, gets the help of the United States by promises, drives him out (May, 1920), and has himself "elected" (July). Coming towards the end of his period, Obregón names as his successor his *alter ego* Calles, driving—with Coolidge's help—one competitor, de la Huerta, out of the country and having a subsequent one, Flores, murdered (July, 1924). To return the compliment, Calles gets Congress to alter the law so that Obregón may

[1] Accusing him, without a particle of evidence, of Madero's murder.

have a second term of office, and has Gomez and Serrano murdered for opposing this (July, 1928).

The method of succession is thus always the same—brute force, with scarce a nod of respect for constitutional form. And, once in the palace of Chitahuelpec, a President has the whole government under his thumb, and can keep it there as long as he can hold his soldiers and *rurales* by promises and loot. On paper Mexico is a federative republic embracing 28 States. Its central government has three departments, the Executive, the Legislature, and the Judiciary, nominally separate from each other; but in reality the Executive is supreme over the others, and is itself dependent on the President. Elections are a mere farce, carried through by the army and *rurales*—that is on the rare occasions when there is any danger of many people troubling to vote. In practice no man enters House of Representatives or Senate unless with the consent of the President. If any of those so elected develops independent notions he is expelled, or if any way troublesome, shot. Still more subservient is the Judiciary; though a form of election is observed, the President names and removes at pleasure all the eleven judges of the Supreme Court and the minor Federal judges. And this centralised system is repeated exactly in the constitution of each of the States, with the addition that its Governor is appointed by the President and controlled by *Jefes Politicos*, his personal agents.[1]

As a result, therefore, of her peculiar racial constitution and her arrested social and political development, the Mexican Government is a republic only in seeming, an absolute dictatorship in actual fact; to seek in its policy any faithful reflection of popular will is foolish.

At the same time no dictatorship is ever quite absolute. A tyrant may ride rough-shod over his subjects in many

[1] For details as to the working of the Mexican constitution *cf.* Henry Lane Wilson's *Diplomatic Episodes in Mexico, Belgium and Chile* (London: Philpot, 1927).

things, but not in all. He will inevitably seek to confirm his power by adopting policies of a popular appeal.

And so it is in Mexico. Two chief policies have been relied on by its recent Presidents to secure the people's support; firstly, the break-up of the ranches; and, secondly, opposition to the United States. Both of these policies are used to the prejudice of the Church.

No wonder that the former of them is popular. It is computed that 37,000 persons own 767,000 square miles of the country, some of them holding estates as big as a couple of Irish counties, on which the *peones* live in wretched poverty and dependence, often almost in vassalage. Hence wide and constant unrest, and the political power of bandit-chiefs. The abolition of this *Latifundia* forms part of the 1917 Constitution;[1] and, though the Church is favourable to this essential reform, her opposition to other parts of the Constitution is misrepresented as opposition to this also.

More difficult still is the position in which the other chief policy of recent rulers places the Church, namely, their determined opposition to American interference.

A hatred of the "Gringo" is deep in every Mexican's heart. Primarily springing from differences of race, speech, character, manners of life (in which, parenthetically, the American has not in every respect the advantage of the comparison), habits of thought, and—not least—religion, it has been intensified a thousandfold by the mutual relations of the two countries. Half of Mexico's ancient territory now belongs to the States, which wrested it from her in the 1846-8 war. American troops have often crossed her borders; a force of 12,000 marched at will through her territories in 1916. By the Monroe Doctrine Washington claims a kind of suzerainty over

[1] It is claimed by the Government that, during the years 1915-25, 12,000,000 acres were distributed to small farmers. The distribution, however, was carried out in such a slap-dash and improvident fashion that agricultural production fell 60 per cent. and the *peones* became worse off than ever. Even the Labourites, in spite of their Bolshevik principles, object to the Agrarians' methods.

her, and has exercised it constantly and in provocative fashion. If Mexico has had her railways lengthened from a few hundred miles to 15,000 by American capital and enterprise, her oil-wells and mines developed, and her lands irrigated, the investors, so Mexicans say, have their profit as well as she. They and she are quits. They have no right to dictate to her whom she is to choose as ruler, and what laws she is to enact. Can any feeling be more natural ? And so when the American Cabinet, by blocking her frontiers and discriminating between those of her subjects who are to get instruments of war and those who are to be refused them, made and unmade her rulers, overthrowing Diaz, putting Madero into power, breaking Huerta, creating Carranza, and so on, it is not strange that Mexicans' resentment is bitter; and that even those who take advantage of America's help feel no gratitude for it, but, as soon as they get into power, turn against her to secure the favour of their people.

Hence the constant quarrelling of every Mexican ruler with the States, especially since the enormous increase of American capital in Mexico consequent on the discovery of the oil-wells in Diaz's time.[1] When Diaz had shown preference for English investors over American ones,

[1] During December, 1926, at the request of the State Department, the American consuls in Mexico reported to that Department the value of American holdings in Mexico as follows :—

Rural property	$166,047,000.
Urban property	$ 35,771,000.
Oil lands	$318,638,000.
Refineries	$ 50,070,000.
Mines	$317,427,000.
Smelters	$ 25,180,000.
Timber	$ 10,935,000.
Railways	$248,158,000.
Manufacturing enterprises	$ 27,716,000.
Merchandizing enterprises	$ 26,140,000.
Public Utilities	$ 30,799,000.
Concealed interests	$ 6,938,000.
Miscellaneous investments	$125,242,000.
Total	$1,389,061,000

Current History, Sept., 1927.

Madero was supported in revolt against him; and when Madero on arriving at power was found unwilling and unable to prove his gratitude he was intrigued against also. Huerta, who succeeded him, was found still more anti-Gringo and was deposed by Woodrow Wilson's intervention. Carranza, helped into office, was at first only mildly hostile, but after securing recognition (1915) became vigorously so. Article 27 of his Queretaro Constitution has been the bone of contention between the two nations ever since. By it all Mexican soil and deposits are declared national property. Exploitation rights can be conceded to foreigners only when they have made an official declaration that, as regards these rights, they will act as Mexicans and renounce all appeal for the intervention of other governments. Nothing inequitable about this, one would say. But, as most American investments in land, mines, and oil date from before 1917, the trouble arises over the question whether the law is to act retroactively, and thus be—as the Americans contend—confiscatory. During the rest of Carranza's time the two governments were facing each other as cat and dog, hundreds of Americans being plundered, many murdered, and their press crying out for armed intervention. Wilson, however, "too proud to fight," took his own way.[1] Rebels all over Mexico were supported, especially Obregón, who promised subservience, so that finally Carranza had to fly (May, 1920). When Obregón, having got the upper hand, went back on his promises, Washington would not recognise him, and the old quarrel continued until the spring of 1923. Then a *modus vivendi* was arrived at by a new oil-law and the Warren-Payne Agreement. American property in soil and sub-soil was allowed to continue on condition that the concessionaires should register within a fixed period, when they would

[1] A damning indictment of Wilson's pro-Carranza policy is given in the evidence before the 1920-1 Foreign Relations Committee (called the "Fall Committee"); also in the book of Lane Wilson, who had been U.S.A. ambassador but was recalled in 1913 because he was in favour of Huerta.

receive, not their old rights, but limited and temporary titles. Some modifications, too, were made in the forced distribution of ranches; and an exemption of large irrigation contracts from expropriation was granted. In return for these favours Coolidge recognised Obregón (August, 1923), and even helped him against the serious revolt of de la Huerta (December, 1923-May, 1924). Calles, succeeding Obregón (July, 1924), pays little attention to the recent settlement, and forces the fighting against the States. A fresh law of his (March, 1926) forbade any foreigner to hold land within one hundred miles of the frontier or 50 miles of the sea. Property on which exploitation was not in actual progress or on which taxes were not paid was to be expropriated. The tension became very acute. Fifty of the fifty-four oil companies refused to submit to registration, and stopped work. War was imminent. If it was averted, this was owing to a reason of which we shall say a word later.

Here what we would insist on is that this never-ceasing quarrel, in which the best Catholics of the country would fain be prominent, on the one hand ties their hands in resisting the Government's penal enactments, and on the other hand gives the Government a free hand—indeed an added motive—in persecuting them. Any agitation or movement in their own defence is represented as proving their sympathy for the hated American, their desire to bring him over the border. Even any manifestation of sympathy with them on the part of the American Church is taken to prove their collusion in a scheme to bring about United States intervention. Hence, in all the declarations of the Mexican Bishops, in the manifestos of the Associación Católica de la Juventud Mejicana, the Liga, and other similar organisations, heavy emphasis is always laid on repudiation of American help; similarly, too, American Catholics in all their statements insist that they do not propose or approve of armed intervention.

What has been said up to this has been meant to meet

the question *how* it is that the Mexican Government can venture to persecute the Church to which about 98 per cent. of its subjects belong. To the man in the street this is the most puzzling point in the whole situation. There is, however, another point scarcely less puzzling: *why* should the Government add to its other difficulties the trouble of an internal struggle?

Many positive reasons may be assigned for it. One of them is this. When seeking to remodel society according to their communistic plan, the present rulers of Mexico find the most serious obstacle in their way to be the influence of the Church. Though her material resources have been taken from her, and her officials and chief defenders, lay and clerical, have been banished or go daily in terror of their lives, and though she exercises no political power in any ordinary sense of the word, she yet remains the Church of the whole nation. Little as average Mexicans regulate their conduct according to her law, their concepts of life and society have been derived from her and still remain hers. Catholic habits of thought and feeling, traditions, instincts, prejudices constitute, in every part of the land and in every stratum of society, an influence, spiritual and therefore elusive and impalpable, but exceedingly powerful, crossing, thwarting and diverting in a thousand ways the realisation of the new social programme. In its exasperation the Government strikes viciously at the source of this influence, the Church, her ministers, her champions, all her manifestations, works and institutions.

And so, the political leaders of Mexico since Juarez's time—to go no further back—have been hostile to the Catholic Church. Diaz was a Liberal of the then predominant French school, though setting social order above his anti-clerical prejudices. Madero conceived a fantastic scheme of a new socialistic world, in which, however, the Church—if it conformed to his notions—might still live in peace. Carranza's ideas are

sufficiently clear in the Queretaro Constitution, of which all the subsequent penal laws are but the dotting of the i's and the crossing of the t's. And so, too, not merely of all the men—with the exception of Huerta—who have been Presidents or Ministers of State, but of those too (except perhaps de la Huerta) who have unsuccessfully striven for power; and, of course, of the bandit-politicians, Villa, Zapata, Orozco, and the rest.

Besides this radical antagonism of ideas between the Mexican Government and the Church, there are other reasons for the persecution. One of them is a covetousness of the property, little as it is, which the Church has acquired during the past fifty years. The churches—the use of which had alone been left to the clergy—with their equipment and adornment, have been appropriated, some of them hired to Protestant sects; the schools, orphanages, refuges, hospitals, etc., have been turned into Government offices, barracks, museums, or sold to speculators, their price not always going into the public purse.[1]

There is a third motive, as important as any. We have already said something of the great influence of the United States over Mexican affairs. By its predominating financial power and its control of the Mexican frontiers, Washington can make or unmake any Mexican Government, and seriously interfere with any Mexican legislation. If this power is not always exercised it is because influences in the States are not always agreed on its exercise. Now, of late years there have been two gigantic groups of American capital at variance with each other in reference to Mexican policy. Washington stands against New York. The New York financiers, who possess 90 per cent. of the Mexican oil-fields, find it actually to their advantage that there should be a certain amount of turmoil south of the Rio Grande, that Government there should be rather weak, that the Indians should be

[1] Numerous instances of such scandalous misappropriations are to be found detailed in Mr. McCullagh's book.

kept in a depressed state of social development. Thus will wages be kept low and exploitations bring in a maximum of profit. Quite the opposite are the interests of American export capital. For them a social evolution of the people would be advantageous; a higher standard of life and higher wages of workers would mean greater exports and greater profits. It is the mutual opposition, the even balance, of these two groups which explains the weakness of the American attitude towards Mexico, her unwillingness to have recourse to forceful intervention—even when international law is violated by the confiscation of American property rights and by the murder and plunder of American citizens.

Now, a few years ago (1926) the balance was upset. By his March laws mentioned above Calles had given New York Oil the upper hand over Washington, and Coolidge was getting ready to send troops to Vera Cruz. Calles thereupon restored the balance, strengthened Washington counselling patience, against New York calling to arms, and thus averted the danger.

Here we have a powerful motive for the Catholic persecution, for it was precisely by means of his persecution that Calles was able to achieve this result.

Of course it took some time to bring about. He had started in March, 1925, by expelling all foreign priests and nuns; and followed this up in April by trying to establish a schismatic Church (with Perez, an unfrocked priest, as its head). Catholic opposition stiffening and the Liga having been formed, he grew fiercer, closing schools and churches from January, 1926, on. As this only brought forth more imposing manifestations of faith, he introduced his terrible law of June 14, which the Liga answered by the boycott of all taxable goods and the bishops by the Interdict (31 July). But, coincidently with all this, Mexican agents were busy in the States, appealing to all the anti-Catholic organisations, the Ku Klux Klan, the I. W. W. (with which the Mexican

Bolshevik organisation had already established communication), the more bigoted dissenting sects, pacifists, humanitarians, all the crank-religionists, so numerous in the States, who greedily swallowed the lies served out to them as to the Church's wealth and desire of domination. Perhaps even the efforts made by American Catholics in 1926, the interpellations of the deputies, Boylan, Gallivan, etc.; the agitations conducted by the N.C.W.C., and the Knights of Columbus; the letters and pastorals of the Episcopacy, had scarcely less effect in provoking bigots than in persuading reasonable folk or touching the hearts of the kindly. When in November Calles enacted another atrocious law, the Mexican Catholics' patience broke; thousands of them—without the approval, rather against the advice of the Bishops—took up arms under Fernandez and Escobar (December), and civil war was soon raging over the whole land. It was a mistake, though a noble one; it destroyed the last chance of an American intervention, which might have overturned Calles. That intervention, as we have said, was imminent; Oil had the upper hand; every day people expected to hear of warships at Vera Cruz. Finance had been striving to avert this by rousing up a storm of moral indignation over the Teapot Dome Scandal and various misdeeds of the Tampico oil magnates, but had not quite succeeded. All that was required to tilt the balance back against Oil was the bigots' paroxysm of horror at a rising headed by priests and monks. There was a sudden cessation of the indignant complaints of Calles's confiscations of American property, insults to American honour, and imperilling of American lives. The Washington cabinet could not now move. There could be no further question of armed pressure on Calles; this would mean armed protection of the Catholic Church. And so Coolidge exchanged his threats for blandishments, recalled his militant ambassador, Sheffield, and sent in his place Morrow (a member of the firm of Pierpont Morgan) to

propitiate Calles, Will Rogers, America's "funny man," to amuse him with jokes (translated !), and Lindbergh to do air-stunts for him—surely the most original peace embassy ever despatched by a great Power.

And so, Mexican Catholics' brave effort at self-help was doomed to failure. Arms were not allowed into them —the American Department of State "could not abet rebellion"; the embargo laid (November, 1926) on arms and aeroplanes for Calles was lifted—"in the interests of American trade," said the same Department of State.

Sad then is the position in Mexico of any Catholics worthy of the name. They can strike no blow for liberty of conscience—the United States will not permit it; if they protest constitutionally against their persecutors, they are made to appear as siding with their country's foes; all that is left them is to suffer, and—if need be—die for their Faith; and, even in so doing, they are—at least according to all human calculation—strengthening the enemies of that Faith.

Their persecution is not a new thing—it has been going on since 1911; only its intensity has increased. Whether this intensity will continue is beyond all conjecture. Much depends on the personality of Mexico's future rulers. Her present one, Calles, would seem to be firmly rooted in power; he is a strong man—though a Bolshevik in profession, he stands no nonsense from Red labour-agitators—and seems to be a skilful administrator in many ways; but he is an anti-religious fanatic and will hardly cease to be one. While he rules—and he yet rules through his creatures—there is little hope. Peace can only come through the prayer of Catholics over the world, and that prayer will be the more willing for the heroic constancy of the Mexican martyrs. For this much of good must be attributed to Calles, that he has aroused from torpor Catholic Faith and practice in Mexico.

L. McKenna.

TWO MONTHS IN SOVIET RUSSIA

BY VIOLET CONOLLY

ANYBODY trying to disentangle the truth about Russia or to obtain from the press a consistent idea of the realities of daily life under Soviet rule will soon become exasperated. Many rival interests are vitally concerned in the fortunes of that country, and they most diligently doctor the news that is presented to the public. In Russia, the press consists entirely of government organs; outside Russia, journals like *The Daily Herald*, *L'Humanité* or *Die Rote Fahne* chant the glories of the "Workers' and Peasants' Revolution" *ad nauseam*, while the information reported in the White Russian, conservative, or liberal papers must be very carefully verified.

The lack of sound information from the ordinary channels is further complicated by the abnormal difficulties of communication (visas, censorship of letters, etc.), which make the traveller to and from Russia a sort of *rara avis*, and by the arbitrary scepticism with which the Russian emigrés abroad regard every development in the new Russia. The result is that sweeping generalisations, based on ignorance or prejudice, easily gain wide credence: indeed the actual situation is too full of awkward contradictions and anomalies to serve any side. Our minds are still haunted, on the one hand, by the romantic background of old Russia, with its golden-domed churches, picturesque peasants, tziganes, etc.; and on the other, by the ghastly episodes of the Bolshevik Revolution and the oppression attending the era of pure Communism—which, of course, was discarded even before Lenin's death.

With such confused notions I went to Russia, wishing to see this legendary landscape, talk to people who were fast becoming mere abstractions in my mind, and learn

something about their lives. I had no particular mission, and have only the impressions of a casual visitor to recall.

The Soviet Government does not grant visas with any semblance of largesse. Long forms have to be filled in, and the traveller's ardour is damped in the first place by the curt announcement that at least two months are required to consider each application! When, however, my passport was duly stamped in Berlin for a modest charge of 11s. 6d. (I say modest, because the ordinary Russian citizen, seeking a visa for one journey abroad, is charged 300 roubles—approximately £33), I started out for the Soviet frontier. Travelling through the former Russian provinces of Latvia and Esthonia, I was tempted to linger in Reval. Though a delightful town, I should advise anybody going to Russia for the first time to avoid Reval. A centre of Russian emigration, lying very near the Soviet frontier, it is full of alarming stories about the latest Communist enormities. Most of the Russians who live there relate extraordinary tales of their own adventures in escaping, and regard it as tempting Providence to venture into Russia of one's own free will. The presence of a number of British officers instructing the Esthonian army in the newest branches of military science, also increased the significance of the boundary between the two countries. So many tales of the "Guepeou"[1] and of the "Checka"[2] were poured into my ears that I felt I must run away from Reval before I became as scared of the Bolsheviks as the people there.

I was lucky in having only one companion in the third class compartment on the journey to Leningrad, and slept quite comfortably on my wooden bunk with the help of the mattress and bedding which can always be hired on a Russian train. My fellow traveller, return-

[1] Word formed from the first letters of the Russian for "supreme political administration"—in plain English, "The Russian Secret Police."

[2] Special police system which preceded the Guepeou.

ing to visit her mother in Moscow after seven years absence, was terrified of the rencontre with the Soviet customs officials and fortified herself steadily through the night with cognac, cachets and large slices of ham.

Early next morning we woke up to find that we had arrived at the frontier, and that two Red officials were waiting to examine our luggage. Their long black Russian blouses (like Fascists) and faded khaki uniforms were rather an anti-climax, for I had always pictured the Red army garbed in brilliant crimson! Only the sickle and hammer encircled with wheat, the consecrated emblems of the State, were neatly engraved in red and gold on each collar.

The customs examination, though conducted with smiles and courtesy, was a very lengthy performance. My lady companion had to surrender several garments, and was then led away for a personal body search. I paid dearly for not devoting more time to perusing Soviet regulations for incoming travellers. The articles which may be brought in are strictly limited in number, and certain objects (*i.e.*, cameras) may not be brought in at all without a permit. Though I had only what might be considered a minimum outfit for a few months visit, I had evidently overstepped the allowance. My clock was taken (I was informed that only time-pieces worn on the person were permitted), my camera, two pairs of shoes, and all the Russian money in my purse (150 roubles).[1] Once in Russia I soon learned the reason for this annoying interference. Everybody there wants to buy foreign goods—Russian products being inadequate, expensive and inferior. Therefore any traveller with a large trunkful of even old and worn garments could do excellent business without the smallest difficulty. I was frequently addressed in the streets by people whom I did not know,

[1] A special receipt is given for all objects (including money) confiscated at the frontier, which may be recovered at the same place when leaving the country, or forwarded to any address abroad given by the owner.

and asked whether I wanted to sell my clothes. I know people who did so and obtained exorbitant prices for very simple garments.

With regard to the importation of Russian currency, the law is very severe and forbids it *in toto*. A recent Soviet decree has also declared that the rouble is not negotiable on the international exchange. This practically means that roubles must only be bought in Russia, in the State banks, and at the official rate of exchange (9.94 roubles to the pound sterling). On the other hand foreign money (in cheques, notes or coin) may be brought in to an unlimited extent, and I may remark, incidentally, that there is no difficulty in changing money; travellers' cheques are accepted in all the banks, and Lloyds Bank have agents all over the country. The temptation to smuggle in roubles is very strong, as they can be bought in Berlin or Warsaw for half what they cost in Russia.

Finally, a Soviet soldier, who obviously did not know a word of any European language, started a conscientious scrutiny of my letters and books, a most tantalising performance, though everything was handed back to me in the end. I then had time to make a hurried exit from the train to buy some money at the official exchange office in the station. With a pang I relinquished my good English pound notes, and for the first time found them at a disadvantage: 9.94 roubles for twenty English shillings! In view of the venerable prestige of the Bank of England and the very shallow credit of the Soviet Government, this is a nice bit of bluff which probably causes the Soviet financial authorities keen satisfaction.

After nearly three hours delay we left the little frontier station. The train resounded with an excited buzz of voices comparing notes about their various experiences with the customs authorities. Kettles of boiling water were energetically produced, and the eternal tea drinking began for the day. In this friendly, gossiping atmosphere all my fears vanished, and I passed into Russia with a

feeling of tranquillity and security which I never lost while I stayed there.

The train stopped at many quiet country stations on the way to Leningrad. Laughing groups of peasants, with armfuls of flowers and wearing brightly coloured handkerchiefs on their heads, greeted us everywhere. Struggling with bundles of all shapes and sizes (everything seems to be carried in a bundle in Russia, boxes and brown paper being so scarce), they clambered into the high train, all fuss and general excitement. The news soon spread that there was a foreigner from an unknown country, called Ireland, on the train. An unceasing flood of questions was directed at my head: "Why are you coming to Russia?" "Isn't this a poor country?" "There's surely nothing to see here?" "What do they think of us abroad?" Then with a smile: "They don't like the Communists there, do they?" "We can buy nothing, no boots or clothing here. Food is scarce and dear. It's not like that abroad, is it?"—and so the litany went on. Soon the bundles were opened, and from all sides I was offered black bread and cheese, black bread and sausage, apples and pears, and "pirojki"—*i.e.*, little buns containing a sort of salad of cold cabbage and hard-boiled eggs. With all this gossip and friendliness the time passed very quickly until we arrived at Leningrad.

Leningrad

From the first moment there was no mistaking the Communist challenge. The flaming red hoardings in the station inscribed with appeals to the proletariat, the triumphant statue of Lenin, the stern-looking portraits of his disciples on the walls, and the abundant Marxist literature on the book-stalls—all revealed the position. This is the enemy's camp. Are you Communist or Bourgeois? There can be no sitting on the fence now; you must choose your side and declare your allegiance.

Quite logically there were no first, second and third class buffets: just one large restaurant for the one recognised class. This "stolovaya" was characteristic of the ordinary eating houses throughout the country: dirty tablecloths, messy food, hundreds of flies, and a general atmosphere of disdain for bourgeois neatness or decoration. There were indeed a few belated flower-pots, covered with common brown or white paper, but they were used as receptacles for "papirosi" and rubbish.

It was the same in the bare, uncomfortable waiting-rooms crowded with shabby-looking people: Georgians, Tartars, Ukrainians, Siberians from all parts of the U.S.S.R. The discomfort, disorder and ugliness of this station and the entire absence of well-dressed people strike one very forcibly on coming into Russia for the first time. The fact is that, for the most part, the inhabitants of this proletariat land do not worry about attractive surroundings. The actual struggle for more vital necessities, the Russian's natural slovenliness, and the hardships to which he has been inured for generations, are sufficient explanation of his apathy towards many things which would disgust the poorest Anglo-Saxon.

Leningrad, once an imperial and elegant capital, is now sadly changed. The badly cobbled streets are full of holes, and evidently have not been repaired for years. Many little hucksters' stalls are dotted along the once imposing thoroughfares—tawdry, ugly blotches with their cheap wares. Rubbish is found carelessly strewn about everywhere. There seems to be no sense of order, no interest in the beauty which is being ruined by neglect. The large, dignified houses have a general air of dilapidation, with their curtainless and uncleaned windows, shabby doorways and filthy stairs. There is no fresh paint, no colour, no flowers. In the streets hats are seldom worn, and the simple garments of the people are merely clothing for the body and know no shape or fashion. The general effect is as incongruous and depressing in

this imposing city as if the population of slumland were suddenly installed in the halls of Versailles. The evolution of imperial Petrograd into proletarian Leningrad is complete.

Moscow

The first impression of Moscow is entirely different. There is great movement in the streets, and the people seem more buoyant and smart. There are government taxis (about 300), comfortable motor buses, and an absurdly insufficient number of tramcars, which race along with a clanging peal of bells instead of the thin little jingle which warns pedestrians out of the way in other cities. Many of the conductors are women, sturdy wenches with scarlet handkerchiefs on their heads, who manage the jostling crowds very capably. An interesting feature of the tram is the seat always reserved for the conductor, no matter how many passengers have to stand. In this detail, as in a hundred others of daily life, the finger of the Revolution is apparent.

No particular style of architecture predominates in Moscow. There is none of the unity of design, the careful planning, and little of the dignity which characterise Leningrad. Buildings of every kind have been erected higgledy-piggledy, and stucco and cement, brick and stone lie side by side in palaces and simple dwellings in the same street. Apart from the Kremlin, which holds many precious relics of old Moscow within its ancient green walls and lovely gold-crowned churches, the city as a whole is disappointing. There are many ordinary looking blocks of flats, pleasant parks with sand pits for the children, and the peculiar bright-yellow and white or red plaster houses so dear to the Moskovite. The sullen grey walls of the "Isvestia" and "Lenin Institute" buildings rise like ominous spectres above the softer lines of the old architecture. There is something dynamically utilitarian in their aspect; a grim severity of design which is symbolic of the new spirit of Communism.

Though the pulse of life beats quicker here than in the moribund streets of Leningrad, there are few outward signs of luxury or riches. There are no private motors, and the large cars in evidence belong to the different State departments or to the members of the Diplomatic Corps. At the present time there are no automobiles, either manufactured or for sale, in the country, and cars can only be imported with the direct authorisation (practically impossible to obtain) of the Soviet Government. It is hoped that this situation will soon improve, if the long discussed plan for building a Soviet motor factory materialises.

All the large residences, with the exception of the foreign legations and a handful of houses rented by foreign business men or journalists, have been either divided among as many families as they can hold or converted into some sort of institution. Thus, hospitals, homes for destitute children, clubs, libraries, crêches, etc., are established in the houses of the former wealthy classes. These institutions take the place of charitable organisations in other countries. They are either managed by the Department of Public Health, the local Soviets or the trade unions. Admittance is sometimes free, sometimes graduated according to salary, but preference is always given to the proletarian element and members of Communist organisations. Among such beneficent activities, lack of provision for the aged is very noticeable. This is probably deliberate policy in a country where everything is ruthlessly staked on the younger generation.

During my stay in Moscow, and later in Sebastopol, I lived in Russian families. Hotels are expensive, state-managed, and quite up-to-date; but they afford no opportunity of getting acquainted with the ordinary routine of Russian life. The "Bolshaya Moskofskaya" in Moscow is larger than any Paris hotel. Its sumptuously decorated salons and dining rooms are lighted by huge crystal chandeliers, and contain fine old furniture and china from the dismantled

palaces. Unfortunately, there is little taste shown in the arrangement of the place, and side by side with Louis XVI chairs and genuine *meubles de style* there are many common new things. The Colossus in uniform at the door is perhaps the supreme concession to the bourgeois clients.

The restaurant in this hotel is run on the same lines as any first-class establishment in London or Paris, with obsequious waiters (though they wear white coats), shining glass and snowy table-linen, and even chic evening dances at which reckless people can spend a fortune on champagne. There are a few other expensive restaurants of this class, and two or three second-rate night clubs patronised by foreigners, "nepmen," rich Jews, and an occasional high-placed government official. But one cannot enter such places without feeling the artificial atmosphere and the gulf which separates them from the ordinary tenor of Russian life.

I often ate at the "Tsékébou" Club and the Tolstoy Vegetarian Restaurant, which provide a good medium between the rather slovenly "Stolovaya" (generally frequented by the people) and the large hotel restaurants. The club-house formerly belonged to a wealthy old lady; a quiet, refined atmosphere still lingers in its beautiful rooms, now placed at the disposal of Russian professors and savants. This place, which has not yet been invaded by the proletariat, was like an oasis in the desert. There is an indefinable charm about the cultivated Russian of the old school—an unassuming kindliness, gracious manners, and a wide range of knowledge—which it is a thousand pities that the present system does not emulate.

Apart from the regular theatres—the excellence of which is admitted by everybody—there is a very general interest in dramatics. Nearly every factory has its own theatre, and the different Trade Union Clubs have dramatic groups which are doing very interesting work. I saw one of the shows organised with the simplest possible

elements by the workers at the Central Club in Moscow. There was a good deal of rather crude political propaganda and waving of the communist flag, but these amateur actors had all the assurance, vitality and resiliency of the *Chauve Souris* Company. Two or three hundred young people were collected in the hall, and their attention was rivetted on the stage from the moment the curtain rose. Not a whisper was to be heard among the audience, so noisy and jesting a few minutes before. Subsequently a short, simple address was given on personal cleanliness and the value of the cultural revolution, to which they listened with equal attention. I was informed by one of my neighbours that such efforts to spread the use of the toothbrush, etc., were quite usual on such occasions.

This club is typical of many throughout Russia. There is no attempt at outward attraction, but all sorts of valuable social and educational activities flourish within bleak-looking houses. In the one I visited there was a library, gymnasium, instrumental music group and brass band, classes in economics, sociology, etc. (undoubtedly with a violent communist bias), as well as a buffet with cheap, good food and hot drinks for the members. These clubs are entirely in the hands of the workers, and are one of the most successful developments of the new Russia.

Shopping

Though the Russian housewife may justly complain of her trials, shopping is full of exciting surprises for the traveller fresh from well-stocked establishments in bourgeois towns. Every good citizen is expected to buy at the government stores, but a little experience soon reveals that shopping in a government store is like looking for a needle in a bundle of straw. Half the goods they should sell are lacking, even though they may be occasionally displayed in the windows to camouflage the scanty supplies within. This is due, among minor causes, to the fact that, according to Lenin, the employees buying

goods and also selling them to the public should frequently be shifted from one section of the economic machine to the other. Friendly relations must, on no account, be established with the customer! Consequently, a man who has spent the summer buying potatoes or grain may find himself bewildered by the intricacies of a butcher's shop in the winter. The immediate results, of course, are bad buying and bad service.

Much is said of government co-operative schemes and state trade, but I have never seen so many small hucksters' stalls as line the streets of Moscow. Stall after stall piled high with large red tomatoes, blazing like fire in the sunlight, millions of cucumbers of every size and shape (nowhere in the world is there such a passion for cucumbers and tomatoes as in Russia), golden peaches flushed with crimson, plump purple-black grapes from Turkistan and the Caucasus, baskets of soft navy-blue plums, berries of ruddy hues for which we have no English names, and then, the most characteristic feature of the whole Russian summer, the huge striped "arbus" water-melons, with their chilly pink hearts gashed open for inspection.

Small private traders often set up business literally on the steps of the government stores. Though their prices are higher, the public like to be able to buy directly without waiting for a ticket in a crowded state shop.[1] They are also attracted by the certainty of a great deal of persuasive personal attention. Here there are no fixed prices; and the inhuman rigidity of the state store vanishes into thin air. Banter and bartering make the transactions all the more interesting, and the people seem to like it.

Ordinary commodities have a disconcerting knack of

[1] The price of each article must first be ascertained at the counter, and a corresponding ticket purchased at the cash desk. Then only, upon presentation of this ticket at the counter, can the goods finally be obtained. When many objects have to be bought and the shop is crowded, this is a most tedious procedure, which generally means queueing up at the cash desk.

becoming luxuries in Russia. Shoes and textile goods of very inferior quality cost about five times as much as in London, coffee approximately 22 roubles (44s.) a kilo, and chocolate is even more expensive. Many cereal compositions are substituted for coffee, but none of them tastes in the least like it. On the other hand, probably no country in Europe can show better quality fruit, more magnificent fish (ranging from gigantic sturgeon to tiny sprats), wild fowl and game, bread and cakes of all kinds —when the wheat supply is functioning normally. All this is offered for sale with a singular carelessness of that arrangement and window-dressing in which London and Paris specialise.

Communist discipline has not altered the Russian's passionate love of perfumes and cosmetics of all kinds. Everybody that can buys a lipstick and uses it lavishly. The Soviet trust "Teje" has been specially established to cope with this demand, and its products are rather attractively prepared (goods as a rule are done up in the plainest and commonest material). But just as in the old days, the pseudo-discerning elements of the community still scorn all such home-made wares, and will spend their last kopek on French "parfumerie." The Soviets, realising this fact, have not hesitated to disguise their own despised preparations in the familar wrappings of Houbigant, Roget et Gallet and Coty, exactly copied to the last detail—including even the stringent caution against fraudulent imitations! The genuine articles are also sold in small quantities at perfectly outrageous prices, or at very much lower prices by anybody in contact with the smugglers who, it is said, import these goods on a large scale into Siberia and to a lesser extent across the western frontier.

VIOLET CONOLLY.

(To be continued)

FRANCE THE MISSIONARY

BY STEPHEN J. BROWN, S.J.

A PASSING strange land, indeed, this land of France, eldest daughter of the Church and her most rebellious child, land of Jeanne d'Arc and Madame de Montespan, of the Curé of Ars and the Abbé Le Prévost, of St. Louis and Louis XV, of the Chevalier Bayard and M. Combes, of St. Francis de Sales and Calvin, of Louis Veuillot and Voltaire, of the Sister of Charity and the *pétroleuse*, of St. Vincent de Paul and Robespierre, of Napoleon and Louis Philippe, of D'Artagnan and Tartarin, of Zola and Pasteur, Marshal Foch and M. Caillaux.

It is a land of hallowed sanctuaries—Rheims and Chartres, Solesmes and the Grande Chartreuse, Notre Dames des Victoires and Montmartre, Paray-le-Monial and Lourdes and Lisieux, and yet the home of that most hateful of French inventions, *l'école laïque*. For one half of the world Paris means the Vaudeville and the revue, the café chantant and the cabaret, the demi-monde, the Quartier Latin, and the apache; for the other half it is Saint Sulpice and the *Missions Etrangères*, the Little Sisters of the Poor and the *Frères des Ecoles Chrétiennes*, or else the *Institut* and the Louvre, the *Bibliothèque Nationale* and the *Ecole des Chartes*. There *Drac* and the Red International, *La Croix* and *La Lanterne* flourish side by side.

This land of contrasts has produced a literature abounding in extremes as violent as those of its personalities. For a century it made scepticism the fashion of the civilised world, and the tradition of the eighteenth century has been handed on through a long line of free-thinking and anti-Christian writers from Voltaire to Renan and M. Loisy. From the days of the troubadours to certain leading novelists of our own days, to say nothing

of the nameless purveyors of pornography, there runs a strain of licentiousness that has infected the nations. Yet nowhere has the Faith been expounded and defended in loftier and more splendid accents than in this same France. Not only its great preachers, Bossuet and Bourdaloue, Lacordaire and Monsabré, Freppel, Touchet, d'Hulst, and its numberless spiritual writers from St. Francis de Sales and Fénelon to Père Poulain, Père Sertillanges, M. Saudreau, or Père Plus ; but its lay historians, philosophers, and journalists—de Maistre and Chateaubriand, Veuillot and Montalembert, Ozanam and Ollé-Laprune, de Mun and Goyau—have made not France alone, but the Christian world its debtors for ever. It would not, I believe, be untrue to say that never before in history has French literature been so profoundly sceptical, so grossly immoral, or so magnificently Catholic as it is to-day.

France has been a hot-bed of the heresies—Calvinism and Jansenism, Gallicanism and Modernism, and at the same time the birthplace of half the religious orders in the Church. This strange people that once enthroned a courtesan on the altar of Notre Dame has planted the cross in every quarter of the world. It has shed in torrents the blood of its best citizens ; time and again it has robbed, proscribed, and banished its priests and nuns, its best educators and most devoted social workers. Yet it has been for centuries the pioneer and the apostle of Christian faith and of Christian charity throughout the nations. For all her anti-clericalism and freemasonry, wherever her flag flies and her colonists are settled—in Canada and the West Indies, in Northern and Western Africa, in the Far East and the Near East, from end to end of Oceania—the name of France stands for Catholicism as unmistakably as that of England has hitherto stood for Protestantism.[1]

How that has come to be is the subject of the present

[1] And yet, while at times French governments have harried and worried their missionaries, English governments have on the whole been tolerant.

study, which is occasioned by the publication in book form of three series of lectures delivered at the *Institut Catholique* of Paris under the general title *L'Apostolat Missionnaire de la France.*[1] In dealing with the subject, I am not unmindful of the inestimable services rendered to Christianity by the early missionaries of Ireland and of Spain and Portugal or, in our own times, by the missionaries of other Catholic countries. Nor am I unaware of the considerable extent and success of the missions sent forth by various Christian communities other than the Catholic Church. If I do not speak of these, it is because I wish to eschew comparisons.

If we were to trace in very broad outline the missionary activity of France, we might perhaps distinguish certain periods—a first period of great expansion under Richelieu and then under Louis XIV in the seventeenth century ; a gradual decline in the eighteenth century under the disintegrating and corrosive influences that were at work in the home country (Jansenism, scepticism, corruption in high places), a period which culminated in the destruction of the Society of Jesus, and later in the cataclysm of the French Revolution, when the entire Church of France seemed to be destroyed ; in the second and third quarters of the nineteenth century a marvellous revival. Many new religious congregations, most of them missionary, came into existence, and France sent forth missionaries into every part of the world. But the very success of her apostolic effort made it impossible for France to man completely the missions she had created, and in the meantime other countries had thrown themselves into the movement. France was no longer what she had been for a hundred years and more, the only missionary nation.

But just at the opening of the new century, by a strange irony of divine Providence, the most crushing

[1] The first (1924) and second (1926) series are published by Téqui, the third (1927) by Bloud & Gay. The price of each is seven francs.

blow dealt at the Church in France since the Revolution gave a new impulse to her missionary apostolate. Not only were certain of the missionary bodies expressly exempted from the proscription of the *lois laïques*, but the members of other bodies hitherto engaged in teaching or in the ministry were forced to abandon their work and many went into exile for Christ in distant foreign missions. Finally, the Great War struck at the French foreign missions a grievous blow from which they are but slowly recovering. French priests abroad were recalled to the colours; the seminarists of the foreign missions were drafted into the armies; many priests and seminarists fell on the battlefields; for years no help in men or money could be sent forth from stricken France; and in the years that followed the war all the efforts of the French Church were needed to heal her own gaping wounds. These facts must not be forgotten when we consider the French missions of to-day.

I have spoken of France as an apostle of Christian charity and of Christian faith throughout the world. Apostle of charity she may well claim to be by the lay apostolate of the St. Vincent de Paul Society and by her religious—Sisters of Charity and Little Sisters of the Poor, her *Bon Secours* and *Bon Pasteur*. But that aspect of French apostleship does not concern us now. I have called France not only an apostle but a pioneer of Christian faith in modern times. Is the term quite justified? Another backward glance into the past may provide a partial answer.

Pioneer France certainly was in North America. Though Canada was first reached by the Cabots in 1497, it was the Frenchman Jacques Cartier, in 1534, who first began its exploration. With the explorer went the missionary. For nearly a hundred years the history of Canada is a history of French colonisation hand in hand with French evangelisation. The two fine works of Father T. J. Campbell, S.J., entitled *Pioneer Priests*

of North America and *Pioneer Laymen of North America* deal with none but Frenchmen[1]—explorers like Marquette and Joliet, the former a Jesuit priest, La Vérandrie and La Salle, Radisson and Groseiller; great administrators such as Champlain, Frontenac, and Montcalm; great ecclesiastics such as Mgr. de Laval Montmorency; but above all, missionaries and martyrs—Récollets, Sulpicians, Ursulines, Jesuits—Jogues, Lallement, de Brébœuf, and so many more. The story of the Canadian missionaries and martyrs is one of the most terrible, albeit the most glorious, in the annals of the missions.

Another glorious epoch opened in 1841 when the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, followed a few months later by the Jesuits, arrived in Canada. The latter founded colleges in the Canadian cities, but also took charge of the remnants of their former Indian missions along the shores of the Great Lakes. The Oblates struck out for the far North-West, thus beginning an astonishing career of missionary self-sacrifice and enterprise recently related in a fascinating work, *Aux Glaces Polaires*.[2] From the Red River to the shores of the Polar sea, and from Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains, they organised the Church, founded most of the parishes, created all the dioceses and vicariates apostolic, and provided almost all their bishops. It was French Jesuits who in later years began the evangelisation of an even colder and more desolate region, Alaska. Finally, the Eudists work in the difficult and scattered mission of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Of Latin America little need be said. It was evangelised in the main by Spaniards and Portuguese. Yet it is surprising to note how many French establishments of charity and of education are to be found in almost every part of it. There are even French missions

[1] There is one exception among the pioneer laymen—Dr. John McLoughlin, the founder of Oregon. He was of Irish ancestry.

[2] A translation of Père Duchaussois' work has been published by Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne under title *Mid Snow and Ice* (1923, 10s. 6d.).

(Lazarists, Redemptorists[1] and Montfort Fathers) in Chili, Ecuador, Brazil, Colombia, and Peru. The shreds that remain of the once great possessions of France in the two Americas—Saint Pierre and Miquelon, the French West Indies, and Cayenne—are almost entirely Catholic.

Let us pass now to the Far East. France had, of course, no share in the first preaching of Christianity in Japan and in China. But already in the seventeenth century there were many French missionaries in the latter country,[2] and at the present day, as we shall see, French missions there are greatly superior to all others in extent and importance. But in a sense France has been a pioneer in Japan. When in 1858 Japan was at last opened to the entry of Europeans, the Faith, so it seemed, had been extinct for two centuries. The handful of surviving Christians was not discovered till 1865. When, therefore, the priests of the Paris Foreign Missions took up their work there, Japan was to all intents virgin soil; they were pioneers of Christianity. In recent years missionaries from other countries have come to reinforce them, but they still retain the dioceses of Tokio and Hakodate, Nagasaki and Osaka, with a population of some forty millions. Since 1888 the French congregation of Marianists has done excellent work for education in Japan.[3] From 1901 to 1924 4,000 pupils passed through their college, *L'Etoile du Matin*, many becoming Catholics.

In China the two largest missions are that of the French (and Irish) Lazarists in Chih-li, with a Catholic population of 450,000,[4] and that of the French Jesuits in Shanghai with 280,000 Catholics. But the missions of the Paris Foreign Mission Society taken together cover a still greater extent of territory, as they include Manchuria,

[1] *Apostolat Missionnaire*, Third Series, Fourth Lecture, *L'Apostolat des Pères Rédemptoristes chez les Indiens des Andes tropicales.*

[2] The first mission entrusted entirely to French missionaries was that begun at Pekin in 1688.

[3] A full account of this is given in the book under review, Second Series, eighth lecture, p. 211.

[4] The Lazarists (Vincentians) have five other Vicariates.

Tibet, and ten other Vicariates. Yet nearly all the Catholic nations have missions in China.

The pioneer missionary of Indo-China was the great French Jesuit de Rhodes, who landed in Tonkin in 1627. Subsequently the mission passed into the hands of the Paris Foreign Mission Society. At present it is divided between that congregation and Spanish Dominicans from the Philippine Islands. Few missions in the Church have suffered fiercer or more bloody persecutions; but, as always, the result has been an abundant harvest of souls. In Tonkin five Vicariates have over 100,000 Christians each: in Central Tonkin Catholics are already in the proportion of one in eight of the population.

In British India the French missions are less conspicuous than in the Far East.[1] Yet even here several of the most important Vicariates are manned by French missionaries. Of their once great mission of Madura the Jesuits still retain Trichinopoly, where there is a Catholic population, largely descendants of St. Francis Xavier's converts, of 280,000. Their great college in Trichinopoly has over two thousand pupils. The Paris Foreign Missions have three Vicariates to the north-east of Trichinopoly,[2] with 350,000 Catholics. In Ceylon the Oblates have created one of the model missions of the Church—260,000 Catholics, with social and educational institutions of all kinds. France has sent out half the European priests at present in India, and more than half the nuns.

Our tour of the globe brings us next to Africa, and here we find the missionaries of France playing a noteworthy part indeed in the Christianisation of that Continent. Roughly speaking, Madagascar to the south of the Equator and all Africa to the north of it is evangelised by France.[3] The three great apostles of Africa in modern

[1] *Apostolat Missionnaire*, First Series, Fourth Conference.

[2] Largely evangelised by French Jesuits in the eighteenth century.

[3] The fine missions of the Irish Fathers of the Holy Ghost in Southern Nigeria and of the Irish Fathers of the African Missions in Western Nigeria, Benin and Liberia, constitute the principal exceptions. Another exception is the great mission of the Fathers of Mill Hill in Uganda.

times are the Ven. Libermann, founder of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost, Mgr. de Marion-Brésillac, founder of the Society of African Missions (Lyons), and Cardinal Lavigerie, founder of the White Fathers.

The story of the second of these is a pathetic one. On December 8, 1856, the Congregation was founded. Two years later the founder himself, his Vicar-General, and four missionaries, full of youthful courage and hope, sailed for Sierra Leone. They reached Freetown on the 11th of May. On the 2nd of June one of the missionaries died. Then in quick succession three others. The Bishop and founder himself succumbed on the 25th, and on the following day the Vicar-General followed him to the grave. The mission was extinct. But the survivors in Europe did not lose heart. To-day the Society of African Missions has 260 missionaries scattered through ten huge dioceses in West Africa, and is established in an eleventh diocese comprising the Delta of the Nile. It has now many Irish as well as French members, the Society having no less than five establishments in Ireland, which was constituted an autonomous Province some fifteen years ago.

To the Fathers of the Holy Ghost have been confided in Africa four dioceses, thirteen Vicariates Apostolic, seven Prefectures, and several autonomous missions. Of these Ireland has a noteworthy share—a Dr. Murphy, with Dr. Leen as Coadjutor, rules in Mauritius, a Dr. Gogarty in Kilimandjaro, Dr. Neville in Zanzibar, and Dr. Shanahan in Nigeria. But the rest are French. Few missions have cost such a holocaust of young lives.

The history of the Madagascar mission[1] is a story of prolonged failure, suffering, and persecution, ending in triumph. The English Protestant missions were the first to secure a firm footing in the country and to win powerful influence at court. They used the latter to thwart every effort of the Catholic missionaries and to have them driven from the country. The first serious attempt at the

[1] *Apostolat Missionnaire*, Second Series, fourth lecture.

foundation of a mission was made by St. Vincent de Paul and his Lazarists in 1648 and the succeeding years; but, after much sacrifice of men and money, all efforts ended in failure: no missionary could reach the interior of the country. It was not till 1830 that a fresh attempt was made. The Abbé de Solages entered the country and tried to reach the capital, but died of starvation on the way. In 1845 the Jesuits were called upon, and missionaries were sent out. But it was not till 1855 that the first Catholic priest, disguised as a merchant, reached Antananarivo. The terrible Queen Ranavalona, who had slaughtered 200,000 of her subjects, died in 1861, and the next ruler was favourable to France: the mission could at last begin. We cannot follow here the vicissitudes of the mission. It will be enough at the moment to say that there are now 400,000 Catholics out of a population of less than 4,000,000. The predominant race, the Hovas, are a people of exceptional intelligence, and make Catholics of the very best quality.

Another remarkable French mission in Eastern Africa is that of the French Capuchins and Lazarists in Abyssinia. The country was first opened to the entry of the missionaries by two French explorers, both zealous Catholics, Antoine and Arnaud d'Abbadie. Pope Gregory XVI consecrated Mgr. Massaia, a Capuchin of Piedmontese origin but of French sympathies, and sent him to Abyssinia. The story of his adventures and sufferings, afterwards related at the request of Leo XIII and published in twelve volumes, reads like a romance. His work and that of his successors has borne good fruit.

The third of those whom I have ventured to call the Apostles of Africa is Mgr. Lavigerie.[1] This great man, for great he was by the strength of his character, the loftiness of his ideals, the wide, and farseeing scope of his aims, and the greatness of his actual achievements, was the first in modern times to set before himself as a definite

[1] *Apostolat Missionnaire*, first series, third lecture.

object of endeavour the conversion of Africa, both Mussulman and pagan. Created Archbishop of Algiers in 1867, he won, after a long struggle with the well-meaning but wrong-headed governor, Marshal MacMahon, the freedom of the Church in Northern Africa. He proceeded to found a series of admirable works of zeal and charity. Then, with a view to carrying out his apostolic schemes along the new lines which he had thought out, he founded a new religious congregation.

The White Fathers, as they were called, were not simply a diocesan society. The very year after the foundation Mgr. Lavigerie obtained from Rome the powers of Apostolic Delegate for the missions of the Sahara and the Sudan! His territory measured about three thousand by two and a half thousand miles, mostly unexplored and inhabited by fierce and fanatical nomads. Within four years of the foundation, missions had already been founded on the borders of the great desert, and in 1875 three of his missionaries set out on their camels across the unknown for Timbuctoo. Months passed. Then word came that certain ostrich-hunters of the desert had found, thirty days' journey to the south, the three headless bodies of the missionaries. The Black Touareg had passed that way. For the most of men it was a tragedy. But in Algiers, at the *Maison Carrée*, mother house of the White Fathers, the *Te Deum* was sung in thanksgiving as for the death of martyrs. A few years later, in 1882, another *Te Deum* was sung when three more missionaries were massacred by the Touareg in the heart of the desert.

But even the boundless Sahara did not afford a field of action vast enough for the apostolic ambition of the great Cardinal. Three years after the first glorious tragedy of the Sahara we find a band setting out for the great lakes of equatorial Africa—so many for Victoria and Albert Nyanza, so many for Tanganyika. The journey took just one year, two months, and twenty-five days.

And such a journey! Three of the missionaries reached their destination only to meet their death amidst the savage Wabikari. The survivors founded the admirable Mission of Uganda, where to-day there are close on 300,000 Catholics.[1] And there are many thousands besides in their other Vicariates—Bangueolo, Tanganyika, Nyassa, Unianyembe, Ruanda, and Urundi. Meantime in Algeria itself Cardinal Lavigerie was proving by palpable facts that the Mussulman can be converted to Christianity.[2]

We must now turn from Africa to cast a rapid glance at the Near East. French influence there is not a matter of yesterday. It dates back to Charlemagne, who made pious and charitable foundations in Jerusalem, and protected Christian pilgrims. For a time, in the days of the Crusades, Palestine was a French kingdom. In the sixteenth century various treaties between France and the Porte acknowledged the former as the official protector of all Christians in the Turkish dominions. The Holy See has many times approved and confirmed this charge. The protectorate and also the activity of French Catholic missionaries reached their highest point under Louis XIV. France has never renounced her protectorate, though the changes brought about by the Great War have profoundly modified its scope and efficacy. But the prestige and moral influence of France in the Near East does not wholly depend on her services and rights as a protecting power. She owes them rather to the work of her missionaries and above all of her schools. These latter, before the War, were to be found in every part of the Turkish Empire, and everywhere French was the second language of the educated classes. French Franciscans, Jesuits, Assumptionists, Dominicans had flourishing mission colleges. French religious orders of women were

[1] In 1894 a portion of the Mission was confided to St. Joseph's Missionary Society, Mill Hill. This portion contains some 50,000 Catholics.

[2] *Apostolat Missionnaire*, first series, p. 89.

raising the status of their sex throughout the East. Even to-day the *Frères des Ecoles chrétiennes* alone teach in Egypt 8,667 pupils, in Syria 2,984, in Turkey 1,708, in Palestine, 1,522.[1] The Jesuit University of Beyrouth has supplied these countries with doctors, engineers, teachers, as well as with priests.

More exclusively than anywhere else the French missionaries have been pioneers of the Catholic faith in Oceania.[2] The story of the Marist missions there is one of the most glorious pages in missionary annals. It was in 1835 that the Holy See offered to the Society of Mary the mission of Central and Western Oceania, where the Faith had never yet been preached. The Society had only just been founded, but at once accepted this difficult and dangerous enterprise, and as a reward for its devotedness received canonical approval from Gregory XVI. At the end of that same year four priests and three Brothers set sail from Le Havre for the South Seas. One of the priests died on the voyage, which lasted nearly a year. On November 1st, 1837, Père Bataillon and a Brother disembarked at Wallis Island, a week later Père Chanel and a second Brother were left at Futuna, while on the 10th of January, 1838, Mgr. Pompallier and the remaining Brother reached New Zealand. Père Chanel, after a lonely and almost fruitless struggle of three years, became in 1841 the first martyr of Oceania. His sacrifice was not in vain. By 1844 the entire population of Futuna was Catholic, and has remained faithful ever since. The stay of Père Bataillon at Wallis was but the beginning of a wonderful missionary career of forty years. Before he left Wallis the entire island was converted, and to-day its population of 4,500 is fervently Catholic.

The story of the Marist missions in the other islands is one of hardship, suffering, and persecution followed by

[1] *Aposiolat Missionnaire*, second series, p. 175.

[2] Owing largely to the circumstances in which these islands were discovered and colonised, the Protestant missionaries were, in many places, first in the field.

success. In Tonga there are to-day 3,000 Catholics, in Samoa 8,000 (a quarter of the population), in the Fiji Islands 11,000, with colleges, a press, and even native nuns. In 1842 Mgr. Douarre arrived among the ferocious savages of New Caledonia. Again and again the missionaries were driven out, their houses were burned, one of the Brothers was slain. In 1851 they came to stay for good. To-day there are 11,600 Catholic natives along with some 30,000 white Catholics, largely the descendants of convicts. Even more difficult was the evangelisation of the Solomon Islands. In 1845 Mgr. Epalle was murdered as he was landing on San Cristoval; his successor died the next year; Père Crey died of fever a few months after arrival; Pères Jacquet and Paget were killed and eaten by the natives. The mission had to be given to the Foreign Missions of Milan, but after two years of trial and suffering they, too, had to abandon the attempt. It was not till 1897 that the Marists could return. Meantime the islands had been divided between England and Germany: Protestantism was in the ascendant. But the Marists persevered, and to-day there are 13,000 Catholics. Finally, there is the flourishing but very recent Marist mission of the New Hebrides. It is an inspiring story.

In this survey I have omitted mention of not a few flourishing missions conducted by French priests and nuns. Nor can I do more than name other French missionary societies, such as that known as the Fathers of Picpus, the Sacred Heart Fathers of Issoudun, the Savoyard Missionaries of St. Francis de Sales,[1] the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary (nuns), the Sisters of St. Paul of Chartres, the White Sisters, the Daughters of St. Francis de Sales,[2] the Dames de Saint Maur,[3] the Marist Brothers, and many more, including all the older orders.

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[1] *Apostolat Missionnaire*, Third series, Lecture the Eighth.

[2] This congregation has fifteen missions in India. See *Apostolat Missionnaire*, Second Series, Second Lecture, Le relèvement de la femme aux Indes.

[3] They are working for the higher education of women in Japan. See *op. cit.*, Third Series, Sixth Lecture.

There is another respect in which we may fairly say that France has been a pioneer. The three main organisations for the support of the Missions, now officially recognised as pontifical, have had their origin in France. The Association for the Propagation of the Faith, now spread throughout the world, was started by a poor seamstress of Lyons. The Work of St. Peter Apostle for the training of a native clergy was begun in 1889 by two Frenchwomen of Normandy. And, of course, the *Sainte Enfance* is also French in origin. Time was when France supplied not only two-thirds of the missionary personnel, but also by far the greater part of missionary resources.

In dwelling at such length on the pioneer missionary efforts of France it has not been possible to touch on every aspect of French missionary activity. Its educational aspects in particular would call for more extended notice than space permits. For the most part French missionaries have aimed at the conversion of the masses, often beginning with the poorest and most despised. As a result they have somewhat neglected higher education, and have not always succeeded in forming an *élite*. Nevertheless, they have done much even in the educational sphere. Witness the Jesuit Universities of Beyrouth in Syria and of *L'Aurore* in Shanghai, the new Lazarist University in Pekin, and the new Jesuit University in Madras. Witness also the teaching orders that have thrown themselves generously into educational work in foreign countries, and notably in the pagan missions. A few months ago, when Brother Allais-Charles, Superior-General of the *Frères des Ecoles Chrétiennes*, made a tour of the Brothers' establishments in America, he was everywhere received with honour by the people, and even by the civil authorities. He established in Canada the fifty-ninth district of the Congregation. The latter now directs 834 schools, with 210,843 pupils. He was officially welcomed by the Presidents of Cuba, Panama, Nicaragua, Colombia, Ecuador, and Venezuela.

The present writer has studied, and with the deepest admiration, the missionary work of other countries. He is aware that Belgium and Holland are making in proportion to their population an even greater missionary effort than France. He is not unmindful of the generosity of American Catholics, of the scientifically excellent equipment and organisation of German missions, of the growing missionary enthusiasm in Spain and Poland. Nobody who has studied them will refuse his homage to the work of such admirable missionary bodies as the English Society of St. Joseph, Mill Hill, the American Maryknoll mission, the Society of the Divine Word, German in origin, the Belgian missionaries of Scheut, and the Italian Salesians, to say nothing of the older Orders. No disparagement of other missionaries and missions is implied in what is said concerning those of France. Nor is the object of the present survey expressly apologetic, for there has been no space to deal with charges that have been made against the spirit and the methods of the missionaries of France.[1] Nevertheless, it is hoped that it may serve in some small measure to counteract a growing tendency to disparage and to decry them. May it stand also as a personal tribute of affection and admiration from one who for some years lived in intimate daily intercourse with French missionaries and missionaries-to-be.

STEPHEN J. BROWN.

[1] The question of the formation of a native clergy is dealt with in these lectures, not only in such lectures as the first in series three (La question des clergés indigènes), but *en passant* frequently throughout the series. The charge of excessive nationalism is strongly rebutted by several of the lecturers.

BEAUTY SHOPS

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

ON nearly every block in any of the busier parts of New York, the visitor will find what is called a beauty shop or beauty parlor—or, if it is a particularly "swell" neighbourhood, a *salon de beauté*. Other cities throughout the world present the same spectacle. Most of these establishments depend on their regular customers; but some of them are engaged in attracting new clients by promises of the most alluring kind. The regular clientele comes in to have its hair clipped regularly. When women took up the fashion of "bobbing" their hair a few years ago, it was said that now they would have ever so much less trouble with "that crown of woman's glory," the hair. As a matter of fact they very soon found that bobbed hair had to be clipped or trimmed regularly—a no small item of expense for working girls.

Most of the beauty shops are ready to guarantee that, while you may go into them looking old and faded, with the wrinkles showing here and there and sagging tissues revealing your age, you will be turned out almost a raving beauty. There are definite systematic courses given in beautification, so that the young women who are the assistants in these *salons de beauté* may know how to bring out all the latent beauty and supply for any defects of nature. Madame with a series of chins, for instance, which make her look so amusingly absurd, can just have these gathered in and lifted up—so it is advertised at least. Wrinkles and other signs of advancing years will be made to disappear as if by magic. As one of the international "ads" says—for the advertising appears in Europe and America simultaneously—"the skilful lifting and moulding of the contour with the tonic

and astringent preparations will tighten your skin and the underlying tissue." Now note that this advertisement does not definitely state that you will get rid of wrinkles, sagging tissues, etc., but it leaves you to conclude that such will surely happen. Of course, if you draw conclusions wider than the premises—well, that is your fault. Occasionally the beauty shops hint that they will keep your skin smooth and firm, free from lines and wrinkles, but they do not quite promise to remove them. They keep a very good advertising writer constantly employed, and he does the rest. The old-fashioned proprietary medicine men were very acute in their way, and they succeeded in attracting a great many buyers for their preparations; but even at their best they had nothing like the alluring style of these "ad" writers for the beauty shops and beauty parlors. It is, therefore, no wonder that the women of our day are hypnotised into spending any amount of money in order to secure the promised beautification.

Beautifiers in all forms are used. There are powders and pastes and liquids and enamels and rouges in various tints; unguents that feed the skin and astringents that contract it and do away with wrinkles; then there are all sorts of coloured powders and pastes—orange-tinted for brunettes and lemon-tinted—"just a nuance"—for blondes. A whole series of them are to be used during the day. The devotee at this new shrine begins with a cleansing cream in the early morning; after that has been removed, she puts on a base of emollient powder as the foundation for further application; she then applies some rouge—delicately, of course—over her cheek bones, and finally uses lipstick, fashioning the contour of her lips so that it will surely seem that she has a lovely small mouth. If she goes out in the afternoon, this must be repeated. Before retiring to bed she reverses the process, in order to get them all off for the night. Otherwise there will be such an accumulation of unguents and consequent clogging of

the pores that various skin lesions will soon emphasize the necessity for natural conditions.

One of the most important features of the beauty shop campaign in our time is the reduction of fat. It is now fashionable to be slim and as far as possible, especially if one is young, to have a "boyish figure." Physicians have pointed out that a great many young women, tempted by this slogan of the boyish figure, have been reducing their diet to such a degree that they have seriously impaired their health. For instance, it has been pointed out that while there is a very great reduction in the death rate from tuberculosis in the United States over what it was a generation ago, that reduction does not affect the young women nearly so much as the young men. The reason for this unenviable distinction is that the young women are not eating enough to maintain their resistive vitality, and so the disease gains a foothold more readily in their tissues.

Certain preparations are advertised as fat-reducing cures. Some of these have been analyzed by the American Medical Association, and have been declared to be distinctly harmful in their action. Most of them, however, are quite harmless, consisting of perfectly innocuous materials which have no effect in the least, and which are manifestly sold with the idea of making money and not at all of doing anything else. Many of them are sold under a guarantee that they will bring about reduction in weight or else the price will be refunded; but it is very easy to understand that no young woman, and above all no older woman, is going to demand her money back in any formal way. She should have to go into the witness box and declare that she had used so many bottles of the remedy (and usually, as a safeguard, the number of bottles necessary to bring about reduction is not stated in the advertisement), and all the world would laugh at her fatness and her unavailing efforts to get it off. The "satisfaction or money back" guarantee is merely a gesture meant to capture gullible people.

As already stated, some of the reduction or anti-fat cures can be positively harmful to those who take them in any quantity. A few years ago one of the ingredients of these cures was potassium iodide, and that, of course, is a powerful drug which may seriously interfere with metabolism. In one case in my own experience a young woman not long out from Ireland, who took an anti-fat cure containing this substance, lost weight rather rapidly, and then developed acute tuberculosis. She died in the course of less than a year from phthisis florida, that is what is ordinarily known as "galloping" consumption. Two doctors who saw her were very much inclined to think that this fatal condition had been brought on, or at least greatly influenced, by her reduction cure.

The Germans have a proverb, that we are all a little tuberculous. Careful investigation, especially in the Russian Army before the Great War, seemed to demonstrate beyond all doubt that men who died any time up to the age of thirty from some affection other than tuberculosis proved to have somewhere in their bodies a healed or more or less walled-in lesion of tuberculosis, but with some tubercle bacilli alive and active in it. Physicians are much inclined to think that infection with tuberculosis occurs in the very early years and that practically everybody gets over it. During the years, however, when the rapid development of the body takes place, between twelve and eighteen or perhaps a little later, some serious calls are made on the body tissues, and it is rather easy for healed lesions of tuberculosis which have been surrounded by a capsule of connective tissue to break down and allow living tubercle bacilli to escape into hitherto healthy tissues.

This is doubtless what happens in some of these young people who insist on maintaining their boyish or slim figures; they have no good resistance against disease if it should invade organic tissues. The danger is no mere bugaboo meant to scare young folks into maintaining

their weight; it is a very real peril to which they subject themselves. The demonstration of that is the death rate, which is not so much reduced for young women as it should be under the favourable conditions which exist at the present time.

In more recent years a favourite ingredient of reduction cures has been thyroid substance, that is, material derived from the thyroid gland. This exists in the neck of animals as well as of men, and rather readily produces an effect favourable or unfavourable upon basal metabolism, that is, the interchange of substances in the system from their absorption from the digestive tract into the blood stream to their transfer to the tissues. Almost needless to say, any substance which has so serious an effect as this must only be taken under the watchful eye of a physician, and even he must be a man accustomed to noting the changes that take place under the influence of so potent a material. To take it merely because of fashion's decree or because it is the fad of the moment to be as thin as possible, is to run very serious risks.

Not infrequently, in order to make devotees of beauty shops and beautification parlors have confidence in the directions of the beauty specialists, announcement is made that the head of the establishment is a doctor's daughter or a doctor's widow or has served for a time as a doctor's secretary, and that therefore they have as it were absorbed all of the physician's knowledge with regard to these intricate and sometimes rather serious problems. Almost needless to say, knowledge cannot be obtained by absorption because of physical proximity. It requires years of very definite medical training to set a man on the road to where he may know something about the problems that come up under such circumstances. If he is really sensible about the matter, at the end of the first five or six years of practising medicine, he has just begun to learn how little he knows in spite of all his devotion to the subject. It is easy to understand then

that the implication that a doctor's widow or daughter or secretary should absorb this knowledge by contiguity is more than a little amusing.

Some years ago, before beauty shops became so common as they are to-day, there was a demand on the part of fashion that curves should characterize the female form. As a result, a number of preparations were advertised which were guaranteed to develop the female bust. Some of these preparations were widely advertised. Occasionally pictures of before and after using went with the "ads," the lady being presented in a gown that permitted ample exhibition of the effectiveness of the remedy. When analysis of these preparations was made, it was found that they consisted of the simplest ingredients. In one case there was nothing more than a little sugar and water, coloured and flavoured with a bitter substance. In another case, advertised by the same stock company but under another name, the preparation consisted of a little salt in the water with some colouring and flavouring. The concerns made a great deal of money, because many people were willing to pay for a remedy that promised the fulfilment of their hopes.

Of course the principal part of the work of the beauty specialist is devoted to the face. Unfortunately wrinkles tell the story of the advance of years, and there are various saggings of the tissues here and there which reveal still further the inevitable marks of time's passage. These must be overcome; so various systems of massage have been invented with the idea of developing muscles and thus overcoming the tendency to wrinkles and to sagging. Undoubtedly well directed massage can so stimulate the muscles of the face that they will have a tendency to tonic contraction and therefore will prevent to some extent the wrinkling of the skin above them as well as the sagging of dependent tissues. But that practice will have to be kept up at regular brief intervals, and after a time the tissues refuse to be stimulated in this artificial

way. Then the last state of that woman is ever so much worse than it was before.

One of the widely advertised ways to prevent sagging features consists of certain bandages and lifting apparatuses to be worn during the night, with the assurance that the affected tissues will be ever so much better during the day as a consequence of this holding of the tissues in position. As a matter of fact, exactly the opposite effect is produced, and the sagging becomes emphasized as a consequence of the support afforded to the tissues. Muscles that are artificially helped to do their duty cease to have tone.

Various applications for the face are suggested. A few years ago there was a specially advertised form of mud that was supposed to be put over the face at night and removed in the morning, and it was guaranteed to give an absolutely new and fresh complexion. Various substances have been advertised for the same purpose, and some of them have been sold in the beauty shops, though as a rule they prefer to have people come back for repeated massages and for the milder applications that they themselves use. Some of these are preparations containing a certain amount of glycerine; others, besides the indifferent base of Fuller's earth or some form of clay, contain nothing more than a little lemon juice or some dilute acetic acid, that is vinegar. It is surprising what prices will be paid for very commonplace preparations, provided only they are well advertised and promise to bring to women some addition to their beauty. The main element in these preparations is printer's ink. That is what sells them; the suggestion of the advertisement makes people feel that there must be something of value in them, and so they always give them a good trial of three or four jars before giving them up. Preparations of this kind are nearly always sold under the caption "satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded."

Occasionally surgical means to improve the facial

appearance are suggested by some of the more adventurous and ambitious beauty shops and beauty specialists. Face lifting without a guarantee is promised by removing certain portions of the skin and bringing the parts together at points where the slight scars will not show or at least will not be conspicuous. A few years ago there was quite a fad for filling out hollows by the introduction of paraffin beneath the skin. This was introduced in the melted state and then allowed to harden in such a form as would fill up the hollow. There was only one trouble about this : after it was in place for a while it had a tendency to adjust itself to the cavity in which it found itself, and under the influence of gravity its viscosity caused it to shift and gather in rather conspicuous lumps. These had to be removed by a subsequent operation, which was usually done by a regular surgeon.

Of course these cosmetic surgical operations, even though of very minor character, carry with them always a certain danger of infection, with consequent pus formation and resultant contraction or at least conspicuous scarring. A few of these cases, in the form of damage suits, have found their way before the public in recent years ; but it is easy to understand that very few people, especially women, are willing to submit themselves to the ordeal of appearing in court and putting themselves on exhibition in order to demonstrate that they have suffered severely in their actual appearance as the result of the negligence or lack of skill of the beauty specialist. Physicians and surgeons who have been called in to repair as far as possible the damage that has been done know of a great many more cases of this kind than the public is at all aware of. As a rule people are so ashamed of themselves and of the disfigurement caused by their over anxiety to be beautified, that they prefer to stand whatever damage has been done to them without more ado.

The extent to which this damage may go was well illustrated by a case, two years ago, in which a woman

died as a result of beautification surgery. Since the skirts have become so short, legs have become a very prominent feature of female anatomy. Quite needless to say, feminine legs are not all models of beauty. Some of them are worse than others. One good lady had rather conspicuously bowed legs instead of the natural tendency to "knock knee," which belongs to the generality of women. She actually went to the extent of having her legs broken to secure their straightening. During the operation infection occurred and she lost both her legs, and I believe afterwards died from the shock of the amputation. The operator proved to be a man who had quite a reputation for beautification practices of various kinds.

The manufacture and sale of toilet preparations of all kinds has grown until now it is one of the most important sidelines in all our drug stores or, as you call them, chemists' shops, while all department stores devote a great deal of space and invest considerable money in their cosmetic departments. The cosmetic urge is upon us. But probably the most interesting thing about this whole matter is that it is just a fashion that will pass. The cosmetic urge has come and gone before, and a time will come again, probably in a few years, when ladies at least will not consider it quite the right thing to rouge and lipstick themselves and will leave such practices to women of dubious character. In the meantime there is the unending source of wonder as to why the mandate of fashion must be obeyed with just as much fidelity as if it were a law of the Medes and Persians. The question demands an answer: who dictates the fashion, and why are women so helpless before dictation that is often arbitrary and fantastic? Mankind is very amusing in a great many ways, but in none more than in the tendency it has to follow the crowd. Men and women are supposed to be amenable to reason, and a great many think that they can be reasoned with. That is not true. Whenever fashion commands, reason goes by the board.

The way of the beauty shop is unhygienic to the last degree. Many a young woman has had her health hurt by it. Above all the skin, which is not a mere outer covering for the body but a complex organ for regulating body heat and with sweat and sebaceous glands that must be kept open because their function is precious for health, is seriously hurt by all this messing with it. The last state of the woman, in spite of beautification promises, is worse than before.

This is not meant as a warning, but merely chronicles what is happening around us at the present time. Medical warnings have always had a minimum effect whenever fashion's dictates were in opposition. For years physicians insisted that the corset, especially when it emphasized the waist line very strikingly, represented a serious danger to health. They pointed out that women as a consequence suffered ever so much more frequently from gallstones than men, and that there were a number of important functions that were sadly interfered with by the constriction at the waist line. That made no difference. But at one time it was suggested that the constriction of the liver region produced a definite tendency to a red nose, and this had ever so much more of a reforming effect than any other of the evils pointed out as incidental to corset-wearing. The corset continued to be well pulled in until it became unfashionable, and this same thing will be true with regard to the rouges and powders, the lotions and lipsticks that are in such common use at the present time. We may hasten the advent of this change in fashion by showing the futility and the dangers of these preparations; but a definite and radical change will only come when fashion itself decrees it.

James J. Walsh.

SOME IRISH BARDIC POEMS

EDITED BY LAMBERT MCKENNA, S.J., M.A.

VIII

A REQUEST FOR PARDON

For more particulars about the Conchobhar (son of Tadhg) Mac Diarmuda of Magh Luirg here addressed, *cf. Irish Monthly*, October, 1920, p. 539. As verse 20 shows, the poem was written before 1595, the date of his inauguration. His wife was Mairghréag, daughter of Domhnall Ó Conchobhair Sligigh, and is referred to in v. 22.

Eocaid Ó hEogusa cct.

1. Neimhcliontach meise a mhic Taidg
sligin Chliort fad gnúis geal-aiged
fún t'an-foladh cia nach cluin
Dia dar n-anogal oruibh.

2. A-déardaoir daoine sinne
sé brogtar fior t'inntinne
gomadh doibhidheach dhom sibh
a ghlioch oruisneach Uisnigh

3. Fáth oirbhirt net foilt gcar
ní háil se Dia go ndeasnar
far guais liomsa t'fheargh d'adhaint
ionnsa an chealg i gcontabhairt.

4. Acht a-mháin nach mór an gus
sé mbeadhgann an fuil uabhrach
beag an dhíol imdeargtha ó fhior
inbeanta dhom a ndligthior.

5. Dá ndeargainn do dhreich n-gair-te
d'foiléim focuil mheraigte
cár beag duibh aithméala inn
tuig go n-aithréagha m'inntinn.

6. Do loigeadh m'aithne oruibh
an chéad-uair a Conchobuir
a ghuaidh chaoch-nár mar chithe
saoth-ghlár uaim nior b'airigthe.

7. Dá mbeiṫ fóṙ ṫ'aiṫne aguinn
niọṙ ġeall mé a óiġ abṙaḋ-ḋuinn
ġan buain ġo ṙa-ḋána ṙiḃ
a baṙánḋa ṙluaiġ Sliġiġ.

8. Ġnáṫ aguinne an ṫ-aoṙ ḋána
beiṫ ainḋliġṫeaċ anḋána
aṙ ṙluaġ Múiṙ meaḋ-alṫṙuim mḃṙeaġ
iṙ eanaċluinn ḋúinn ṙa ḋeiṙeaḋ.

9. Dá leaṅṫaoi aṙ n-éaġcóiṙ oṙuinn
ṙeaḋ Ḃanḃa an ḃṙuaiġ eala-ṁuill
teaṙc naċ biaḋ ġo ḋiomḋaċ ḋíom
ṙiaṁ ṫṙé ionnlaċ na n-aiṙḋ-ṙioġ.

10. Móṙ nġniomaċṫ a nġṙuaḋ ġeṙiṫṙeaċ
ṫuġ oillaṁ ġo haiṅḋliġṫeaċ
ṙeaḋ ṙṙóil-Ḃanḃa na ṙíon mboġ
ḋo ṁóṙ-ḋaṁna ṙíoġ ṙomoḋ.

11. Mac liaġ naċ móṙ ḋoḋ ċealġaḋ
minic ṫṙáṫ ṫuġ imḋeaṙġaḋ
ḋo Ḃṙian ġo n-a ṁóṙ-ċlainn ṁiṙ
na lóċṙainn ó iaṫ Ṙeimin.

12. Minic ḃóṙ ḋo ḃean Caḃḋaiḋ
cṙeiḋṫe ḋoḋ ċéiḃ óṙ-ḃaċlaiġ
luiṙne 1 nġṙuaḋaiḃ ṙian Ulaḋ
ṙiaṁ ḋ'uaṁain na healaḋan.

13. A ṁic Taiḋġ naċ tuigeann ṙiḃ
aṙ mbeiṫ ṙiaṁ ó ṙé an ċéiḋ-ṙiṙ
cuiṙe ṙeanġ ḋo uaiṙliġ ionn
teann aṙ uaiṙliḃ na hÉiṁionn.

14. Ġo háiṁḋe ṫ'ḟuil-ṙe ṙéin
teaṙc aoin-ṙear ḋo ḟáṙ ḋíḃ-ṙéin
laoiċ ón Ḋóinn ḃailḃ-ṙiġin ṁiṙ
naċ ḋóiġ ainḋliġiḋ ḋ'éiġṙiḃ

2 x 2

15. Mar rin ar reacanta duid
mire mar céile comruig
ná lean díom i n-a ndeaghaidh
gid eadh bíom fad bheitheamhnach.

16. Cómhuidhe dúinn a dheargh mhall
gan dul ó chéile i gcumann
ní fuil lí m'imdheargtha ort
ní ní ar inleanta a n-éadhomhtha.

17. Níor cáinead a chruit geal-tairr
clú t'oinigh ná t'oirdheirceirr
cár beag fó uaim-re d'umhla
nó nó uairle t'athardha.

18. A dhuine ne Dia na ndúl
níor cáinead an cúl barr-úr
ná an aghaidh mar chaoin gceardcha
ná an mhalaidh gcaoil gcoinnealltha.

19. Ná an rúil gcuirr chailgeadh maighdin
ná an glún nach feac d'eargcairdibh
ná an chaobh fo-ghráidh fhir-gheal fhinn
mar fhirneadh ghláir fuinnrin.

20. Aithnim adhbar do chrodha
fiom a mheic Mheic Diarmoda
ní fuil fí act ag feilg mholta
ná bí net feirg n-adhbhacta.

21. Dáilfead duit dubh díol cudhuidh
fgoth mo cheirde a Conchubuir
mar dhíol im anacain ort
a ghníodh clad-acaidh Connocht.

22. Buain t'feirge dot aghaidh duinn
biaidh uaim-re ar ingin Domhnuill
'r í aineoghar ar t'feirg me
gan cheilg laidheorar linne. H.

23. Déanta duit-se a ndéanaḋ sin
níor gnáṫ se haoḋ Mág Uiḋir
beiṫ i bfeirg dá ríriḃ rom
míliḋ gan ceilg 'n-a cumonn.

Neimḋiontaḋ.

Translation

1. I am innocent, O son of Tadhg—may the sign of Christ be on thy fair noble face! God protect me from thee, for who has not heard of thy heart angry against me?

2. Folk who know thy mind would be inclined to tell me thou art wroth with me, O griffin, guardian of Uisneach.

3. 'Tis not God's wish that I should have caused thy curly hair any annoyance whence I should have to fear thy anger; too terrible is the threatening dart.

4. Except that the insult which rouses proud blood is often slight—a hero needs but small cause of offence—(I would say that) full amends should be exacted from me.

5. Even if I reddened thy bright warm face by a wild-worded attack, remember that my heart will repent; will not repentance satisfy thee?

6. From the beginning, O Conchobhar, O cheek o'erspread with fiery blush, my friendship had weight with thee; a foolish word should not have been noticed.

7. I did not promise that, if I were to keep thy friendship, I would never be bold with thee, O dark-browed youth, warrant of Sligeach's host.

8. It is the way with us poets to be unruly and froward towards the host of the Breagha's mead-producing Fort; this is an honour-price given us.

9. If thou hadst to punish my offence, there would be in all Banbha, whose borders are haunted by majestic swans, scarce a prince who would not be wroth with me for insulting them.

10. Many a scorching of their flaming cheeks has a poet lawlessly inflicted on princes ere now in every part of smooth soft-winded Banbha.

11. Many a time did Mac Liag scorch Brian and his valiant sons, the torches of Feimhean's Land—is not that enough for (justifying) the attack on thee?

12. Often, too—know this, O gold-curling hair—did Cobhthaidh bring a flame to the cheeks of Ulaidh's heroes by the terror of his art.

13. O son of Tadhg, dost thou not see that we all from the beginning were bold towards Eire's nobles, the graceful band which ennobled us?

14. And thy own stock too—scarce was there a man of them, the heroes of the majestic swift deep-sounding Bóinn, but poets ventured to affront.

15. Therefore must thou take care not to treat me as a foe ; pursue me not for what I have done ; yet, let me be subject to thy judgment.

16. 'Twere juster for both of us, O majestic eye, not to part company ; the mark of my scorching is not on thee ; my words are not a thing to be punished.

17. I found no fault, O fair gentle form, with thy name for generosity and glory, nor with thy ancestry's splendour either ; will not this homage satisfy thee ?

18. Thanks be to the Creator, I found no fault with thy soft-massed hair, or thy face bright as smithy's fire, or thy delicate shining cheek.

19. Or thy round eye that charms a maiden, or thy knee that bends to no foe, or thy lovely white-sided graceful body like to a board of ash-tree.

20. O son of Mac Diarmuda, I acknowledge the cause of thy quarrel with me ; it is meant to entice from me more praise ; keep not up thy mock anger.

21. I will bestow on thee, O Conchobhar, the choice of my art ; 'twill be fair payment in amends of my wrong to thee, O griffin of well-furrowed Connachta.

22. I will ask Domhnall's daughter to smooth away the anger from thy dark face ; she will save me from thy wrath and will earnestly plead for me.

23. Aodh Mág Uidhir was never wont to be seriously wroth with me ; thou shouldst act as he, a hero whose love knew not how to sting.

Notes

MSS. R. I. A. 23, L 17, f. 77 (L) ; 3 C 13, p. 943 (C).

1*a* meise L. *b* sioduin L. *c* tanfoluid L ; cctuin C. *d* anoduil L, anocal C. 2*d* foruineac, C. 3*a* cas LC. *d* c. a cc. LC. 4 *b* mbíodgann C ; fuil not in L. *c* a no. L, an o. C. 5*c* aicmíle C. *d* naicréige C. 6*a* loigead L. *c* -náir C. *d* -gláir C ; fairigte C, áirigte L. 7*b* adracduinn C. *d* daránta C. 8*c* m. biodaltruim br. C. *d* as e. LC ; ionaclann dúin C. 9-13 not in L. 9*b* ealmuill C. 16*b* c. a ccu. CL. *c* lí b'imd. C. *d* a ndudart C. 17*a* cr. gealcais L. *b* nó no L, nó nó C. The second no (from *dano*) is lengthened for verse purposes. *Cf.* té for te in *Irish Monthly*, 1919, Oct. p. 564, v. 7*c* 18*b* nár c. C. 19*d* uinnsinn C. 21*c* manacal C. *d* cl LC ; -acad C. 22 not in C. *a* nduinn L.

CHRONICLE

The Catechist in Pagan Missions

BY T. CORCORAN, S.J., D.LITT.
Professor of Education, University College, Dublin.

THE experiences of a very efficient motor car will for many readers be the main attraction in Father T. Gavan Duffy's account of his journey overland from Mombasa on the East Coast of Africa to Lagos and Dakar on the Atlantic seaboard.[1] There are five hundred pages and more in this well-produced volume of missionary travel. Documents are, necessarily, inserted from time to time; but a vivid and highly personal style—direct, informal, even unceremonious at times—lights up, and lightens too, every chapter and every section. These qualities are well-known already, from the author's previous books, *The Price of Dawning Day* and *Yonder*. The application of the dramatic methods of modern journalism to the narrative of travel is no new thing. But it is a new thing to find the major problems of modern missionary effort discussed in this same style, and interlaced with adventure in the wilds of Africa. This is Fr. Gavan Duffy's excellent way for breaking up the tradition that "nobody reads books about the Missions, except the Missioners." His raid on the world of readers seems likely to be a complete success.

While all the major problems of the Missioner in action are constantly if dispersedly touched on in this narrative, the observant reader will soon see that it centres round one problem alone. There is no hint of that one problem in the Preface. Such is the way of the Preface. It cannot be said that it is the way of the Table of Contents, which has just one item, outside place names, of significance and content. But it is emphatically the way of the Index, since there is no index. The exploratory reader, in company with the writer of these lines, had better make his own. He will find that it soon develops an exorbitant growth around the idea of the Catechist. With the one significant phrase from the Contents—it concerns schools—superadded to the Catechist, we have the pith of the missionary problem as viewed by Fr. Gavan Duffy.

[1] *Let's Go.* By T. Gavan Duffy, Missioner Apostolic of Pondicherry, India, Author of *Yonder, Hope, The Price of Dawning Day.* London: Sheed and Ward. 1928. Pp. 511. 10s. 6d.

The pith of that problem is tendered to us many times over, as the author meets the problem in East, in Central, and in West Africa. Witness the view of Bishop Broderick, from the County of Kerry, worker in West Africa. "The more I travel through our Mission Field, and the more I know of the African Continent, the more I am convinced of the vital importance of Catechists, of more Catechists, and of still more Catechists. I go so far as to say that they are more *immediately* important than a native clergy. But their proper training and maintenance entails an enormous outlay." That this vital work has been faced, under every form of difficulty, is evidenced by such a worker as Bishop Shanahan, a son of Tipperary, a veteran in Nigeria. "For twenty years the school has been the chief instrument of evangelisation in this Vicariate. The Catechists have proved themselves to be the most zealous and competent co-operators. There is no home organisation to come to the assistance of the Catechist, although he occupies a position of such exceptional importance in the spread of the Kingdom of Christ." The Vicariate of Bishop Shanahan has the exemplary provision of over 1,400 schools; and the school means the native Catechist, with his wife and family, as its permanent basis and essence. It is for the multiplication of these agents at once of education and of missionary progress that Fr. Gavan Duffy has entered on what he terms "our Catechist campaign." He cites indirect, but cogent and independent testimony, as to the reliance placed by the Irish Missioners in Africa (p. 36) on "books and schools."

The case for such a constructive policy is most powerfully presented thoughout the whole of this exceptionally fine work of travel and exploration. The policy, as will be obvious to every student of education, is social and racial as well as religious and paedentic. These interlaced issues may be glimpsed in one of Fr. Gavan Duffy's concluding paragraphs (pp. 506-507):—

> Every Missioner knows that all his work must rest on a solid foundation of lay co-operation; that there must be in every village a Catechist and family to exemplify the Christian life, to explain our standpoint when it is discussed, to react discreetly against traditionalism, and in favour of those changes which the Christianisation of a people will necessarily bring; and that grace alone, not Europeanisation, fits him for so delicate a task.
>
> But the Catechist who is *truly one of his tribe*, and who has at the same time a vigorous spiritual life, will know by instinct what the Missioner so painfully learns about the people, and will proceed more deftly in spreading the Kingdom of God. He will use the deep family feeling of his people, their particular devotion to their mothers, their elaborate politeness, instead of trampling on all these things, as we too often do, He will seek blood-brotherhood with the Chief, and will make it a matter of clan-loyalty for the Chief, though still a fetishist, to back his efforts.

He will advise the Chief, while cleverly deferring to his intangible authority; he will make himself looked up to and sought out as the representative of Progress, as well as of Religion. He will be far better able than the Missioner to see how his people suffer from contamination at European contacts, and how they may be saved from it.

The production of this type of man, and his maintenance in the field, is the chief problem of the Missions.

Consideration of these concluding sentences will prove at once that the issue here presented is not only one that is deeply religious in its character. It is also very much concerned with education; it is a very human problem; very social; it touches life at all points. The summary cited above may well be placed in close connection with a few sentences from the author's opening pages (pp. 13-14):—

The negro race is (as a whole) more ready than any other pagan body (as a whole) to put aside the things of a child and to grow up in Christ . . . . The people are more approachable. They are not trussed in the swaddling-clothes of caste or the strait-waistcoat of an exclusivist religion. They are affable by nature. It must not be supposed that they were ever savages . . . . They were not arrogant or self-sufficient or closed to argument, and they would therefore go half-way to meet the word of God. The social discipline of Africa is an enormous asset to Missioners . . . . I was specially requested to ask the Missioners in Africa whether they felt that there was any prospect of building up *a Christian people* (as contrasted with the scattered dust of Christian individuals) among the negroes. Yes, they do. If only they can get the building done before the touch of white commercialism weakens *the fine fibre* of these primitive societies, there is nothing to prevent as good a structure of Christianity rising under their hands to-day as ever was developed by the Missions of the Early Church among the barbarians of Europe.

The exemplification of these positions will be sought out, with fruitful results, by any reader of moderate earnestness, in the very frank and attractive scenes of travel and enquiry that throng these five hundred pages. From Father Gilmore's school at Uru (p. 29) he will proceed to the Latin Seminary of the Vicariate of Kilima Njaro, organised by Bishop Gogarty (p. 41), noting also the Training School of Bishop Wilson, another Irish Missionary Chief. Father MacNamara will conduct him to see the exceptionally fine Catholic Central Training School at Kabaa in Kenya (pp. 70-71), and the Normal Schools of Yala and Eregi, institutions that have absorbed the best organising skill of Central Europe. The Salesian and the Jesuit Policies of the Belgian Congo can be studied in close connection with the state policy of Belgium there, and compared with the Congo Synodal decrees of 1913 (pp. 194-260), especially concerning Catechists. The figures of Catechists, and of Catholic population generally, for the Cameroons (p. 283) are very instructive. It

is on the West Coast of Africa that we find education policies, civil and religious, presenting every problem that can arise for Catholic education in France or Germany, Scotland or the United States, not to mention Ireland. There are Irish Missioners, Bishops such as Bishops O'Gorman, Heerey, Neville, and many Irish priests with them, concerned with these pressing problems of educational liberty, resources, organisation, as in the Nigerian region, to mention but one. Nor will it be the least attraction of this book, for readers conversant with university studies in Ireland, that many names, both episcopal and sacerdotal, names of workers on the African educational front, are names of our own National University graduates. They are well represented, too, among the nuns of that more Eastern Continent which is the scene of Fr. Gavan Duffy's missionary labours.

Indeed it would seem to be a special gift of God to the new missionary movements, now rapidly developing all over Ireland, that they are so fortunately separated from all suspicion that they have a cultural and racial civilisation, be it even international or European rather than national, to impose, or to propagate, or even to present and recommend. They are prepared, instead of any such alien and intrusive culture, to work on the lines laid down by one veteran worker in West African Mission lands, a French Missioner, be it noted. Fr. Gavan Duffy sums up this sane and sagacious policy in telling words (pp. 465-6) :—

> He has set out to make his people proud of their native country, of its music, its art, its folklore, its proverbs, its social order—everything, in a word, excepting its religion. To this end, he has first learned, himself, to be proud of his people. Do that, he says, and you will be far more of a native priest than any aboriginal segregated away in a seminary, far from all contact with his race. Every budding talent in native arts and crafts soon gravitated towards such a thinker.

The same policy, only more so, is the one that appeals to the observer and inquirer from Missionary India :—

> It does not matter at all whether a people be civilised or primitive or degenerate. The only thing that counts is whether or not they have a part in that order of life which Christ bought with His blood, and which makes humanity, regardless of its material progress, apt for the beatific vision of God in Heaven. Whether we are civilised or not is an entirely secondary matter.

In this connection, it is well to say that both the policies here indicated may be observed in Catholic action within Africa. Europeanising and Anglicisation can be studied (pages 69-72) and compared with "the very opposite system" (pp. 58-64). Of the second plan, Fr. Gavan Duffy says : "It was like seeing a dream fulfilled. Long life to it, and may it keep its splendid freshness as it grows."

State policies in the education of African peoples there are not a few. Either in a passing way or more formally and with full documentary evidence, Fr. Gavan Duffy brings all these schemes and controversies into full view. Thus (p. 310-11) he meets with the cultured French Civil Administrator who holds that "Mohammedanism is the one religion for the Africans: it spiritualises them, ennobles them: and he will not have any Christian Missioners in his territory if he can help it. How does he get that way? Perhaps by a natural reaction from much Calvinism in his youth." English mentality he found at work in full measure within Baganda (p. 450): "Dictation was taken from *Oliver Twist*, that delightful tale of African Life, full of suggestions for Baganda youngsters. I begged a copy of the Intermediate History and Geography Syllabus. The first book of reference it recommends is H. G. Wells's *Outline of History*."

It will excite no surprise to hear that in several British areas in Africa the Civil Administration has entered on educational policies as belated, in relation even to European systems, as they are aggressively interfering. Thus in Sierra Leone (1927) they are propounding—to cite one out of many such agnostic plans—an undenominational Training College for the training of Native Teachers. Sessional Paper No. 8 of that Government, for that year, is cited in ample measure by Fr. Gavan Duffy:—

> To admit day pupils might create a precedent hard to break away from. At the same time there may be some objection on part of the Roman Catholic authorities to their people residing as boarders. After mature consideration I feel that no concession should be made to any such objection. If it is made to one, others may demand it, and the scheme be frustrated. Roman Catholics should be prepared to take their place alongside those of any denomination.

We all know that official mind and official style of expression. The glorious benefits and merits of "mixed education" once again, and in new surroundings! Was it not right to say, as was said above, that the issue of Stranmillis—it is not a Catholic issue alone—is also the issue of Sierra Leone, as it is the issue in France and in Germany, 1927 and 1928? But it is in safe hands out in Africa. Bishop O'Gorman, Bishop Shanahan, Bishop Charles Heerey are there. So, too, with wise foresight, is a special Delegate, sent *ad hoc*, in these last months, from the see of Peter.

With which dominant note and thought, indeed, this brief series of allusions to great issues may well conclude.

T. Corcoran.

REVIEWS

Apologetics

DE VERA RELIGIONE QUAESTIONES SELECTAE. Auctore Wenceslao Pohl. Freiburg: Herder. 1928. Pp. 338. M. 9.

INSTITUTIONES THEOLOGIAE FUNDAMENTALIS. Auctore Aemil. Dorsch, S.J. Vol. II—*De Ecclesia Christi.* Vol. III—*De Inspiratione S. Scripturae.* Innsbruck: Rauch. 1927-1928. M. 15 (vol. II), M. 8 (vol. III).

THE VIRGIN BIRTH. By Martin J. Scott, S.J. New York: Kenedy. 1925. Pp. 300. $2 net.

THE VIRGIN BIRTH. By Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P. New York: The Paulist Press. 1924. Pp. 62.

ADVENTURES IN CATHOLICISM. By Richard Ellison. London: Burns Oates and Washbourne. 1926. Pp. 286. 6s.

THE FOUR MYSTERIES OF FAITH. By Mgr. Kolbe. London: Longmans. 1926. Pp. 204. 6s. net.

RELIGIOUS ASSENT. By Dom Mark Pontifex of Downside Abbey. London: Constable. 1927. Pp. 214. 5s. net.

We have here a small library of apologetical works, which show that this branch of theology is receiving the attention due to it in an age when controversy turns on the fundamental questions of belief rather than on the interpretation of accepted dogma. They are very varied in size, manner and matter; no two really overlap; and all will be found useful to some class of student or reader. Dr. Pohl is one of those who think that the basic philosophical questions, which are presupposed in theology, need to be treated again at the commencement of the theological course. Sticklers for the water-tight-compartment method may quarrel with him; experienced professors will not. Rather they will be really grateful to him for the help here afforded to them in all those introductory questions of metaphysics, theodicy, criteriology and natural religion which prepare the way for Christian apologetics strictly so-called. There is a wealth of information in these pages, clearly and methodically put. There is also a very searching and lucid exposition of the false philosophical theories which lie at the very root of attacks on the faith.

Fr. Dorsch continues his course on Fundamental Theology. Curiously enough, Vol. III was published a year before Vol. II, but that hardly matters. The author aims at completeness, not at anything sensational in argument or design. He builds on his predecessors, but seeks to bring the treatment up to date, and gives us a very ample documentation, which, especially in the treatise on the Church, will be welcome. The very fulness of matter may militate against their popularity as class manuals. But no professor and no theological library should be without them.

Fr. Scott makes the Virgin Birth a starting point for a discussion ranging over nearly the whole field of Apologetics. The style is popular, and the work seems more intended for educated lay readers than for specialists. Preachers and lecturers may find it useful in preparing their efforts in the pulpit or on the platform. Fr. Conway, on the contrary, keeps very strictly to the problem of the Virgin Birth, and gives us an admirable résumé of the question, examining carefully all the data of the Scriptures and meeting the objections urged. His slender little volume contains a good deal and is well suited for class work.

Adventures in Catholicism is well named. It is adventurous. Some statements are not merely daring; they are theologically wrong. For example: "It appears to be a dangerous thing to say that the fundamentals of religion can be proved to the satisfaction of any competent and candid mind" (p. 25). "Separation from God (by sin) involves, also, a real and actual separation from the visible Church of Christ" (p. 71). "Mortal sin differs from venial sin in that it is premeditated" (p. 77). The last is at least inadequate and misleading. Other similar instances could be cited. The author was attracted to the Church by the—to him—surprising discovery that there is quite a large latitude of opinion within the fold and plenty of freedom of thought. He exercises that freedom to the full. But he seems sincerely zealous for the faith, and is anxious to interpret the Church as he found it to others seeking her from without, as also to show those within how much more they could do to make the light of truth shine in the darkness. Such slips as he makes are hardly more than might be expected under the circumstances. They do not prevent the book from being arresting and, on the whole, capable of assisting "the proselyte of the Gate," to whom it is particularly addressed.

Mgr. Kolbe has the advantage of a preface by Cardinal Gasquet, and is able to cite a testimony of Fr. de la Taille. I see no better way of doing justice to his work than by quoting some of their words. The former says: "From the title of the book it is not easy to guess the contents. The Four Mysteries of the Faith are the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Church, the Holy Eucharist. But under these headings are treated, and well treated, practically the whole range of Catholic teaching in regard to the Soul, the Sacraments and the Church." Fr. de la Taille writes: "This is an interesting and even fascinating book. There is a freshness about it which makes old truths look quite new, and of the daily bread broken to Christian people in the Catechism makes a feast for the cultured mind." I should hesitate, under

any circumstances, to differ from the verdict of two such masters in Israel. But I was never tempted in the reading of it to do so. The volume, despite its modest proportions, covers a lot of ground, and is " interesting and even fascinating " right through. There is real originality of thought without any dangerous novelty of doctrine. It would be an excellent book to put into the hands of an inquirer—all the more so because quite unpolemical.

I noticed one slip. On p. 19 Mgr. Kolbe tells us that the enemies of the Church " strain every nerve to bring the Gospels late into the second or third century." They certainly take the most wanton liberties with the dates and authorship of the Gospels ; but not even David Strauss (nor any other to my knowledge) ever attempted to project the Gospels into the *third* century. Irenaeus's five books *Against Heresies* were written before the end of the second century and are simply decisive against all such attempts.

Dom Mark Pontifex has given us in his *Religious Assent* what appears, to me at least, the most distinctly valuable book of the whole series. He deals with one isolated question, that of the credibility of faith from the apologetical standpoint. It is a question at once important and difficult. It called for special treatment, and it receives that here in a style which is clear, not too technical, yet strict and scientific. There are a few points on which personally I find it hard to agree with him. But it would take long to discuss these points, and they hardly affect the value of the book, which lies in its courageous facing of the problem, especially in the light of modern mentality, and in its power of stimulating one's personal thought. I have no hesitation in saying that the author has advanced the controversy a good deal, and has thus rendered a signal service on a thorny subject.

P. J. Gannon.

Archaeology

THE NILE AND EGYPTIAN CIVILISATION. By A. Moret. London : Kegan Paul. 1927. 25s.

THE CIVILISATION OF GREECE IN THE BRONZE AGE. By H. R. Hall, M.A., D.Litt., F.B.A. London : Methuen. 1928. 30s.

Here are two books which illustrate as well as any two that could be chosen the present state of our knowledge in all that concerns the origin and development of early Mediterranean civilisation. Both have been written by competent scholars—men who have themselves made definite contributions to that knowledge ; and

both are excellently illustrated. Of the two Dr. Hall's volume is the more satisfactory from this point of view. It is seldom indeed that illustration comes so near to perfect achievement as it does in this handsome volume. There are in all 370 illustrations, printed along with the text on fine art paper. Quite apart from the value of Dr. Hall's commentary, this volume is (as its publishers describe it) "a very complete album of Minoan art and culture from the late Neolithic to the early Iron Age."

M. Moret has already contributed part at least of an earlier volume to the Series *A History of Civilisation*. Those who have read that earlier volume *From Tribe to Empire* will perhaps be somewhat taken aback by the technical character of its successor. In *From Tribe to Empire* M. Moret gave a very readable account of the main outlines of early Babylonian and Egyptian history. In both countries we can now, with the help of written records, trace history back at least as far as 3000 B.C.; and what we know of civilisation at this early epoch is sufficient to make it abundantly clear that even then it has a long and complicated history behind it.

In Egypt the Old Kingdom is the result of a long, though very obscure, political and social development. And it is here that M. Moret leaves for a time the path of plain exposition, and wanders far afield in an effort to explain his own personal views as to the development of early pre-dynastic Egypt. Only a competent Egyptologist could attempt a criticism of this—undoubtedly the most important—part of his book. Taking early Egyptian religion as we find it in the Pyramid Texts and in the later literature, and arguing from the connection of certain cults with definite geographical areas in Egyptian life, M. Moret attempts to unravel the complicated skein of Egyptian myth and legendary history; he is even prepared to attempt a rational criticism of those pre-dynastic "dynasties" of gods and demigods who, according to the Turin Papyrus, ruled for 23,200 + 13,420 years. How far his conclusions have historical value in detail may well be doubted; but it will be seen that M. Moret is attempting substantially the same task as Dr. Boylan attempted in his researches into the origin of the part played by Thoth in the legend of Osiris. Both scholars would see in this composite myth an accretion of legends, each associated with a local cult, from which it may be possible to argue back to a process of expansion by which certain of the more powerful nomes and cities gradually absorbed their neighbours. Incidentally it is pleasant to find

that Dr. Boylan's work is regularly quoted by M. Moret as the standard work on the cult of the god Thoth.

In the second and third parts of his work M. Moret passes from pre-history to history, and gives us a very illuminating account of the society which built the Pyramids and created a school of portrait sculpture unrivalled in the ancient world. His chapters on the Rule of the Just Laws, the Priests and Mercenaries, Religion, Art, Science and Literature are full of valuable material. Here, of course, there is less room for new theories, or even for the presentation of new facts. Our knowledge of ancient Egyptian life has become astonishingly full, and we can understand now, better even than when Napoleon first threw Egypt open to European scholars, the fascination that this immemorial civilisation must have exercised on Greeks like Pythagoras, Herodotus, Plato and Plutarch. Egypt was for them what Greece and Rome are to us—the Ancient World from which their own had sprung.

How true this saying is is best shown by Dr. Hall's volume, with its constant insistence on the close connection between early Egyptian and early Minoan art. Not that the Minoan Cretans are in any sense Egyptians or the descendants of Egyptians —though that latter point might be disputed by some. What we find in Crete is a new art, the expression of a new world—less artistic perhaps than the world of Egypt with its astonishingly high level of artistic achievement ; but, as Dr. Hall notes, certainly more aesthetic in its inspiration. Minoan art is free where Egyptian—and, for the matter of that, Babylonian—art is the servant of religious and traditional conventions. That is what gives to Cretan antiquities their special charm for modern inquirers. Yet the origins of this mysterious and gifted race remain as obscure as ever. Dr. Hall, agreeing here with Sir Arthur Evans and most continental archaeologists, is clear that they were not Greeks. For him they were most probably Anatolians, akin to the races of Asia Minor and (most probably) to the Etruscans.

On one point Dr. Hall is clear—rightly so, in the opinion of the present reviewer. Those English scholars—Professor Bury, Mr. T. W. Allen and Dr. Burnet are the most notable names—who argue from the uninterrupted development of Minoan civilisation to the presence from immemorial ages of a true Greek stock in Crete, and who would explain the origin of the later Mycenaean-Achaean civilisation as a steady push from South to North, are surely at variance with the archaeological evidence. Whoever the Minoans were, they certainly were not Greeks. The Greeks themselves had a definite tradition of a previous

non-Greek race, the Pelasgians, who had been in Greece before them—a tradition which has become so confused with later Greek learned speculation that it is well nigh impossible to disentangle the confusion. But all the weight of archaeological evidence is in favour of the view held consistently by Sir Arthur Evans and by those who have worked with him in Crete. The civilisation which was first revealed in Cnossos, and which we now know to have been dominant in the Eastern Mediterranean from at least 2000 B.C., has all the marks of a culture that is not Greek, though its affinities with much that survived in later Greek culture suggest, as we might well expect, that much of this primitive, highly developed, pre-Greek culture was absorbed by the Greek conquerors. Professor Nilsson's recent book in Minoan-Mycenaean religion but confirms in detail what has been from the beginning the view of leading British archaeologists.

Dr. Hall has a special Appendix for the benefit of those classical scholars to whom "the idea that the Greeks may have had any but an Indo-European origin still seems a hard saying." His own conclusion is that the invading Indo-Europeans from the North who finally destroyed the civilisation, first of Mycenae and then of Crete, were vastly inferior in material progress and artistic achievement to their predecessors. This may seem indeed a hard saying at first; but his comparison with what we know of early Indian civilisation is illuminating.

> Like Sanskrit, Greek, with all its entirely Indo-European syntax and grammar, has a vast non-Indo-European vocabulary. The reason was the same in both cases. In both the invading Wiros found a previously existing non-Aryan race, with which they mingled, the Hindus with the Dravidians, the Greeks with the Minoans, and in both cases, while the language of the conqueror prevailed, that of the conquered supplied innumerable names and words to its vocabulary. In both countries the conquered continued to exist side by side with the conquerors, the dark Dasyus with the fair Aryans, the dark Minoans with the fair Hellenes. Their blood mingled, and in classic days in Greece fair and dark Greeks existed side by side, the fairer being regarded as the nobler and more beautiful, as in India the fair *varna* (colour) of the Aryans continued among the Brahmins and Kshatriyas, and was the foundation of the caste-distinction between them (with the Vaisyas) and the Sudras. Now in both countries the fair *varna* has practically disappeared, as it has also in Italy and Spain. . . . The dark people have conquered in the end, but they speak the speech of their ancient conquerors, as the Bengali, who has hardly an ounce of Aryan blood in his veins, talks an Aryan language.

There remains the problem: if the Minoan Cretans were not Greeks, at what point did the Greeks whom we find dominant in Crete as well as on the mainland in later historical times oust their Minoan predecessors? And here controversy is still lively between the archaeologists. Sir Arthur Evans, and with him

we must count both his right hand man in the work of excavation, Dr. Donald Mackenzie, and Dr. Hall himself, have always held the extreme view that the Mycenaeans, whose civilisation Schliemann was the first to discover, were not Achaeans, but Minoan Cretans. Various modifications of that theory have been put forward of late—notably by Mr. Wace and Professor Nilsson, who hold to an Achaean culture on the Greek mainland far earlier than any Sir Arthur Evans would admit. Dr. Hall seeks to justify his view against these critics, and shows himself very sceptical of the new evidence that some scholars claim to have found in contemporary Hittite records. These are technical points, and there is no need to trouble the general reader with a statement of the arguments on either side. Dr Hall makes out a good case for his scepticism, though we shall probably not have to wait long for more light from the East. Meanwhile the possibility remains that we have already Hittite references to Achaean princes as early as the early fourteenth century B.C. And there is also the other possibility that some lucky find may at last give us the key to those *Scripta Minoa* which Sir Arthur Evans has published with such loving care, but which no scholar has yet been able to decipher. Once that riddle is solved, we shall pass from the realm of pre-historic archaeology, with all its guesses and uncertainties, to the clear light of written records. Minoan history will then take rank with the history of early Egypt and Babylonia; and we shall no longer have to argue, with greater or less confidence according to our temperament, from the existence of such objects as Dimini ware and Minyan goblets to the more elusive possibilities of racial and linguistic affinities.

A. G.

Biography

WILLIAM J. WALSH, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN. By Rt. Rev. Mgr. Patrick J. Walsh, M.A., Vicar-General of the Diocese of Dublin. Dublin and Cork: Talbot Press. 1928. Pp. xvi., 612. 21s. net.

The central mass of Monsignor Patrick Walsh's elaborate and most valuable *Life* of the late Archbishop of Dublin very properly deals with the years of that great churchman's greatest activity in ecclesiastical, national, and educational affairs. These are the eventful sequence of years between 1878-79 and 1895-1896. Before 1878 Dr. William J. Walsh was a man of academic interests almost exclusively; for the part he took in the O'Keeffe lawsuits was simply that of an expert witness on what were, after all, very

obvious and elementary issues of Canon Law, and the unfortunate plaintiff was in every way in a very weak position. The President of Maynooth became a national and an educational force with the passage of the two Education measures, University and Secondary, in 1878-79, and with the publicity of the notorious Leinster Lease and the passage of the Land Bill of 1881. His interventions in public affairs became rare after 1895, until in the closing five years of his long and fruitful pastorate he more than once played a bold and even decisive part in our country's interest, both in Ireland and in America.

In education also Dr. Walsh's public activities were mainly those of constructive effort between 1878 and 1895. After the latter date, he was still a great administrator in Secondary and in Elementary Education, but his external leadership was necessarily conditioned by his membership of these two official Boards. In University Education he was no doubt affected by the characteristic indifference of Conservative politicians from 1895 to 1905, when grievances were admitted and left without remedy, despite a copious output of Commissions and Reports. Even when the National University was started on its mission, Dr. Walsh, untiring as a maker of statutes and as a chief officer of its Senate, took perhaps a severely official concept of the restraints which these duties, to his mind, naturally seemed to involve. Always admirable in internal administration, he felt in increasing measure that the reserve of office, judicial in some of its lesser functions, should extend to all his views and policies. The natural gift of leadership and inspirational public action tended more and more to give way to his no less conspicuous qualities as an adviser and organiser on ways and means.

Hence the great and permanent values of this richly equipped biography will be found in that central plateau of Archbishop Walsh's career. The provision of documentary sources for these sixteen years is at once completely adequate and wisely moderate. Monsignor Walsh has the gift of presenting the pith of a document, of a letter, of a diary; he is skilful in welding these excerpts into the main structure of his narrative. Beyond all doubt he has thus risen to the high requirements of the task which he undertook seven years ago, and has given our Church and our nation a finely-constructed, balanced, and withal human and attractive account of the more public services of a great churchman and a great Irishman.

These services were varied, and were always of an exacting nature. That they could be carried through unfalteringly, was

in no small degree due to Dr. Walsh's great powers as an organiser, so to speak, of his own work. On all its aspects he set the imprint of his accurate, methodical, even meticulously careful intellect. The qualities evinced in his excellent and very independent treatise on Human Acts, still after half a century a classic treatise on a most intricate subject, were also evident in the ordering of his own services to his people, day by day, year by year.

That these most valuable gifts were also very fully applied to the exacting duties of his pastoral office, there can be no doubt. Monsignor Walsh gives us various glimpses of Dr. Walsh's career as the head of a great diocese ; and all that he writes is of excellent material excellently handled. Particularly for the months just preceding and just following Dr. Walsh's consecration as Archbishop of Dublin, we are allowed to see his own mind and soul, and the spirit in which he entered on the administrative duties, both official and spiritual, attaching to his pastoral care. The very excellence of these all too few pages make the readers of this *Life* regret that this, the very heart of the matter, was not developed as were the more external aspects of Archbishop Walsh's really noble career. No doubt we shall soon read of all these unwearied services in the record of the Diocese of Dublin for the century since the passage of the Relief Bill of 1829, which Monsignor Walsh has promised for the centennial year. There, the good works and great progress of the years 1885-1920 will be set in their ordered place, in sequence to the long series of constructive policies carried out by Murray, Cullen, and McCabe. But we could have wished to see the account of Dr. Walsh, as a Bishop in his See, set with the numerous vivid chapters which we here have from his secretary's unwearied pen. Mgr. Walsh himself describes this absence of a full account of pastoral care for a quarter of a century, in the capital of Ireland, as a defect. The word is too strong ; but one may hope that the great demand for this most attractive biography may soon lead to a revised and enlarged second edition, in which the omission will be made good.

One further reference to the central portion of this masterly work will easily justify itself. No one associated in any way with Irish ecclesiastical and national affairs will fail to recognise the most admirable feature of this *Life*. It is found in the altogether edifying and elevating impression which every reader must derive from the presentation here given of the most intimate, loyal and human friendship that united the lives of Thomas William Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, and William Joseph Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin. Every quotation from their letters is an added per-

fection in the *Life* of Dr. Walsh, and enables all Irish readers to attain a fuller sense of Dr. Walsh's worth. That he was so consistently aided, appreciated, and admired by that great and loyal soul, the Metropolitan of the South, is the very strongest proof of the worth of Archbishop Walsh. T. C.

A PRISONER IN JAPAN. Carlo Spinola, S.J. By D. Donnelly, S.J. London: Sheed and Ward. 1928. 3s. 6d.

"But men have lived, like Carlo Spinola, whose lives have been inspired by this restless hunger for the heights. They had no peace in the tiny valley, shut in on all sides by unchanging walls of crag and pine. They wanted air and space: the pure air of God's graces, the spacious infinity of His love. And so one day they made the great decision. They packed a knapsack on their shoulders and started, with dancing eyes and hearts a-quiver, on their long journey towards the summits." A lad of twenty with the noble blood of Italy flowing hotly in his veins, the monotony of a Jesuit novitiate, the hard grind of long studies, hair-breadth escapes in strange and distant seas, twenty years of ever-increasing hardships in Japan, death by slow fire, and ever in the distance an ideal calling steadily onward, these things are the stuff of which the story of that journey is made, and a splendid story they make, one that might well compete with many of the much-vaunted best-sellers so liberally offered to us. Yet it is something more, and much more, than a mere story; it is a story which has the merit of being true. For though there floats around it a gleaming mist of idealism and romance, all that is recounted here is sober fact, while the romance and the idealism are the purest, the noblest and the truest that can influence the life of man.

"It is that considerable achievement—a Saint's life that can be enjoyed by a boy," says the publisher's wrapper. Boys will certainly enjoy this book, and those who read with understanding will recognise by a touch here and there that the author wrote with boys chiefly in view. Yet I think the enjoyment of it will not be confined to boys. If it is, it will be a pity, for older people will miss something well worth reading. The style is pleasant and engaging, somewhat conversational (just once or twice does the author succumb to the temptation to lecture us—perhaps he could scarcely avoid it, considering the audience he had in view), and with a fine feeling for the symbolism of nature in the things of the spirit. Fr. Donnelly brings to his work an understanding of and a sympathy with his subject which make us feel,

in spite of some lack of personal detail, that we know the man and have glimpsed the spirit that animated him. There is some fine writing, too, not at all precious or strained, but arising naturally and spontaneously out of the matter in hand.

The life of intense labour, prayer and self-denial, crowned by the palm of martyrdom, that fell to the lot of Carlo Spinola, or, as we know him better in these countries, Blessed Charles Spinola, was no exceptional thing in the early days of the Japanese missions. If it differed from that of many of his fellow-labourers in the vineyard, it was in degree and not in kind. Such a life gives a jar to our modern spirit and makes us wonder if the world has changed in temper since his day. Have men still got in them the stuff of which martyrs are made ? Then suddenly we remember Mexico ; we remember, too, that every year men and women in increasing numbers are voyaging to those eastern lands where Carlo Spinola lived and worked and died, ready and eager to do the same work, ready too, if need be, to die the same death. Our confidence returns. The heroism of the martyrs has not died out from amongst us. It lives and will live ; and this book will help to carry on the torch. T. A. J.

ANNA COMNENA. By Naomi Mitchison. London : Gerald Howe. 1928. 3s. 6d. net.

THE ALEXIAD of the Princess Anna Comnena. Translated by Elizabeth A. S. Dawes. London : Kegan Paul. 1928. 15s. net.

These two volumes appear very opportunely together. Miss Mitchison's little book belongs to a series on " Representative Women," and it is at first sight rather hard to see what exactly its particular subject may be said to represent. Anna Comnena is hardly typical of Byzantine women in general, for though many of them shared her somewhat Victorian piety and severity, and some of them her pedantry, she is the only woman in all the long history of the Eastern Roman Empire who achieved fame as an historian. Miss Mitchison's book is, however, so charmingly readable and sympathetic that few will quarrel over the niceties of its justification. It is well supplemented by Miss Dawes' highly competent and trustworthy version of the Princess Anna's great work. Both writers refer us to a further study of the *Alexiad* by another lady, soon to appear, so that Anna Comnena can claim to have been very generously treated, even if tardily, by her own sex.

Not that one supposes she would have cared very much to

make the claim. Her purpose in writing was to supplement the work of her husband Nicephorus Bryennius, himself a distinguished soldier and historian, and to vindicate the memory of her father Alexius I., who pulled together the Roman Empire after half-a-century of disastrous misgovernment (mostly by women) and saw it safely through the sore trials of the first crusade. In this object she succeeds almost too well; for her defence of her father's arduous military record prompts Gibbon, by its very profuseness, to an undeserved sneer at his success in so often living to fight another day. Besides her father, her book is dominated by two other very masculine characters—Robert Guiscard and his son Bohemund. They were the most dangerous enemies of the Roman Empire in the time of Alexius, if it be possible to select any of the innumerable enemies by whom it was surrounded as more dangerous than the rest. These two great warriors seem to have fascinated Anna in spite of her horror of them, and there is almost a note of sympathy in her account of how Bohemund was finally outwitted and his schemes brought to nought by the far abler Alexius

Miss Mitchison's book supplements the translation of Anna Comnena's work by telling us of her history after the death of Alexius, which she laments so unrestrainedly in her own last pages. She was his eldest child, and destined herself for the throne as wife of Constantine Ducas, if fortune had not played her a trick by giving her a younger brother, John, and by depriving her of her intended consort. She was consoled for Constantine by her marriage to Bryennius, but she never forgave her brother, and tried to embroil an unwilling spouse in conspiracy against him, an enterprise for which she was let off very lightly. John, who for his ugliness was called "Calojoannes" or Handsome John, was one of the best of the Roman Emperors, and a worthy successor to Alexius.

Miss Dawes' version suffers perhaps a little by comparison with the original, to which it gives an air of rather artless garrulity. Anna was a remarkable adept at the "pure" learned Greek of the Middle Ages, the ancestor of the modern *Katharévousa* of the newspapers. Her style is solemn, and shot through with classical reminiscences, especially Homeric quotations. She has not the balance of a Thucydides; in fact she has little feeling for "scientific" history at all and sees everything from the picturesque angle. Her descriptions of battles would puzzle a military historian, and only her eye for a dashing man prevents her from painting all enemies very black as well as all friends

very white. Even her classicism is not impeccable. But all this only makes her book more readable; and it has a special value in showing us the First Crusade from a Greek angle. To her all the Franks, including Pope Gregory VII., were unmitigated barbarians, and Peter the Hermit makes a strange appearance in her narrative as "one Cucupeter." She does not however describe them as pure plunderers, always excepting Bohemund, but rather as incalculable children, who had to be alternately managed and chidden. To those who have formed their ideas of Alexius and his people on Scott's *Count Robert of Paris* these two books will be an admirable corrective, as well as forming an easy introduction to a fascinating period of history and to some unforgettable characters. M. T.

ST. MARTIN OF TOURS. By Mary Caroline Watt. London: Sands. 1928. 6s. net.

There is no better test of the temper of a reviewer than a book which is frankly the translation of a translation. If in a generous mood and on cordial terms with all the world, the reviewer will treat the book with the charity of profound silence; if out of sorts or tired or grumpy, he will give free reign to his pen, and feeling will see to it that his language is eloquent. Happily Miss Watt's work is an exception among its kind, for it is probably much better than a direct translation from the Latin would have been. The reason for this is curious. Sulpicius Severus, whose death took place about A.D. 420, is as substantially *French* in character and mode of thought as if he belonged to the twentieth century. His interest in St. Martin is so vivid that the tale he tells is necessarily good. He laughs and jokes and gossips and scolds, naturally and irrepressibly, like his countrymen of every generation. His language is striking, brisk, bright and picturesque —in fact thoroughly Gallic in spirit, though the words employed are cosmopolitan and colourless Latin. The task of M. Paul Monceux was thus comparatively easy, for he had in Sulpicius a writer who was capable of perfect interpretation. His translation into French is undoubtedly a work of art, and much may be said for Miss Watt's determination to make exclusive use of it for her rendering into English.

St. Martin's hold on the popular imagination has waned sadly since the Reformation, and the leading features of his life need to be recalled. He was born of pagan parents in Pannonia (Hungary), but the home of the family was transferred soon afterwards to Upper Italy, where the father served as a military officer.

When Martin reached early boyhood he showed unaccountable leanings towards Christianity, and even towards asceticism. His soldier father, amazed and disgusted to find himself the parent of a virtuous son, sought for a remedy, and discovered it at hand in the army. Martin was dragged to the recruiting station and placed in the Imperial Cavalry. But, strange to relate, what ought to have been an infallible cure only aggravated the disease. Martin's uniform might be that of a soldier, but his soul was the soul of a monk. His only pleasure was the doing of good to others, especially to the unfortunate and the poor, who got all his earnings, not merely all that he could spare. At Amiens occurred the famous incident of the cloak, when the young officer, having no money, cut his cloak in two with his sword and gave half of it to the shivering beggar. When opportunity offered he left the army, attached himself to St. Hilary of Poitiers, became a hermit in a Mediterranean isle, returned to Poitiers, and founded a hermitage some miles away at Ligugé, was brought to Tours by stratagem, and consecrated bishop of the city. He established nearby at Marmoutiers a great monastery, where he lived as a monk whenever he was free. Twenty-six years after his coming to Tours he died, leaving a name revered beyond that of almost any other saint in Christendom.

The account of his life and doings, written by Sulpicius, enjoyed wonderful popularity in the East as well as in the West. Its influence on the development of monasticism was immense, not least here in Ireland, whither a copy was brought, probably by St. Patrick himself. So high was the honour in which St. Martin was held that these writings were transcribed into the Book of Armagh (compiled *c.* A.D. 807), along with the records of St. Patrick and the books of the New Testament. J. R.

Celtica

UIMHRIOCHT. Éamon Ó Donnchadha. Áth Cliath : Muinntir C. S. Ó Fallamhain. 1928. 3s.

Téx-leabhar do'n Mheán-sgoil é seo agus mar sin ní thosnuíonn sé ó fhíor-thosach na h-uimhríochta. Tá cúpla caibidil gearr i dtús an leabhair chun Gaelge do chur ar an mbun-eolas a Béarla atá ag an mac-léinn cheana féin. As san amach nuair thug an t-údar fé theagasg do thabhairt ar cheist nua, do dhein sé a chuid oibre go h-an-mhaith. An tráchtas geárr atá aige i dtosach na caibidile, ba dheacair é do shárú ar a léire agus ar a chruinne atá sé. Tá an buaidh seo go h-áirithe ann, an téarmuíocht do theacht ó'n

nGaelig féin, a bheag de'n Sax-Ghaelig atá aige. Tá so le feiscint go mór mór 'sa chaibidil ar " Stuic agus Sgaracha "—an chaibidil is fearr a léiríonn bréige na cainnte úd, nách aon mhaitheas an Ghaelig i gcúrsaíbh an lae`indiu.

Do thugas cúpla rud fé m'aire agus b'fhéidir go bhféadfaí iad d'fheabhsú beagán. Tá " praifíd " aige go h-an-mhinic chun an focal " profit " do chíallú. Ní dócha gur gá a leithéid. Tá an focal " brabach " aige féin i n-áit eile agus do b'fhearr go mór d'fhocal é. Tá " pradhas " aige, leis. Ní dóigh liom go bhfcaca ach aon uair amháin 'sa leabhar é. " Fiacha " atá aige de ghná. Rud amháin eile, 'sa ghearr-sgrí atá aige 'sa Chóir Mhéadrach, ba cheart é do sgrí mar seo : mm., cm., dm., m., Dm., Hm., Clm. Mar sin a sgrítear de ghná é. Mara sgrítí na cinn-litreacha do bheadh trí-na-chéile ar an mac-léinn go minic.

I dtaobh na gceist atá 'sa leabhar, tá dhá locht le fáil agam, iad bheith ró-fhada agus an iomarca dhíobh do bheith ann. Ceist amháin, tá 21 ll. innte agus i gceann eile, tá 17 ll. An gná-cheist, bíonn tímpeall 6 línte innte. B'fhéidir go gceapfaí go mbeidís níos giorra 'sa Bhéarla, nách féidir leis an nGaelig bheith go gearr, snasta. Ní h-amhlaidh atá. Do sgríos féin trí ceisteanna i mBéarla, 'sa tsean-chló, agus 'sa chló Rómhánach agus ba shia an Bhéarla 'ná an Ghaelig, agus ba chó-fhada an dá chló eile. 'Sé rud atá bun-os-cionn leo, go gcuirtear an iomarca mion-cheist i ngach ceist. B'fhearr gan ach aon cheist amháin bheith fé gach uimhir. An tarna locht, iad do bheith ró-líonmhar. Tá 222 pp. 'sa leabhar, agus orra san, tá 190 pp. de cheisteannaibh. B'fhearr go mór fé láthair luí isteach ar théarmuíocht. Nuair bheidh 'san go socair againn, is fuirist na ceisteanna do chúma. Fé mar atá sé, tá an leabhar níos oiriúnaí do mhúinnteóir ná do mhacaibh-léinn.

Níor thugas fé m'aire ach aon earráid-chló amháin. Ar leath. 49, ceist 9, " Clm " ba cheart do bheith ann i n-ionad " clg."

S. Ó C.

EACHTRAIDHEACHT. Sean Ua Ceallaigh do cheap nó do sholáthruigh. Cumann buan-chosanta na Gaedhilge : Mac an Ghoill. 1928. 112 leathanaigh.

Sé is ábhar an leabhair shaineamhla, río-thábhachta so, ocht mór-chora seanchais agus staire. Le seanchas na h-Éireann féin is eadh bhaineann cúig h-eachtraí dhíobh ; .i. An Comhrac (idir Choin Chulainn agus Firdiadh) ag an Áth : Cath Cluana Tarbh ; Éalódh Aodha Ruaidh : Cúltroid Uí Shúilleabháin Bhéarra ; agus An Turas ar Dhoire Fhionáin. Maidir leis na trí h-eachtraí eile, samhlaoid Bhíobhlach is eadh Mac an Mhí-áidh,—óir ní h-aoinne

eile an " Mac " so acht ár sean-chara An Millteán Mic,— ; eachtra a seanchus cineadh dtuaiscirt na h-Eorpa an tearna ceann, Cath Ínse Subhóild ; agus gearr-shliocht a stair an Tíreoil é Troid an Tíreoil.

Acht ar t'anam, a léightheoir, ná beir leat ná fuil ins na scéalta so acht sean-rud tur, tirim. Dá mbeirtheá, ba mhór do dhearmhad. Is amhlaidh ghlac an t-ughdar chuige cnámha staraidhe gach eachtra. An fheoil, ámh, agus an croiceann do chuir sé ortha, dá chuid dílis féin iad ; agus, tá a fhios ag an domhan Fódlach, fén am so, a dhoimhe, a ghaedhlaighe, a ealadhanta, bhíonn an chuid seo " Sceilg " i dtólaimh. Na buadhanna ghabhas de ghnáth le n-a shaothar liteardha, mar atá a leagainte sárghaodhlacha, breachtraidh a chasadh is a chor gcainnte, agus a n-ionshamhla eile sin,—gheobhthar go fairsing, foir-leathan, ar an uile leathanach de " Eachtraidheacht " iad.

Thug mé fé ndeara " caogad " agus " tríochad " mar thuiseal ainmidhe aige, agus ba dhursan san liom. Óir ins an meadhon-Ghaedhilg, ar aon dul go díreach le " fiche " do bhí na h-uimhreacha uile seo. A " Beathadha Naebh n-Éireann " bhain me urmhór na ndeismireacht so : " thug tríocha ógh seirc ndearmáir dó " : " go cionn tríochad bliadhan " ; " ón dtríochaid úd " : " naoi righ ceathrachad " : " beir-se seasca bliadhan ann " ; " mac geinfear . . i gcionn seascad bliadhan " :—do b'fhuiris cur leo, acht ní beag san. Fuath liom " roimis " bhíos chomh minic sin aige : deas-mhuimhneachas é gan bun liteardha. Rud eile, nárbh fhearr " forb " nó " fearann " ná " eastát," go h-áirithe nuair nach iad tighearnaí talamhan gaill-Éireanacha atá i gceist ; agus nárbh fhearr fós " ionar mogha " ná " sicéad sclábhaidhe " ? Níor léigheadh na fromhanna go ró-chúramach, dar liom, mar is iomdha séimhiú agus urdhubhadh do fágadh ar lár.

Acht, más lochta iad so, ní mór le rádh iad. Léigheadh cách " Eachtraidheacht " dó féin, agus chidhfidh sé ná fuil dhá rádh agam acht lár lom na fírinne an tan adeirim gur tiobraid neamhéilnidhe Ghaedhilge eile do sholáthraigh " Sceilg " an feacht so fós dó.

MICHEÁL MACCRAITH.

Economics

THE CHURCH AND ECONOMICS. By Rev. Patrick McDowell, D.D. London : Sheed and Ward. 1928. 3s. 6d. net.

THIS essay was presented as a thesis for the degree of Doctor of Divinity to the Theological Faculty of Maynooth College, and

was very justly crowned with success. One naturally looks for scholarship and theological exactness in such a work, and in this respect the present essay leaves nothing to be desired. But it has other excellences which could not be expected with so much confidence. It shows a grasp of essentials and a capacity for seizing on underlying principles and following their development, even in conditions where they are obscured and apparently discarded, which would do credit to a more experienced author.

Starting with the background of the economic thought amongst the Jews at the coming of our Lord, Dr. McDowell traces the development and growth of the Church's economic teaching down to our own time. That may appear more ground than can be adequately covered in a short essay. Yet it has been covered, not in detail, but substantially and adequately enough to give an intelligible conspectus of the Church's attitude towards Economics to-day. The source of this teaching he finds in "the social import of the Gospel." There is no formal economic doctrine to be found in the Gospels or in the other parts of the New Testament. But there are revealed fundamental truths on human nature and human relationships from which in course of time the Church's Doctors and Theologians have been able to work out a consistent body of Catholic economic principles. Dr. McDowell very properly warns us that "a distinction must be drawn between the doctrinal and the economic teaching of the Church. Christian dogma can never admit a distinction between speculative and practical truth; it can never be accommodated to current usage or thought. Christian economic teaching, however, while based on immutable principles of justice, is not identical with those principles. It deals with their application to practical life, and its findings will vary as often as the concrete data."

Following out this distinction between the Church's doctrinal and economic teaching, it might be said that while the doctrinal teaching is contained virtually in the revealed fundamental truths, the economic teaching is rather the application of such truths to organised human society. It appears a pity that Dr. McDowell did not see his way to give a summary of the revealed truths which have contributed to develop the Church's economic teaching. It could not fail to be exceedingly valuable to students of the subject. They would, as it were, be brought to the sources of the science and put in a position to understand it better.

Very properly most space is devoted to the question of property. This is really the fundamental point in the Church's teaching. It is only when one understands the nature of the right of property,

its basis, its limitations and its responsibilities, that one is in a position to approach what might be called subsidiary ethico-economic problems. The Church's teaching is summed up briefly and precisely by St. Thomas: "It is lawful that a man should possess property. It is also necessary . . . The other relation to external things is their use, and as far as this goes no man ought to have anything proper to himself but all in common, so that thus each may communicate easily to the other in his necessity." Unfortunately many who give cordial approval to the first part of this teaching are inclined to ignore the second part altogether. Yet it is the second part that is most valuable and characteristic of the Church's teaching. There is nothing very distinctively Christian in holding the right and necessity of private property, but there is in the limitation placed on its use. Dr. McDowell has some really illuminating comments to make on this point; but one feels that he might with advantage have developed them at much greater length. In this connection much valuable guidance is to be derived from the doctrine of St. Thomas on the right of the individual in extreme necessity.

Since the Reformation a break has come in the development of the Church's economic teaching. Economics has gone its own way unrestrained by moral principles, and the Church is pretty much in the same position as it was before the conversion of the Roman Empire, compelled to content itself with condemnation of abuses and violations of justice and equity. In recent times there have been increasing evidences of a desire, on the part of Catholic moralists, to restore ethical principles to their proper place in economic life. In formulating these principles due account must be taken of the traditional teaching of the Church on the one hand and of the existing economic conditions on the other. The time seems opportune for a determined move in that direction. On the whole the tendency of the Church's teaching and influence on Economics was to protect society and the ordinary citizens from the oppression of unrestrained individualism. This individualism has now had its day, and most people are anxious to find a way of escape from its tyranny and from the conditions little better than slavery to which it has reduced teeming masses. It is no small praise for Dr. McDowell's essay to say that it has done something to prepare the way for such a movement.

J. K.

AMERICAN PROSPERITY. Its Causes and Consequences. By Paul M Mazur. London : Cape. 1928. 10s. 6d. net.

YOUR MONEY'S WORTH. A Study in the Waste of the Consumer's Money. By Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink. London : Cape. 1927. 8s. 6d. net.

These books are unintentionally complementary. They both deal with American business methods, but from very different angles. Mr. Mazur is concerned with manufacturing industry and the marketing of manufactured goods. Messrs. Chase and Schlink devote themselves to a study of the consumer and the methods employed to make him buy the products of industry. Between them they give a fairly comprehensive account of existing economic forces in the United States.

From Mr. Mazur's account it is clear that American industry resembles an enormous wheel revolving in space, and that the life of a large part of the nation depends upon the revolutions being maintained at an increasing speed. There is no visible relation between the speed of the revolutions and the actual physical requirements of the people. In other words, industrial activity in America appears to have become an end in itself, connected only by the thinnest of threads with the existence of human wants. That position, however, appears to be accepted without question ; and indeed it is regarded by Mr. Mazur as the true source of America's present prosperity. He holds firmly to one article of faith—that America's prosperity is real, in spite of a world-wide trade slump following the European War. He sets out to explain how his country can be prosperous when the rest of the world is poor, and he finds the explanation in the fact that the industrial machine did not slow down in America except for a short period in 1920 and 1921. He is not concerned with the great extractive industries of agriculture, mining and fishing, which are scarcely mentioned—a curious omission from a book dealing with national prosperity. He approaches his problem strictly as a business man, dissociating himself ingenuously from the professional economists of the study.

How did the United States succeed in shaking off the economic depression of the years 1920 and 1921 ? The business man's answer is : improved salesmanship. How were goods to be sold when prices were falling ? That was the problem which confronted the manufacturer when the slump began. That it was solved, for the moment at any rate, appears from the fact that while between 1920 and 1928 the index number for general prices

fell from 247 to 149.5, the index number for general wages fell only from 235 to 233. It was not solved, however, by the time-honoured method of reducing supplies, but by creating demand. This was done by the new salesmanship, and America was saved the evils of unemployment—no small achievement.

This explanation may be true of a purely temporary condition. Increased demand may have staved off a crisis in 1920; but as an explanation of a stable condition of prosperity it is clearly inadequate for the reason that demand is not indefinitely elastic. Mr. Mazur, however, is not troubled with the long view, and confines himself to the present. A large portion of his book is devoted to an analysis of the new salesmanship, which is based on intensive advertising. Two aspects of American advertising methods are treated in detail. One is the doctrine of "obsolescence," which in practice means the art of inducing people to buy new goods before old ones are worn out. To illustrate the importance of this art the author states that Ford Motors in two years lost $190,000,000 through delaying to put on the market a new type of car, which they could have done at a cost of $50,000,000. The rapid growth of General Motors, on the other hand, is attributed to a lively sense of the importance of keeping buyers interested by means of new types and models of motor cars. The other aspect is the instalment system, with which we in this country are not altogether unfamiliar. By these means the manufacturer not only supplies wants, he also discovers and stimulates them.

The policy of "obsolescence," however, is inconsistent with the hitherto accepted explanation of American industrial prosperity—viz., mass production, which is built upon standardisation and uniformity. These become impossible if new types of an article must be turned out at frequent intervals. The result is a conflict between those who sell and those who make goods. This conflict, Mr. Mazur thinks, will lead to a new phase in the evolution of American industry in which the manufacturer will be compelled to sell directly to the consumer. This he calls "merchandised production." The author, who is a banker, does not deal with the financial aspect of industry, an omission which indicates the scope of his analysis.

Messrs. Chase and Schlink present the other side of the picture. Their book is an exposure of the methods of the advertiser. They present a great array of facts to support their view that these methods, in the majority of cases, are fraudulent. They also show how consumers have a remedy in their own hands, by insist-

ing that the goods which they buy shall conform to recognised standards and specifications, such as are enforced in the purchase of government stores. Their book is based on reliable official and scientific information, and is written in an attractive style. It covers the whole range of those unnecessary goods which are sold only because they are advertised. The authors show that the time has come when consumers must organise for their own protection against the wiles of urgent salesmen, and they make a strong case for interference by local and governmental authorities for the protection of those who cannot protect themselves. Institutions similar to the American Bureau of Standards, whether maintained by local or central authorities, are the only means of securing that the purchasing public gets value for its money in the face of unscrupulous methods of marketing.

M. D.

TRODDEN GOLD. By John Mackay. Dublin: Talbot Press. 1928. 15s. net.

SURVEY OF WASTE LAND OF NORTH COUNTY WICKLOW SUITABLE FOR AFFORESTATION. By S. Leonard. Economic Proceedings of Royal Dublin Society. Vol. II., No. 23. 1928. 3s. net.

Trodden Gold is an unconventional book, dealing in a generous spirit with the need for afforestation in Ireland. The author has read extensively the literature of forestry, and describes in an adequate manner the conditions which prevail in British Columbia, Pacific States, Czecho-Slovakia, Sweden, and other timber-exporting countries. He gives a useful and vivid account of all the various species of trees which may be usefully employed in Ireland for shelter and the production of timber. He first takes up the indigenous trees, which he considers to be about a dozen in number. Amongst these he includes the spruce, which is certainly not a native tree, having been introduced from the continent of Europe. He omits the apple, which in its wild form, the crab or *Malus acerba* is one of the characteristic trees of the wild bits of woodland which still remain in some of our glens, lake-islands, and ancient demesnes.

Mr. Mackay depicts in eloquent language the treeless state of the country, its uneconomic import of costly foreign timber, and the vast areas of waste land, which are tracts now covered with furze, bracken, and heather, that would be capable of producing, when planted, useful crops of excellent timber. Needless to say, he dilates on the great destruction of timber in byegone times, the earliest ravages being due to the needy adventurers, who

cut down the forests for the valuable oak, which was exported to England for house and ship building. Later, the woods were destroyed for their use in making charcoal, with which to smelt iron-ore in many parts of the country.

He devotes a long chapter of his book to the re-afforestation of this country, in which he advocates compulsory purchase of land for planting. This is apparently not practical politics in Ireland at the moment. We must for a time be content with the planting of suitable waste land rendered available by the sale of estates to tenants, and with the preservation of the existing demesnes and woods, the felling of which should not be allowed, unless definite replanting of the felled areas is secured. Recent legislation effects this.

The book concludes with several useful appendices, one being devoted to afforestation of peat in Belgium. The peat-bogs of Ireland are a valuable asset to the farmers and labourers, providing them with cheap fuel; and when the peat is cut away, the soil is best reclaimed for farm or pasture. We do not consider that the afforestation of deep peat bog is feasible; and in any case the problem of planting trees on wild bog land may be left over till the plantation of the ordinary waste lands available is finished.

The suitability of waste land for afforestation is a subject little understood by the ordinary man; and we welcome, therefore, the interesting report by Mr. Leonard on the land available for economic planting in North Wicklow. The mode of survey adopted is clearly explained, and is well illustrated by a map of the district. Mr. Leonard's general conclusions are interesting. The total area of land in N. Wicklow is 195,154 acres, of which 104,000 acres are waste land—the larger part wild and exposed, with peaty or otherwise infertile soil. Of the 104,000 acres, about 11,900 acres are suitable for afforestation, distributed in blocks. This may be taken as a fair average for Ireland, that is, about one-tenth of the waste land is suitable for the economic planting of trees.

A. H.

History

THE STRUGGLE FOR CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION. By Denis Gwynn. London: Longmans. 1928. 10s. 6d. net.

Mr. Gwynn's book gives an excellent, clear and minute account of the Catholic Emancipation movement in Ireland and in England, from its beginnings to 1829. It is particularly worthy of praise for the calm and judicial spirit shown in the consideration

of burning questions—questions burn in Ireland through many successive generations—which often seem to dry up the logical faculties and dazzle the eyes of our writers. Thus the opening chapter on the Penal Code is free from the expression of the *saeva indignatio* which, however natural in an Irishman, often leads to an exaggeration ultimately damaging to the cause upheld. So also the lack of united Catholic lay opposition to the project of Legislative Union and the favour shown to it by the Catholic hierarchy are confessed and explained.

The oppression and positive persecution of the English Catholics during the eighteenth century is perhaps too rarely considered by writers on this side of the Channel. What Mr. Gwynn says of their condition is interesting both in itself and as a contrast to the state of affairs in Ireland: "At the close of the eighteenth century the Catholic aristocracy still dominated the whole Catholic population in England . . . It was entirely owing to their social influence and wealth that the Catholics had been able to preserve the practice of their religion; for the aristocracy not only succeeded in keeping chapels in their own great houses, which became the centres of each local congregation, but also provided the clergy, whom they maintained as their private chaplains." The number of Catholics in England, given as in 1780 about 60,000, was, we hear, steadily diminishing. In many counties there was not a single Catholic:—

> Next to London (where the Ambassadors' Chapels provided centres of worship for a very miscellaneous and scattered Catholic population) by far the greatest concentration of Catholics was in Lancashire. Several of the other northern counties . . . had a good many; and the few chapels in various manufacturing and trading towns, especially in the north, where Irish immigrants had come in, were exceptionally crowded. But nearly everywhere else the Catholic population were little more than groups of dependents gathered round the aristocratic families. But even these isolated remnants of Catholicism were constantly disappearing. Every few years added one more to the list of famous titles which passed out of Catholic hands . . . as some head of the family conformed.

Further on in the book we welcome the appreciation of John Keogh, whose splendid work for the Catholic cause has been too little considered, being obscured by the more dazzling achievements of O'Connell. The value of Wolfe Tone's *Autobiography* for the deatils of the earlier stages of the Emancipation struggle has also not been sufficiently insisted on by previous writers. Tone's own attitude is well described by Mr. Gwynn:—

> In his activities as an official agent for the Irish Catholics Tone was extraordinarily out of sympathy with all Catholic tradition. Only their political fortunes interested him, and he was convinced that the emancipation of the Catholics from

the penal laws was merely the first phase in a revolutionary upheaval similar to that in France. . . . Priests he despised and distrusted, and the bishops he regarded as the most serious obstacle to the democratic revolution for which he was striving.

From this lack of understanding of the strong hold of religion on the masses of the Irish people and of their reliance on their clergy it came about that Tone, in spite of his abilities, miscalculated the chances of an insurrection aided by France, and gave to the Directory a misleading account of the state of the country.

The account of the Veto controversy takes up several chapters. The narrative of the undignified disputes between the Irish and the English Catholics, between sections of each with one another and between individuals, of representations and counter-representations made to Rome, and so forth, is not pleasant reading; but we are obliged to acknowledge Mr. Gwynn's fairness on the whole. We would only take exception to this statement (page 149): "That the Irish bishops did commit themselves to approval of the Government's demand for a veto upon candidates whom they might object to is beyond all question." He himself had already told us (page 146) that the plan outlined in 1799 was drawn up, not by the hierarchy as a whole, but by the ten bishops who were trustees of Maynooth, and there is no evidence that the other Irish bishops approved of their action or had given them authority to speak in their name. Again, when the too famous Quarantotti Rescript is spoken of (page 177), only one of its mildest sentences is quoted, so that the reader can scarcely form an accurate estimate of the very peremptory tone of the document.

It is only in the last few chapters of the book that O'Connell is a very prominent figure, and of course no attempt is made to estimate his work as a whole, since this could not be done without taking the Repeal movement into consideration. From the account of the foundation of the Catholic Association and of its developments we are, however, enabled to understand in what the chief greatness of the Liberator lay. Here we see him forming his instruments, bringing forces hitherto unknown in Irish politics into action, and skilfully manoeuvring the Government into a position which left it with but two alternatives—surrender or civil war. The more showy episodes of the Waterford and Clare elections were merely the culminating points, the final episodes of the drama.

With some of Mr. Gwynn's judgments on minor characters in his story we are not quite in agreement. It seems to us scarcely fair to describe Frederick Augustus Hervey, Bishop of Derry, a

"a genial agnostic" (page 34), while that Sir Boyle Roche has any claim whatever to be described as a patriot (page 72) we are disposed to deny. M. T. H.

RED MEXICO. By Captain Francis McCullagh. London: Brentano's. 1928. 15s. net.

The laurels of W. H. Russell, Archibald Forbes, Frank Power and other "Bayards of the Press" are poor weeds compared with those of Francis McCullagh. War—and of it he had plenty—was too tame for him; wherever in Europe revolutionary lava was being belched up, he hastened thither (missing only Budapest and Munich), and wrote his notes beneath the burning showers at Lisbon, Constantinople and Moscow. It is not mere venturesomeness in him, but rather a kind of apostolate, for he is above all else a Catholic, and stands for justice—especially when it is oppressed by Mammon or Masonry. His latest achievement is his greatest. That the author of *A Prisoner of the Reds* and *The Bolshevik Persecution of Christianity* should venture over the Mexican frontier was already foolhardy; but he stayed in the Red Republic for months, travelled up and down it, poked around its government offices, interviewed—in disguise of course—its Aztec cut-throats, consorted with its hunted and hiding priests, heard Mass in nightly gathering-places, took into his charge papers and letters more dangerous than poison-serpents. How he came through with his life is a mystery. Imagination fails to conceive the refinements of torture under which he would have died had his nerve failed once and betrayed him.

His book is a vivid picture of all he saw and heard in that *Inferno*. It is even a more seizing picture than the one he gave us of Russia, for it has greater contrasts of colour. As bloodthirsty as the Muscovite murder-gang is the Mexican one, Calles, Obregón, Cruz, Mazcorro, Lopez, and the rest, but the latter are thrown into sharper relief by figures of radiant brightness such as Silva, Vilchis, and the brothers Pro.

People of ordinary humanity cannot read the description here given of the tortured Mexican Church without profound emotion. They cannot shrug their shoulders and dismiss it as fable or rhetoric or exaggeration. It is gritty throughout with facts, things seen by the writer and irresistibly felt to be true by the reader. Numberless murders—some with, some without show of legality; tortures inflicted by Indian braves, wholesale deportments of delicately bred ladies to the terrible Islas Marías; official outrages on decency; pillages and expropriations of

hospitals and orphanages; desecrations of churches; blasphemies in word and deed; these things, together with sacrifices of money and comfort and life bravely faced for conscience sake, are related with day and place and details and local setting. If, in the telling of them, Captain McCullagh shows feeling it is simply because he has the spirit to call things by their right names.

His story of Mexico's plight is also a terrific indictment of the United States Government which has misused its responsibility for Mexico's welfare, and has sacrificed the lives and fortunes of thousands of her best citizens to the greed of its financiers and the bigotry of its anti-Catholic fanatics.

The Mexican persecution has been blanketed beneath a conspiracy of silence; and one can safely affirm that this book will be severely ignored. Were it a feeble one, it might—with a great show of large-mindedness—be even praised by the great press; but it is too formidable to be even mentioned. This for Catholics should be its best recommendation. It contains several interesting and well-executed photographs, among them the scenes of the murders in the *patio* of the Prefecture.

L. McK.

HOW THE REFORMATION HAPPENED. By Hilaire Belloc. London: Jonathan Cape. 1928. 10s. 6d. net.

For Mr. Belloc the Reformation was the great disaster in European history: it was the rejection of a system of thought and religion on which alone a stable world-polity could rest. The Catholic Religion alone can give satisfaction to the best needs of man's nature, individually and socially, and the rejection of this religion, the break-up of the polity which it had produced, has loosed incalculable forces of destruction and doomed society to a bankruptcy of thought, morality, and therefore of peace. A full account of this momentous event cannot be given because some of the chief forces at work were not human, and cannot therefore be observed and estimated by the historian.

The "official mythology," as Mr. Belloc names the accounts given by Protestant and anti-clerical historians, represents the Reformation as a natural, inevitable result. Under the fine breath of the Renaissance the human mind expanded, outgrew its intellectual and spiritual surroundings, could no longer rest satisfied with that system of Faith, dogma, and sacraments and spiritual hierarchy which had satisfied it before. Mr. Belloc's book is written to overthrow this facile opinion. The core of his teaching on the Reformation is that it was in no way inevitable,

but that it was an accident, or rather the resultant of a convergence of accidents. It was not due to the Renaissance ; on the contrary it wrecked and distorted that cultural movement. It was not primarily due to intellectual or national causes ; it was due to nothing inevitable in the political or intellectual evolution of Europe.

"The conception . . . . of the Christian centuries," says Mr. Belloc, "between the peace of Constantine and the crash of the sixteenth century, as a period of fixed, easy, united Catholicism is most erroneous. It was all peril, all conflict, and all recurring imminence of disaster . . . . " (p. 29). This strain, which was inevitable seeing that the Church is not of this world in destiny or origin, this attempted disruption took different forms at different periods : it appeared as Arianism, as Mohammedanism, as the invasions of the Northmen and the Mongols, as the Albigensian heresy, as the Great Schism of the West. The fact that Catholic Europe had survived these—and sometimes after a conflict of centuries—had given men the feeling that it was indestructible and probably led to an under-estimation of the dangers of the sixteenth century. But the tragedy of the Reformation was—according to Mr. Belloc's thesis—that it was a moment at which there was a convergence of accidents, individually endurable but fatal in their concomitance.

These "accidents" were partly religious, partly political : the weakening of the prestige of the Papacy through a variety of causes, the Great Schism, the residence at Avignon, grave corruption in Church government and discipline, etc., etc. Mr. Belloc admits these corruptions with a readiness that may disconcert some Catholic readers. But the point that he insists on is—that there was no wide-spread intellectual revolt. Of all the "accidents" which brought about the disaster the most momentous was the break of England with Catholicity—a break, Mr. Belloc points out, which was due to no national or intellectual forces, but altogether to the passions of Henry VIII.

The whole conflict is likened by Mr. Belloc to a battle. It had various movements and a wide theatre. All these movements did not synchronise, and success varied in different quarters. The different phases of the struggle in the different theatres are described by Mr. Belloc as clearly as such complex happenings can be described. He attributes much importance to the fact that the Emperor was prevented from acting with vigour in Germany owing to the Mohammedan peril—which was perhaps never greater than in the second half of the sixteenth century.

Luther makes a poor figure in these pages. He opened the ball, it is true ; but he had no foresight, no plan, no system : he was merely the sport of different forces. It is to Calvin, the Frenchman, that Mr. Belloc, characteristically, attributes the deciding influence in the intellectual causes of the Reformation. His book *Christianae Religionis Institutio*, written in 1536, gave a form to the fluid ideas of the reformers : it gave them a doctrine and system—the doctrine of Predestination.

There are many other things worthy of notice in this most provocative book. Certain readers will thank him for his account of St. Ignatius. Even the ranks of Tuscany will scarce forbear to cheer Mr. Belloc for the heroic courage with which he attacks official Protestant history in its most cherished doctrine. Even Catholics will find Mr. Belloc provocative. But he has written a book which must be reckoned with. It is written with that rapid and detached lucidity which is characteristic of much of his historical writings ; and there are certain passages in which Mr. Belloc calls up a vision of what might have been if the catastrophe had not occurred, if the forces of the Renaissance had been directed in their right course, and a Europe united, Catholic, cultured, had survived. In these passages, which are all too rare, he makes us realise the extent of the tragedy. H. K.

Philosophy

THOMISME ET SCOLASTIQUE. A propos de M. Rougier. Par Pedro Descoqs, S.J. Paris : Beauchesne. 1927. 32 fr.

This essay is primarily devoted to a detailed criticism of M. Rougier's *La Scolastique et le Thomisme*, which is perhaps the most determined onslaught on the Scholastic system in recent times. As Rougier's line of argument has already been explained in a notice of his book in Studies (March, 1927), it is not necessary to follow out the details of Fr. Descoqs' criticism, in which he displays his usual controversial skill, metaphysical acuity and extensive learning. He has no difficulty in showing that Rougier's elaborate attack fails completely in its object. That Rougier's impressive historical surveys are not based on first-hand knowledge of the Scholastic sources has been pointed out by several critics. His appeal to sociological facts to support his hypothesis that reason is a " structure " of merely historical growth is shown here to rest on still shallower scholarship. His book abounds in misconceptions and misstatements of the Scholastic position. His critic charitably attributes Rougier's distorted vision partly

to his exaggerated geometrical type of mentality. His complete misinterpretation of Scholastic Realism is, perhaps, partly traceable to this. Throughout his book he fallaciously identifies dogmatic truth and theological science, and assumes that he has overthrown the former when he has refuted, to his own satisfaction, the arguments of a particular theological school. Fr. Descoqs concludes from this that Rougier's book is in one respect useful and timely, as a warning to theologians against a similar confusion. For example, " in identifying and solidarising the whole edifice of Christian philosophy with the distinction of essence and existence, too large a number of modern scholastics have compromised the cause of truth."

Fr. Descoqs takes occasion, from his criticism of Rougier's book, to examine afresh the whole question of the distinction of essence and existence, in its relation to theology and as a philosophical question. His treatment of this problem is, probably, the most masterly that has ever been given from the Suaresian point of view. The controversy regarding the Hypostatic Union is expounded very clearly and fully, including the new aspects of the question arising from its treatment in the *Quaestio de unione Verbi incarnati*, regarded by critics as an authentic late work of St. Thomas.

As to the philosophical problem, he agrees that several of the arguments put forward by Rougier (though not original on his part) against the real distinction of essence and existence are valid. The Thomists themselves, Fr. Descoqs argues, are not quite clear as to what they mean by a real distinction. He distinguishes an older and a newer type of Thomist theory, one at variance with the other. The older school attributes to essence the status of a *potentia realis* with an incomplete manner of existence. The Neo-Thomists reject this and give a quite different solution, which, he argues, amounts to holding that the distinction is merely notional.

It seems clear that the last word has not yet been said in this controversy. No doubt, the Thomists will develop new defences to resist this doughty adversary, and will counter-attack his theory. His mode of thinking is highly subtle ; and some of his expressions, if one does not bear in mind the full context, have a Nominalist ring. His deep and searching discussion will certainly bring greater clarity into this question, and cannot fail to stimulate to a reconstruction of the Scholastic position on still stronger foundations.

J. Shine.

Politics

THE IRISH FREE STATE, 1922-1927. By Denis Gwynn. London : Macmillan. 1928. 12s. 6d. net.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE DOMINIONS. Harris Foundation Lectures. 1927. University of Chicago Press. 15s. net.

HIBERNIA, OR THE FUTURE OF IRELAND. By Bolton C. Waller. London : Kegan Paul. 1928. 2s. 6d. net.

THESE three books all deal with the new Ireland in its various aspects—cultural, economic and political—although their point of view is not identical and the approach to the subject entirely different. Mr. Gwynn's book, the most ambitious of the three, recounts the story of the Irish Free State for the last five years from the official point of view. It is based almost entirely on reports of departments and commissions and the proceedings of the Oireachtas, and one feels that, whilst it presents what everybody said, it does not attempt any serious critical appraisement of political events or economic tendencies. Its author has had perforce to view the Irish scene from a distance, but he does so entirely through official glasses, which are naturally rose-tinted. Criticism of the Government, where attempted, is half-hearted and apologetic.

On the other hand, the book contains a valuable and exhaustive summary of the main political and economic events since the establishment of the Free State. The only serious omission in this regard is the absence of all reference to the courageous liquor legislation of Kevin O'Higgins, based on the Intoxicating Liquor Commission Report of 1925, which is now beginning to bear fruit. Mr. Gwynn rightly dwells on the magnitude of the task which our young government had to face and on the courage which they brought to their work. They have certainly erred on the side of trying to do too much rather than too little. We fancy, however, that Mr. De Valera, not to mention Miss MacSwiney, will hardly accept his facile conclusion that the Treaty has now been accepted unreservedly by all parties.

The book is divided into three parts : Dominion Status, which deals with the Free State Constitution, its provisions, development and implications ; Founding a New State, which describes the restoration of order and its attendant financial and economic problems ; Work of Reconstruction, which describes fully and clearly how these problems have been dealt with. In

spite of, and subject to, the limitations we have indicated, we can strongly recommend Mr. Gwynn's book to any foreign reader who desires to understand events in the Free State.

The Harris Foundation Lectures of the University of Chicago, which in former years have dealt with European, Far Eastern and Mexican affairs, were last year devoted to the problems of the British Empire, and the volume under review is the result. Sir Cecil Hurst, of the English Foreign Office, deals with the status of the Dominions and foreign policy, Professor Smiddy with the position of the Irish Free State, and various other experts with Canada, Australia and South Africa. Each has done his work well, and the result is a complete and interesting picture of the remarkable political organisation of which the Free State is now a free and active unit. Its anomalies and inconsistencies are illustrated by the fact that Newfoundland is not a member of the League of Nations, and that Southern Rhodesia, although enjoying full self-government, is not yet a member of the Imperial Conference. Sir Cecil Hurst shows clearly that Great Britain's liberal colonial policy was based on common sense rather than altruism. Discontented colonies were a source of weakness, not of strength. The purely consultative and almost casual nature of the Imperial Conference is emphasised and the advantages derived from its lack of any written constitution. The whole structure now definitely rests upon the foundation of absolute equality, the absence of any power of control by one community over another—" in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs " was the formula adopted in the Imperial Conference Resolution of 1926, and it appeased even the Republican soul of General Herzog. That Conference also definitely laid down that the Governor-General is not the representative or agent of His Majesty's Government in Great Britain, thus breaking the last link in the old chain. The British Commonwealth is now really a political family, the children of which have grown to maturity and set up their own households, and the Imperial Conference is the " *conseil de famille* " in a political form. In that family Ireland is a parent state equally with England, and can enjoy both the rights and duties of parenthood if it so desires. If one asks how long this relationship will endure, the answer can only be : so long as it serves a useful purpose and its constituent elements find it better to stand united than alone.

Mr. Waller's little book, which is one of the well-known and entertaining " To-Day and To-Morrow " series, if the least pretentious of these three books, is certainly the most interesting

and the most comprehensive. In the short compass of ninety-six pages Mr. Waller presents the recent development of Ireland and indicates its future. No better summary of the matter could be given to anyone desiring to understand our labours and our difficulties. It is both a cheerful, an honest and a critical presentation of the facts, and poses the two main questions of the future: What use will we make of our freedom? How are we to achieve unity? He properly refuses to regard the Free State as Ireland or the Irish as some peculiar Gaelic section of our inhabitants. The Irish nation, he points out, embraces all her sections and parties, and is greater than all of them, and he believes that to-day economics matter far more than politics. Whilst in favour of selective protection as practised by the present Government, he considers that to tax the general body of the citizens in order to provide secure and comfortable incomes for inefficient manufacturers of essential commodities is the worst possible national economy.

As regards the future, Mr. Waller believes that Ireland's contribution to world progress must be intellectual and spiritual rather than material, and that we cannot be content to sink into a petty prosperous peasant state. He considers rightly that the practicability of the language revival depends on whether a sufficiently large number of people desire it so eagerly as to be ready to go to great trouble to make themselves efficient speakers. He is not in favour of coercive measures. The Gaelic tradition, as he points out, is a store-house and not a prison-house. Neither is he in favour of any form of coercion to secure Irish unity. His examination of this question is not the least valuable part of an admirable little volume.

JOHN J. HORGAN.

A SURVEY OF SOCIALISM. By F. J. C. Hearnshaw. London: Macmillan. 1928. 473 pp. 15s. net.

PROFESSOR HEARNSHAW was a Socialist in his undergraduate days, but he has now very thoroughly eliminated from his heart any weakness towards its early love. This is a book packed full of information and trenchant argument. Judged as a philosophical study it would have to be criticised as lacking in profundity, and in the understanding of the subject that comes from sympathy; but it appears that the author does not claim to be offering more than a polemical treatise to serve "the large body of British electors who wish to have definite information" about Socialism.

Taking it on this rather low ground, the book is a very competent piece of work. There are times when the special pleading becomes too unreal. There is a section to show that Socialism is a "menace to religion," and that there is an irreconcilable difference of spirit, aim and outlook between socialism and faith. Perhaps there is, but we judge from this book that Professor Hearnshaw himself totally misconceives the spirit, aim and outlook of religion.

Professor Hearnshaw puts forward his definition or description of whole-hog Socialism. He then shows the fallacy of using the name Socialism for less extreme proposals. But what he cannot denounce as whole-hog he despises as little-pig. He himself is an individualist and a neo-Malthusian, and there is no room in his scheme of things for social reformers who stand between an extreme individualism and an extreme socialism. We might state the question better by omitting the adjective "extreme" in the last sentence. Is a country like present-day England individualist or socialist? There is as much reason for saying it is one as the other. No sensible and practical man is either a Socialist or an Individualist. After all, individualism was given a long trial in the nineteenth century, and no civilized country found it tolerable. We have a system that we agree to call "capitalism" to-day. Professor Hearnshaw has to admit that the existing conditions are, to put it mildly, glaringly defective. What is the remedy?

No political party, and scarcely any university professor, ventures to propose a return to the principles of the Manchester School. There are so-called Socialists like Mr. Sidney Webb, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Philip Snowden who are advocating very considerable extensions of state action whilst still leaving vast scope for private property and enterprise. It is not much use demonstrating that Mr. Sidney Webb and his friends are not true Socialists, because they do not fit in with the approved definition of Socialism. What are people like Mr. Webb if they are not Socialists? And what are we to think of their social policy, apart from the question of whether it is to be called Socialism or not? These questions are better worth consideration than the demonstration of the fallacies of Karl Marx and the futilities of Robert Owen. This "survey of Socialism" deals very well with the Socialism of the past; but it avoids the real problems presented by the evolution of Socialism into the "gradualism" of the present.

H. S.

Shorter Notices

AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS, 1847-1926. Compiled by the Department of Industry and Commerce. Dublin: Stationery Office. 1928. 2/3.

IRELAND is lucky in possessing abundant statistical material relating to the agricultural industry for over eighty years, and also in possessing a statistician who knows how to display the vast material at his disposal to the best advantage. Mr. Hooper's latest Report on Agricultural Statistics is a treasure house of the most valuable information, arranged with the utmost skill and lucidity. In these pages the whole course of Irish economic history during the last eighty years is traced. The decline in the area under tillage, the increase in the number of live stock, and the replacement of human beings by cattle are all shown in cold figures which admit of no question or dispute. This historical introduction leads up to an analysis of Irish agriculture to-day. Of this analysis all we need say is that it is an indispensable study for every Irishman who pretends any knowledge of the economic or social life of the country.

Mr. Hooper's Report is so replete with material for discussion that it is impossible to describe it adequately in a brief notice. Some of the more important points made may, however, be indicated. It is shown that the number of dairy cattle increased far less rapidly than the number of beef animals; that, since 1881, the decline in the tilled area was not the cause of emigration; that, at the present time, the density of population varies, not with the area under tillage, but with the number of milch cows in the neighbourhood; that the decline in tillage was greater on small than on large farms; and that the amount of food produced in Ireland to-day is as large as at the time of the Famine, when the population was twice as great. Some of these conclusions are surprising, and they are all suggestive. The whole Report abounds in interesting and important matter. Mr. Hooper and his able assistants have put the Irish public under a deep debt of gratitude.

G. O'B.

CO-OPERATIVE MARKETING OF AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS. By Michael Murphy, M.A. Cork University Press. Dublin: Educational Co. of Ireland. 1928. 3/6.

THE institution of the Irish Associated Creameries has aroused a good deal of interest in co-operative marketing, and the time is opportune for the appearance of an authoritative discussion of the subject. Mr. Murphy's study is therefore very welcome. The author, who is Lecturer in Dairy Accountancy and Economics in University College, Cork, has made a personal investigation of co-operative marketing in the United States. He speaks therefore with first hand information, and, what is even more important, he speaks with moderation. Many books on co-operation are ruined by the enthusiasm of their authors, who seem to regard the co-operative method as a religion rather than a business device. Mr. Murphy is free from all such predilections; he approaches the subject in a judicial and detached way, and is as much concerned to indicate the limitations as the possibilities of co-operative marketing.

Two such limitations are insisted on with special emphasis: co-operation cannot eliminate the middleman, nor can it raise prices. It cannot eliminate the middleman, because there are certain essential functions of marketing that must be performed by some agency. All that the co-operative movement can do is to substitute one type of agency for another, and if the new type is not more efficient than the old its existence has no justification. It cannot raise prices, because prices are determined by numerous causes outside the control of even the most extensive co-operative organisation. It is possible by means of orderly marketing to stabilise prices to some degree; but the main objective of the co-operative movement should be to lower the cost of production, both on the farm and in the market. Successful co-operative marketing depends upon efficient

and cheap production; no marketing agency can save the farmer from the consequences of the inefficient or disorderly conduct of his own business. These are valuable truths which every agricultural economist should bear in mind.

Having clearly indicated the limitations of the co-operative method of marketing, Mr. Murphy next proceeds to point out its possibilities. In this part of his work his American experience must have proved very helpful. He insists on the necessity for large scale organisations to co-ordinate the activities of the local societies, on the importance of the binding contract, the need for highly skilled managers, and the provision of sound credit facilities. The study abounds in practical wisdom, and should be read by everybody interested in the co-operative movement.

G. O'B.

THE LIFE OF MARGARET AYLWARD. Foundress of the Sisters of the Holy Faith. By Margaret Gibbons. London: Sands. 1928. 16/- net.

Every age and country seems to have received from the Providence of God the particular religious Order, or Congregation, it most needed. That Ireland, forty years after the passing of Catholic Emancipation (which might have ranked as the final victory in her long-fought battle for the Faith), should have needed a Sisterhood whose *raison d' être* was " the defence of the Faith in the persons of the little children " of the Irish poor, is a very strange and startling fact. How that need declared itself—and how it was met—is the theme of Miss Gibbons's splendidly written *Life of Margaret Aylward.*

In an English contemporary various notabilities have been letting the world know in which of its past periods they would elect to have lived, had the choice been given them. It would be a strange taste that would have the " clock put back " to the 'fifties of the last century in Dublin—post-famine Dublin—amid whose sordid miseries and degradation the " Soupers " trafficked in souls with

" penny rowls
And soup and hairy bacon."

Against this sombre background (for which, one imagines, her intimate personal knowledge of present-day conditions, not dissimilar, has supplied some of the pigments) Miss Gibbons has posed her portrait of Margaret Aylward. It is a portrait in the modern manner—frank, and fearless, and downright, and convincingly true to reality. This " strong, matronly figure," which Miss Gibbons's skilful brush has endowed with such life, might be own sister to one of the " saints we know " in present-day Irish public life—great hearted, clear brained, devoted women—with whom, perhaps, it might not be so easy for anyone with " nerves " to live, as with the " saints above "—but who, when all is said and done, by their selfless services to the poor and outcast—" the under-dog " in general—have done more for real progress than anyone else.

Modern, too, especially in their exploitation of " publicity," are the methods we find Margaret Aylward adopting to fight " souperism " and to rescue the little children of the poor and the " unwanted babies " of the post-Crimean war period. And this was true both of Miss Aylward " picketing " the Souper schools at the head of her volunteers, the Ladies of Charity, facing the ordeal of the courts, and going to jail, as of " Sister M. Agatha," Superior of the Sisters of the Holy Faith, who, year after year, from the 'fifties onward, gathered on and around her platform the greatest personages, clerical and lay, in the Ireland of her time, and made the Annual Meetings of the Saint Brigid's Orphan Association (at which her masterly reports were always the central attraction) a real instrument of Catholic social propaganda—on the lines of the modern " Semaines."

But if Margaret Aylward's methods were " modern," they were " ancient " too. Like most great and lasting works, that associated with her name had a " saint behind it," and the energy generated by saintship as its motive power. The " saint behind " the founding of Saint Brigid's Orphanage, and of the Sisterhood of the Holy Faith, was Father John Gowan, C.M. " Father Gowan,

of course," Miss Gibbons admits, "deserves a whole book to himself." Will Miss Gibbons add to the obligations she has already placed us under towards her for her splendid *Life of Margaret Aylward* by giving us the full story of Father John Gowan? How heart-stirring it would be, those pages of her book in which he appears already demonstrate—and especially those in which he speaks to us himself.

HELENA CONCANNON.

PRAYER AND POETRY. Henri Bremond. Translated by Algar Thorold. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne. 1927. 7/6.

ROMANTICISM considered as a revolt against immoderate sanity must have had its origin in Plato. And when we blend Plato with M. Bremond and the spirit of post-revolutionary France, we obtain something like an attar of romanticism. This book propounds a romantic relation of poetry to mysticism already surmised by Plato in many dialogues. Poetical inspiration has its source in the same region of the soul as mystical activity. This region, the *anima*, which is according to M. Bremond *not* the subconscious (but, if not the subconscious, what *is* it?), is obscure in character and inaccessible to investigation. But from it issue all our intuitions, our unquestioning certitudes about things too deep for logic, our "wingy mysteries in divinity," while the cheap, intelligible process of reasoning is given to the pedestrian intellect or *animus*. The rationalist critics or Aristotelians, to whose side the present reviewer is fast committed, will probably refuse to admit such bureaucratic portioning of the soul's functions. They will contend that our known faculties suffice to explain even the behaviour of poets, and that out-and-out mysteries should be confined to the supernatural, whence the occult character of authentic mysticism alone is derived. The οἶστρος of Io was not that of Ion.

But disagreement with its thesis does not notably lessen one's esteem of this fine book. The lucidity, verve, and humour of its style, the glittering subtlety of its dialectic, the accuracy of its observation of mental phenomena (if not of its explanation of them) ensure it high honour as a stimulus of thought.

A. L.

Books received:—

ALLEN, J. W. ... ... A History of Political Thought in the Sixteenth Century. (Methuen, 21/-).

BELLOC, HILAIRE ... Belinda. A Tale of Affection. (Constable, 6/-).

BLUNDELL, AGNES ... Ancient Lights. (Sands, 6/-).

BOVET, PIERRE ... ... The Child's Religion. A Study of the Development of the Religious Sentiment. (Dent, 6/-).

BREWER, WALTHER ... Ireland's Place in Prehistoric and Early Historic Europe. (Hodges, Figgis, 2/-).

CLARKE, AUSTIN ... ... The Cattledrive in Connaught and other Poems. (Allen & Unwin, 5/-).

CONCANNON, MRS. THOMAS The Poor Clares in Ireland, 1629-1929. (Gill, 6/-).

CUTHBERT, FATHER ... The Capuchins. A Contribution to the History of the Counter-reformation. 2 vols. (Sheed & Ward, 15/-).

DEAN, JOSEPH ... ... The Gospel according to St. Matthew. (Longmans, 4/-).

DISSARD, JEAN ... ... Father Francis Tarin, S.J. (Sheed & Ward, 3/6).

DRIESCH, J. VON DEN ... Perfect Contrition. 23rd ed. (Herder, 2d.).

DRINKWATER, F. H. ... Two Hundred Evening Sermon Notes. (Sheed & Ward, 6/-).

DUDLEY, EUSTACE ... The Challenge. A Story of Conspiracy of the Coming Crash. (Longmans, 4/-).

DUHR, BERNHARD ... Geschichte der Jesuiten in den Ländern deutscher Zunge. Vierter Band, 2 Teile. (Regensburg: Manz. M. 60).

EATON, ROBERT ... ... Short Chapters on the Spiritual Life. (Sands, 2/6).

EITHNE ... ... Love, Courtship and Marriage. (Sands, 2/6).

ELLIOT, W. Y. ... ... The Pragmatic Revolt in Politics. (Macmillan, 16/-).

FERNESOLLE, PIERRE ... Pour qu'on lise Louis Veuillot. (Lethielleux, 4 fr.).

FONTENELLE, MGR. R. ... Sa Sainteté Pie XI. (Bloud et Gay, 4 fr. 75).
FURFEY, PAUL H. ... The Parish and Play. (Dolphin Press, $2).
GASQUET, CARDINAL ... Edward VI. and the Book of Common-Prayer. Revised ed. (Sheed & Ward, 7/6).
GOURAUD, MGR. ... ... La Montée du Sacerdoce. (Lethielleux, 12 fr.).
GRABMANN, DR. MARTIN ... Thomas Aquinas. His Personality and Thought. (Longmans, 10/6).
HALL, J. B. ... ... Random Records of a Reporter. (Simpkin Marshall, 6/-).
HENEBRY, REV. DR. R. ... Handbook of Irish Music. (Educational Co. of Ireland, 17/6).
KEPPLER, BISHOP VON ... The Advent Epistles and Gospels homiletically explained. (Sands, 6/-).
KERR, CECIL ... ... Teresa Higginson. Abridged from the larger Life. (Sands —).
KNOX, RONALD. ... ... Essays in Satire. (Sheed & Ward, 7/6).
LAWLOR, HENRY C. ... Ulster. Its Archaeology and Antiquities. (Carswell, 6/-).
LECLERCQ, JACQUES ... Saint Francois de Sales. (Beauchesne, 12 fr.).
LEMMONYER, R. T. ... Théologie du Nouveau Testament. (Bloud et Gay, 10 fr.).
MCMAHON, JOHN T. ... Some Methods of Teaching Religion. (Burns O. W., 7/6).
MACMANUS, M. J. ... Dublin Diversions. (Talbot Press, 2/6).
MARCHANT, SIR JAMES ... The Madonna. An Anthology. With Introduction on the Madonna in Art by Sir Charles Holmes. (Longmans, 18/-)
MARMOITON, VICTOR ... Lucette, 1920-1926 (Toulouse: Apostolat de la Prière, 5 fr.) La Vie du Père Chevrier racontée aux enfants. (Apostolat de la Prière, 3 fr.)
MICHAEL, M. ... ... Songs of the South and the Hidden Land. (Talbot, 2/6).
MONACO, NICOLAUS ... Praelectiones Logicae. 2 vols. Praelectiones Metaphysicae Generalis. (Universitas Gregoriana).
O'BRIEN, SOPHIE ... Golden Memories. The Love Letters and Prison Letters of William O'Brien. (Gill, 5/-).
O'DONNELL, CHARLES L. ... A Rime of the Road and Other Poems. (Longmans, 7/6).
O'HERLIHY, REV. T. ... Catholic Emancipation reviewed a Century After. (Gill, 3/6).
O'RAHILLY, ALFRED ... Flour, Wheat and Tariffs. (Eason, 1/-).
PARVAN, VASILE ... ... Dacia. Outline of the Early Civilization of the Carpatho—Danubian Countries. (Cambridge Press, 7/6).
RAUCAZ, MGR. L. M. ... In the South Solomons. The Story of a Mission. (Gill, 4/6).
RICKABY, JOSEPH ... A Week of Communions. An Aid to frequent Communicants. (Sands, 1/6).
RUTHNASWANNY, M. ... The Political Theory of the Government of India. (Madras: Thompson, R.1).
RYAN, JOHN ... ... Ireland, 800 to 1600. (Browne & Nolan, 3/-).
SCOTT, S. HERBERT ... Eastern Churches and the Papacy. (Sheed & Ward. 15/-).
SHEEHAN, CANON ... Tristram Lloyd. The Romance of a Journalist. (Talbot Press and Longmans, 7/6).
SHEEN, FULTON J. ... Religion without God. (Longmans, 15/-).
SMITH, LOGAN P. ... A Treasury of English Aphorisms. (Constable, 7/6).
STRATMANN, FRANZ ... The Church and War. (Sheed & Ward, 5/-).
THOMPSON, NEWTON ... Verbal Concordance to the New Testament. (Rheims Version). (Burns O. W., 15/-).
THURSTON, HERBERT ... Modern Spiritualism. (Sheed & Ward, 1/-).
VASSAL-PHILLIPS, O. R. ... After Fifty Years. (Sheed & Ward, 4/-).
VRIEND, DR. J. ... ... The Blessed Virgin Mary in the Medieval Drama of England. (Muusses, Fl. 3.50).
WALSH, JAMES J. ... A Catholic looks at Life. (Boston: Stratford Co., $2.50).
WILLIAMS, MICHAEL ... Catholicism and the Modern Mind. (Longmans, 10/6).
ZIMMERN, ALFRED ... Solon and Croesus and other Greek Essays. (Milford, 7/6). Learning and Leadership. (Milford, 5/-).
[VARIOUS AUTHORS] ... Le Problème International. (J. de Gigord, 12 fr.).
[NOTRE DAME SISTER] ... The American Foundations of the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur. (Philadelphia: Dolphin Press, $5).

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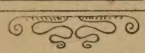

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